Sept. 8, 1980

# THE NEW YORKER

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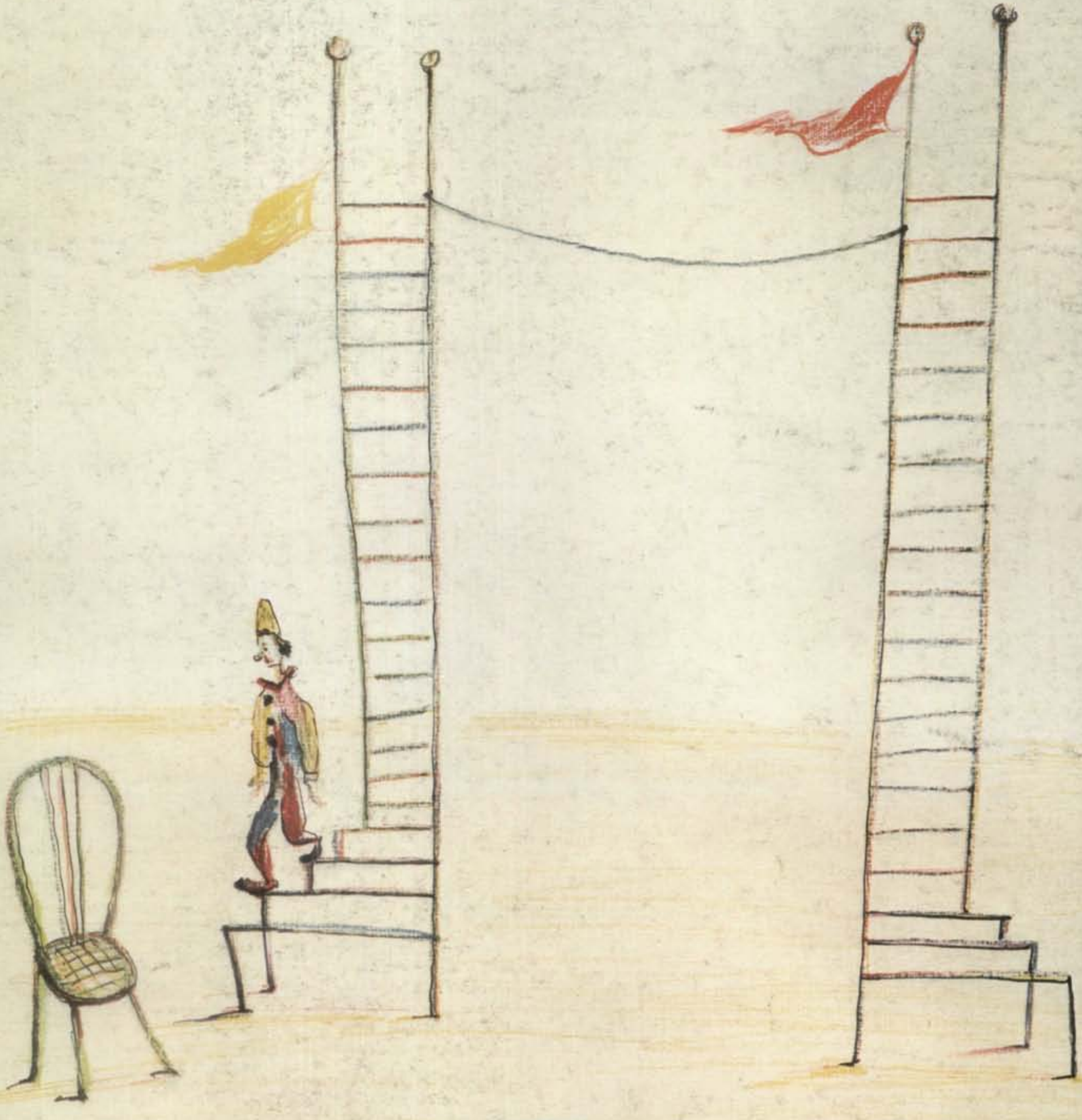

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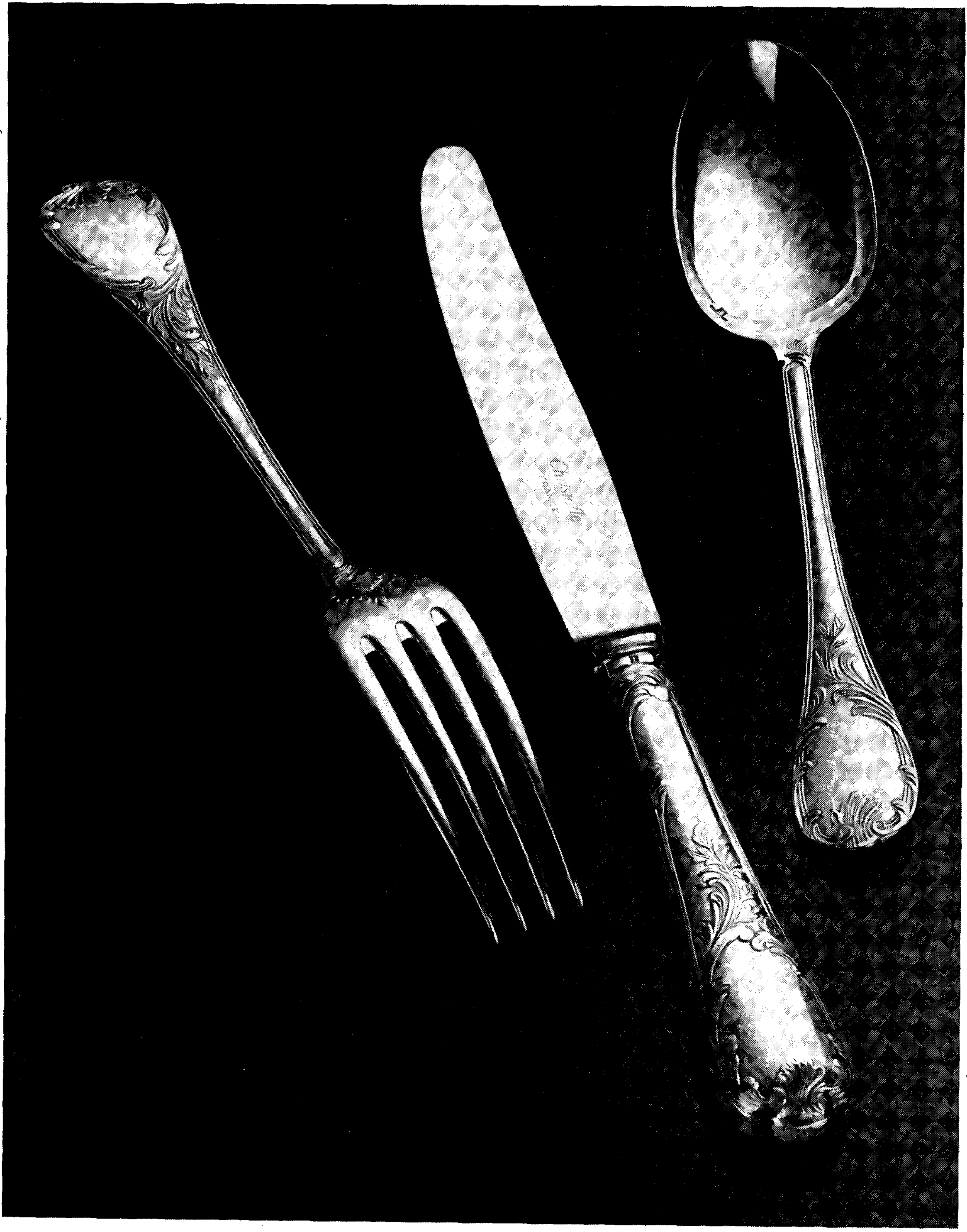

*Christofle* sur la table

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Barnum**—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Children of a Lesser God**—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—Two plays in repertory (*reviewed in this issue*). **THE WOOLGATHERER**: A funny, touching first play by William Mastrosimone about a sharp-witted young truck driver and a dreamy young saleswoman who meet and spend a night together in her shabby room. Patricia Wettig does well as the saleswoman, and Peter Weller gives a remarkable performance in the more substantial and subtler role of her date. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . **MACREADY!**: The life and times of William Charles Macready (1793-1873), actor and innovator, who dominated the English stage for forty years, as written and performed with humor and style by Frank Barrie, of Britain's National Theatre. Much of the text is based on Macready's own diaries. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, Fridays at 10:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Closes Sunday, Sept. 14.)

**A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking**—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine**—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**42nd Street**—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Fourtune**—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Home**—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**I Ought to Be in Pictures**—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. Starting Monday, Sept. 8, Bill Macy will replace Mr. Leibman. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Sept. 7: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 10, a three-week engagement of Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Look Back in Anger**—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 7.)

**Morning's at Seven**—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Talley's Folly**—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. With Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**West Side Story**—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St.

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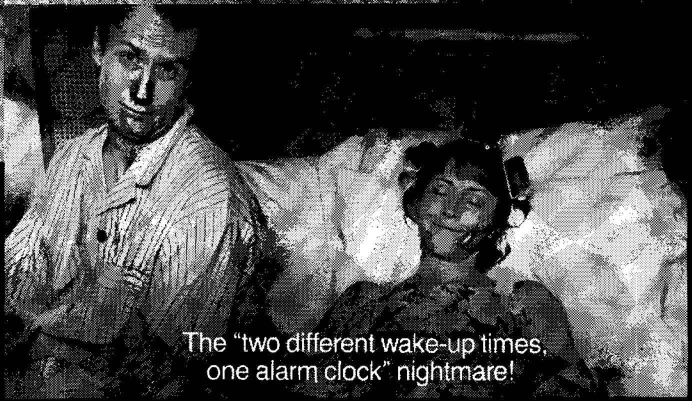
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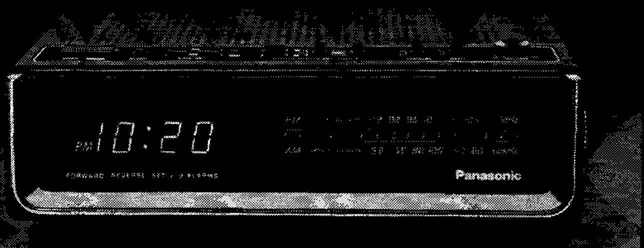

RC-95 with two alarm settings.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

541-6490. Moves on Tuesday, Sept. 9, to the Belasco, 111 W. 44th St., 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,464 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance is now playing trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN**: A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 7, for two weeks.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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## MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

**Fujian Hand Puppets**—An eleven-member troupe from the Fujian province of the People's Republic of China, appearing here for the first time. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 873-1327, Wednesday through Friday.)

**Wushu**—Another group from the People's Republic of China, in a program of traditional Chinese martial arts. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 3-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1 and 7.)

## DANCE

**Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille**—Performances of three full-length ballets—Through Sunday, Sept. 7: "The Bat." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 9-11: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Sept. 12: "Marcel Proust Remembered." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Sept. 21.)

**Carl Ratcliff Dance Theatre**—A program of contemporary dance by a seven-member troupe from Atlanta. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 5-7, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Beaver Brown, a rock outfit, is here on Wednesday, Sept. 3; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, have all been set aside for rock-and-roll humorists Flo & Eddie (Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman to their mothers); and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, rock and rollers Mink DeVille will trade sets with blues and rock singer Maxine Dixon. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world work in this admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Sept. 6; on Monday, Sept. 8, Ray Santisi, a pianist and a professor at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, will arrive to perform with George Mraz. Music from nine-thirty.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** and her trio are now working in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, will return to the Bemelmans Bar on Monday, Sept. 8. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS**, who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 3, Circus Mort and Front Street Runner; Thursday, Sept. 4, Hardbeats and the Vores; Friday, Sept. 5, Rattlers and the Helen Wheels Band; and Saturday, Sept. 6, Neighbors & Allies and Stew Lane & the Untouchables. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

**City Limits**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

**The Conservatory**, in the Mayflower Hotel, Cen-

(*Advertisement*)

# THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

*(Some advice on dressing well gleaned largely from Strunk and White)*

IT'S easy to say what style is not. It is not, for example, fashion. (See Rule 1, below.) But when a friend asked us, the other day, to say what it is, the only answer we felt sure of was: our bread and butter. Perhaps because that answer was true, our inability to define the word rankled. So at last, prompted by some half-remembered sentences, we reached for our copy of The Elements of Style.*

This useful little book, as anyone who took Freshman English within the last twenty years probably knows, was written by William Strunk, Jr., and revised by E.B. White. Mr. White also added the final chapter, and it was there we found him describing style as "what is distinguished and distinguishing." That seemed a dandy definition to us. It certainly described what we look for in clothes. It also sent us hunting through the pages for other remarks which, perhaps with the change of a word or two, might shed as much light upon style in dress as they did upon style in writing. We found them. And you can find them below, together with some remarks of our own. Most of them are merely observations or reminders, but we phrased them as rules to preserve the book's flavor. Should the reader wish to know which rules are whose, we suggest he reach for his own copy of the little book.

RULE 1. Don't confuse style with fashion.

To recognize the difference, consider the Nehru jacket. When it came into fashion here, the men who wore it were all, presumably, fashionable. But it rarely conferred much style.

RULE 2. Don't confuse style with substance.

A coat that is cashmere on the hanger continues to be cashmere when it's worn. But style may appear or disappear with the wearer: when Nehru wore it, the Nehru jacket had style.

RULE 3. Don't imagine that time governs style.

Time only governs fashion. If you doubt this, look at some old portraits. Unless you are familiar with the period, you won't know if the subject's clothes are in fashion. But you will know at once if they had style.

RULE 4. Choose some clothes that are not in fashion.

Clothes that are in fashion one year are often out the next. But clothes that are too distinctive merely to echo current dictates, provided they are not so different as to be eccentric, often anticipate fashion or remain independent of it. And, if well suited to the wearer, they will go on being distinguished and distinguishing year after year.

RULE 5. Avoid tame, colorless, hesitating, noncommital clothes.

They may seem to offer safety by promising to say nothing about the wearer. But, by being anonymous, they say that he is timid, indecisive, and without a sense of style.

RULE 6. Avoid the pretentious, the exaggerated, the coy, and the cute.

Those first two words are tricky. Kings may wear ermine without offense. And there are men who can carry off a scarlet-lined opera cape or a ten-gallon hat. But if wearing such things makes you feel as though you are showing off or masquerading, don't. As to the coy and cute, we feel queasy when we see an adult male in love beads, and a dog's face on a man's tie makes us nervous.

RULE 7. Be sparing of the tried and true.

Good serviceable clothes, like good serviceable words and phrases, become dull and ineffectual when used too often in the same way. A few familiar classics may give a friendly ease to your wardrobe. But a wardrobe built entirely of classics is as tiresome as a vocabulary of clichés.

RULE 8. Remember that style is an increment in dress.

When we speak of a writer's style, we don't just mean his command of the relative pronoun. When we say a man dresses with style, we don't just mean we like the cut of his shirts.

RULE 9. Never sacrifice comfort to style.

The result is always self-defeating. Clothes that make you fidget can not be worn with style. If the coat pinches at the waist or the armhole, or rides up at the back of the neck, don't buy it. Or have it remedied. (We have a large staff of fitters to make sure the clothes we sell fit as they should.)

RULE 10. Dress in a way that comes naturally.

But don't be afraid to experiment: even Fred Astaire probably felt uneasy the first time he put on tails. Every well-dressed man, by the way he dresses, reveals something of his spirit, his habits, his capacities, his bias. So choose the clothes you are drawn to naturally. You will wear them better, and more often, than those you talk yourself into because they seem practical or look well on somebody else. But you may not find them in our store.

The clothes we carry reflect our spirit, our bias, our temperament. We collect them, just as we collect clothes for ourselves. If we find six sweaters of some wonderful kind, we'll buy them, even though six are all there are.

That sort of thing can make shopping in our store something of a treasure hunt. But it also means we can make no pretense of being able to dress every stylish man. To wear our clothes, Anthony Eden would have had to unbend a bit, Charles de Gaulle to lose some of his starch, and we doubt that we could ever have outfitted Adolph Menjou at all.

**Paul Stuart**

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**The Elements of Style*, Third Ed., by William Strunk, Jr. and E. B. White, MacMillan Publishing Co., Inc. 1979

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tral Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** ("Canadian Sunset" is his most famous composition) can be found performing Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS** has a powerful, emotional voice, and when she's singing gospel music at a jazz or folk festival or in a large hall, she can cause one to feel overcome—if not by religion itself, by something very close to it. But in smaller quarters, such as these, Miss Williams sounds restrained; one wishes she would set aside her microphone and just let loose. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight to **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. Dining.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Sept. 7, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a group that will include trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**, and drummer **CONNIE KAY**; from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** has one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—backing him up through Sunday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his current trio, bassist **MARC JOHNSON** and drummer **JOE LA BARBERA**, will take over. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A very big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. **MAXINE BROWN** sings soul numbers through Saturday, Sept. 6; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14, Kansas City legend, blues pianist and singer, and movie star ("The Last of the Blue Devils") **JAY MCSHANN** will perform here. On Mondays, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** are the musicians. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sunday, Sept. 7.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV**, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, and a bassist, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. On Sundays, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand from five to ten.

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**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. The main performer is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who is here Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie,** at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance trio from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

**Hurrah,** 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. On Monday, Sept. 8, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO** and the **CROWNS**, who come from Austin, will be on hand. Carrasco wears a teetering crown and a cape, which keeps flopping onto the strings of his ivory-colored Telecaster guitar as he jumps around the stage. His music is billed as Tex-Mex rock and roll—it's also been called *nuevo wavo*—but the only Tex-Mex aspects of it are the bouncing rhythm chords (reminiscent of Flaco Jimenez's accordion) that are deftly played on a Vox Jaguar organ, which is wrapped, appropriately, in a serape. The music otherwise sounds like derivative Kingsmen, Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs, early Doug Sahm, and other regional bands from the sixties, but it makes one smile a lot. The rest of the live bands: the Plastics and Strange Party Wednesday, Sept. 3; Distractions Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5; Holly & the Italians and Method Actors Saturday, Sept. 6; and the Mo-dettes and Any Trouble Tuesday, Sept. 9. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video show on Sunday, Sept. 7.

**Jazzmania Society,** 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed air-conditioned surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The guest musicians will be tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**, and their quintet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6; on the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 12-13), **MARION COWINGS** will sing with his super backin trio—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **EDDIE GO-MEZ**, and drummer **AL FOSTER**. Music Friday and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sunday from nine.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)— no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries mor vividly without a carpet to soak it up—tra ditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Ed die Condon's (see above), just thirty pace east. A sextet is in evidence Tuesdays throug Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. O Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. O Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group o musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9t St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restau rant and bar that is crowded with good listen ers, and for good reasons. The good reasons pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLE** through Monday, Sept. 8, and pianist **JOH BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, beginnin Tuesday, Sept. 9. Music nightly from ten.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242 1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texas ness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes vibraharpist **ROY AYER** on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4; Tex as blues and rock singer **DOUG SAHM** and his crisp, adept band Sunday and Monday, Sept 7-8; New Orleans-swamp-rock singer **DR JOHN** Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 9-10 and blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH** on Thursday, Sept. 11. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two Dining.

**Marty's,** 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Actress Cybill Shepherd continues her singing career by performing in this room with a garden view through Saturday Sept. 6. On Monday, Sept. 8, **JOE WILLIAMS**, who sang fire-breathing vocals with the Basie band of the fifties, and who has more recently become a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer, will take charge. Shows Monday through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

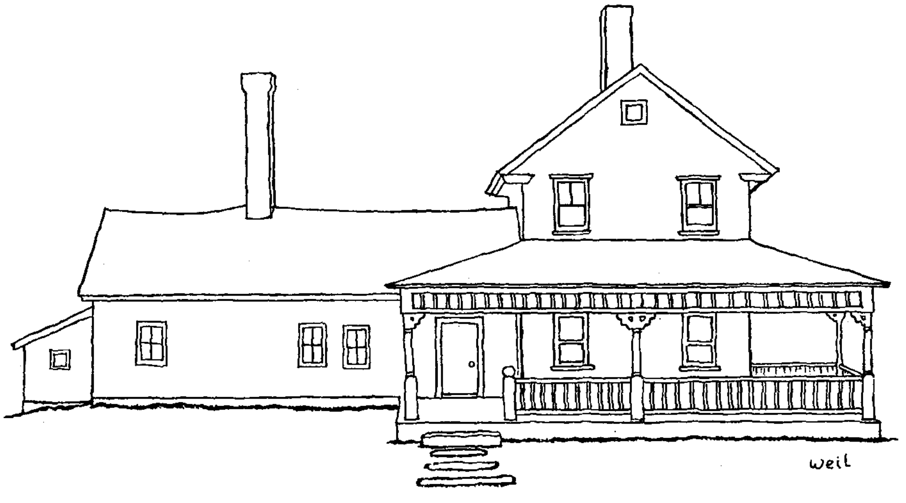
**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 3, Thin Ice, Fats Deacon, and Dumbwaiters; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6, Troggs and Knots; Sunday, Sept. 7, Groceries, Jiinx, and Bashers; Monday, Sept. 8, Dream Street, Hollow Bodies, and Dates; and Tuesday, Sept. 9, Re-Mod, Zuhdi, and Limes. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**AARON BELL**, who played bass with the Duke Ellington band for a few years in the sixties, leads a quartet, and Dianne Little sings in a tribute to Ellington and Strayhorn; through Saturday, Sept. 6. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, Bobbi Rogers will begin singing "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most" and other tunes by composer Tommy Wolf. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his quintet will be here Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 11-13. Music from about ten until two.

**One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, *one of the earliest and still one of the* best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An



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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** shares the stage with an indigenous folkie, Christine Lavin, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, **CISSY HOUSTON**, a vigorous singer who used to back up Aretha Franklin years ago, will come in to do her own act, which is a celebration of pure sixties soul music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

**PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a dance band! **PANAMA FRANCIS**, the erstwhile fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also worked with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—leads his **SAVOY SULTANS** Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**RITZ**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Thursday, Sept. 4, **DAVE MASON**; Friday, Sept. 5, Rudies; Saturday, Sept. 6, Heartbreakers. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The only view in the windowless King Cole Room is the room itself, and it's striking. Massive white walls, brass bannisters, a tiered ceiling, three levels of tables and chairs, and slick, iridescent Pre-Raphaelite-ish paintings by Maxfield Parrish—a three-panelled mural, "Old King Cole," and two small works, "Child Harvester" and "Cleopatra"—are its principal recommendations. Another recommendation, but one that is not a permanent fixture, is singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT**, who, with her bassist and slightly overamplified drummer, performs enthusiastic interpretations of works by Ellington, Rodgers and Hart, and many other songwriters. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to eleven; Fridays from eight to midnight; and Saturdays from eight to one. Dining and dancing.

**SALT PEANUTS**, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, is at the head of a trio through Saturday, Sept. 6. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, will belong to the blues-flavored 24th Street Band. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays and Wednesday, Sept. 3.

**STAR AND GARTER**, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and jazz duos. Bluesy, rhapsodic pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his faithful bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, are present through Saturday, Sept. 6; on Tuesday, Sept. 9, hard-bop pianist and composer **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will arrive with a bass player. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. 242-1785)—Two very fine veteran jazz and blues players, organist **SHIRLEY SCOTT** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK**, are co-piloting a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 6; on Sunday, Sept. 7, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will drop by; on Monday, Sept. 8, Brazilian singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão will lead his quartet; and on Tuesday, Sept. 9, flugelhorn master **ART FARMER** will arrive with his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

**SYNCOPATION**, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Drummer-proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** is personally responsible for the music—he's leading a quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday nights are the property of drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**; and Mondays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **RICK LAIRD**. Music from nine-thirty.

**TRAMPS**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and D. & B. (dissonance and blues). Soul singer Lowell Fulson is making a rare New York appearance through Sunday, Sept. 7; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, acrobatic blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND** will head up his group. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

**TRAX**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Wednesday, Sept. 3, Bernie Shanahan; Thursday, Sept. 4, Necessaries; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, Sterling; Monday, Sept. 8, Garland and Medicine Mike; and Tuesday, Sept. 9, Gail Boggs. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The spacious, collegiate-feeling downstairs room is the domain of solo guitarist **JOE PASS**, who usually leaves his appreciative listeners—made up of guitar players and the laity alike—with stunned smiles on their faces; through Sunday, Sept. 7. On Friday, Sept. 12, singer **MORGANA KING** will come in. Music from ten; on Saturdays from midnight. On Mondays a salsa band performs for listening and dancing after nine. Meanwhile out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from ten, and **JAZZ À CORDES**, a hot-jazz quintet, on Thursdays from ten.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** and a quartet that features pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** are the players through Sunday, Sept. 7; on Tuesday, Sept. 9, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP'S** quartet will move in. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** leads his saxophone-heavy quintet, Two Tenor Boogie; and on Monday, Sept. 8, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will bring in his Jazz Sultans. Music nightly from about nine.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**SHIRLEY BASSEY** and **MICHEL LEGRAND**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 8.

**GEORGE BENSON**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 7:30.

**YES**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6, at 8.

**CHICAGO**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND**—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8.

**CAB CALLOWAY**—With Doc Cheatham, Eddie Barefield, the Hi-Tones, and other jazz notables in a tribute to the Big Band era. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3 and 8.)

**LESTER BOWIE QUINTET**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 9.

**MILLIE JACKSON**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8.

**JAZZ FORUM**—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6: The Pepper Adams quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13: The Bill Hardman-Junior Cook quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

**SOUNDSCAPE**—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Sept. 6: Alex Schlippenbach and Sven-Ake Johansson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12: PRISM. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

**IRVING PLAZA**—Mo-dettes and Nails. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, Sept. 6, starting around 11.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

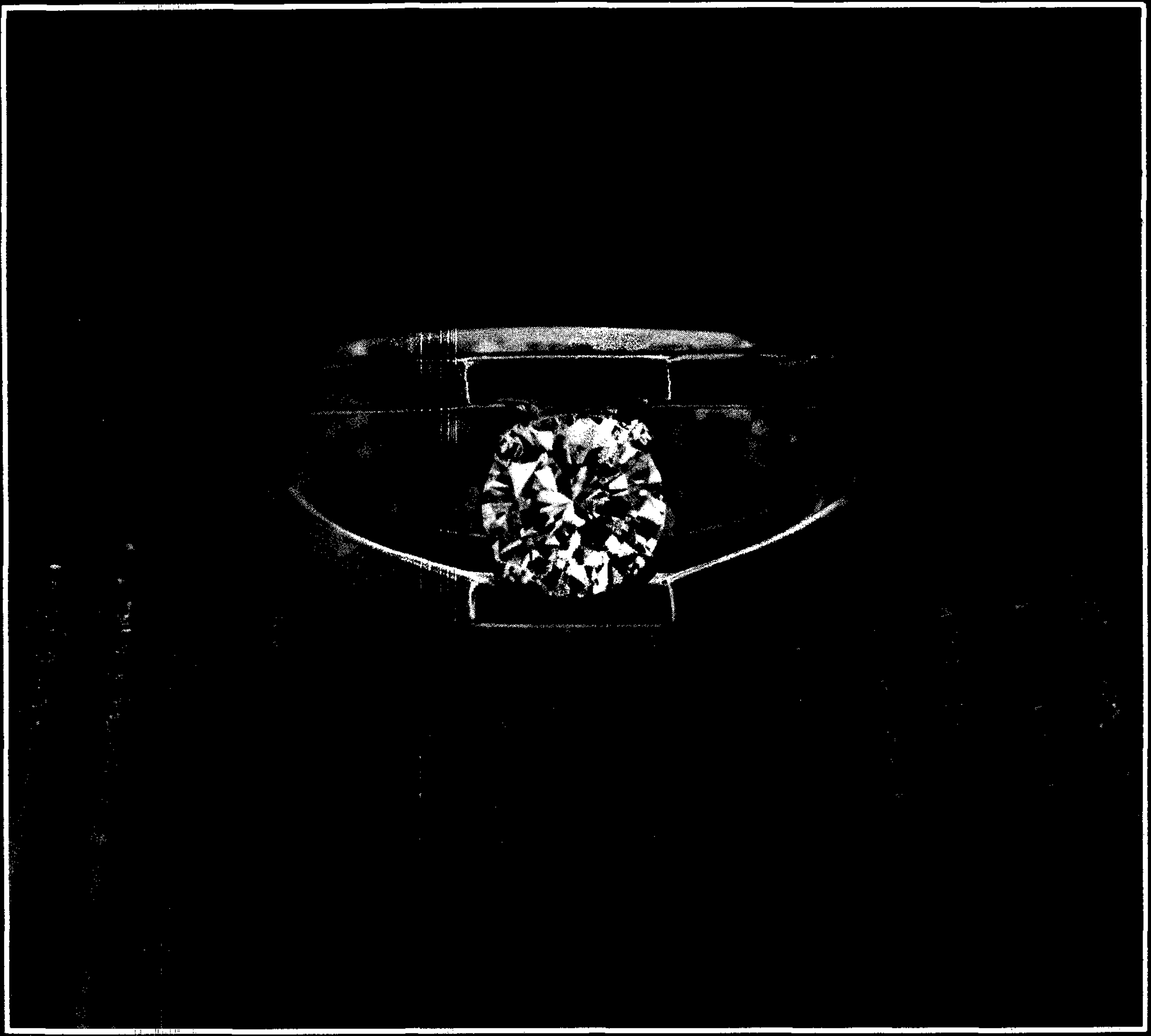
**BOB PAIGE**—An outsize still-life in oil, entitled "Autumn Tableau," and four medium-size canvases, each a detail of the larger one. Through Sept. 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**BEN SHAHN** (1898-1969)—About a hundred prints from the early years of his career. Through Oct. 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**BATTERY PARK CITY**—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**ARCHITECTURE**—The Municipal Art Society has opened its new headquarters in the north wing of the recently restored Villard mansion—or the Urban Center, as it is now called—and there are two exhibitions (mostly photographs and architectural models) to celebrate the occasion; the first focusses on the buildings the society has been influential in preserving (Grand Central Station, for example) and on some that were lost (Pennsylvania Station), and the second on the various planning and construction stages of six new big buildings. Through Sept. 23. (The Urban

# The diamond solitaire.



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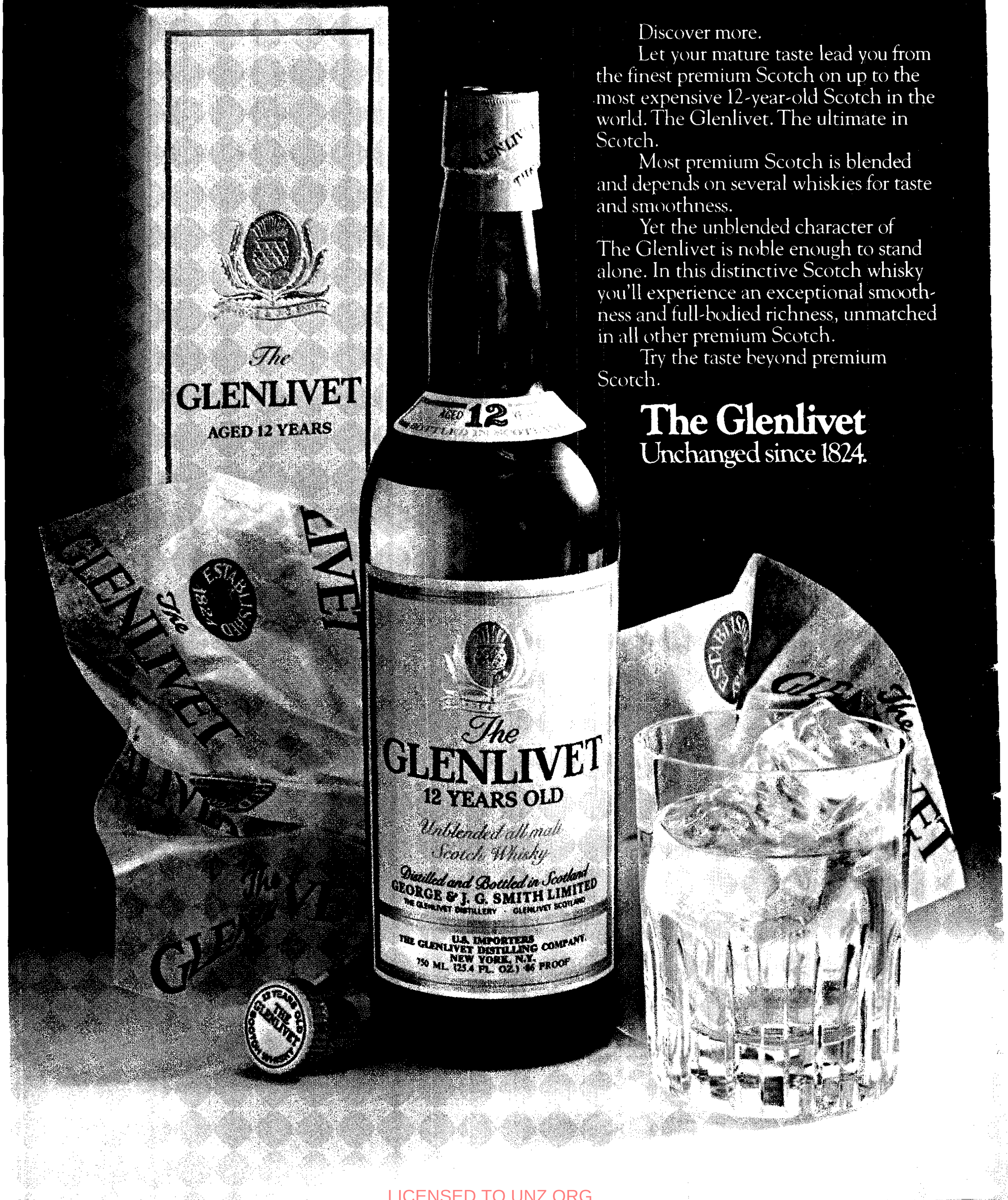
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Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open daily, 11 to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Sept. 19. . . . **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: Major paintings and sculpture by more than two dozen twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ In another room, Douglas Abdell's most recent welded-steel sculptures, accompanied by working drawings, are being shown. Through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Wendell MacRae**—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Lou Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.). . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Highlights include ancient Nok terra-cotta heads; copper and bronze ceremonial vessels from Igbo-Ukwu; and bronze sculptures from the royal court of Benin. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny medicine containers called *"inro"* to large picnic boxes. Starts Friday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30—but all tickets have been sold, and no more will be available. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Craft Museum**, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the last twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari and Pati Hill. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Japan House**, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Phrenology of the Land: How to Read the New York Landscape": Paintings, photographs, prints, maps, and architectural plans concerned with New York State, from Colonial times to the present. Starts Friday, Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

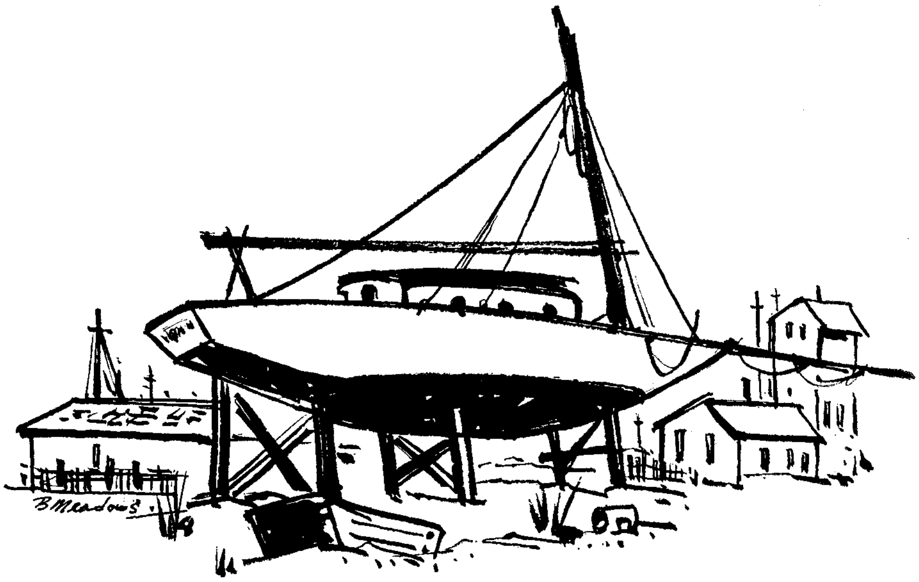
**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 3-5, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, Sept. 6-7: A special engagement of Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," with alternating casts: Leigh Munro, Kathryn Bouleyn, Jacque Trussel, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings, or Elizabeth Hynes, Miss Bouleyn, Henry Price, Charles Roe, and Jack Harrold. The conductor for both casts is Andrew Meltzer. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Suzanne Marsee, Mimi Lerner, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Inga Nielsen, Alan Titus, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Brent Ellis, Joseph Evans, and Spiro Malas; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Riccardo Calleo, and Charles Long; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Weekdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.



**Notes from the Fashion Front**...The Edwardian dandy look is scoring new triumphs in the Elegant Eighties. Some musts: a sleek cotton velvet jacket and a prettily ruffled jabot shirt coordinated with a **bleyle** wool herringbone flannel pant.

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## RECITALS

**L. Subramanian**—Violin, in a program of south Indian classical music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 7, at 7:30.)

**Elaine Comparone**—Harpsichord. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

**Ravi Shankar**—Sitar. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7. For information about tickets, call 873-7507.)

**Primavera String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

**Abbey Simon**—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 3.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2:05.

**College Football**—Saturday, Sept. 13: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30.

**Professional Football**—Sunday, Sept. 7: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

**Racing**—At **belmont**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 6; the Maskette, Wednesday, Sept. 10; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Thursday, Sept. 11; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **meadowlands**: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Sept. 8, through Saturday, Oct. 18.

**Tennis**—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

**Yachting**—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' (Australia and France) final trials, through Thursday, Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Defenders' final trials, through Friday, Sept. 12.

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**New York Dance Festival**—Six free performances—Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 8: Rosalind Newman and Dancers, Peggy Lyman and Charles Moulton, the Dayton Contemporary Dance Company, and the Boston Repertory Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 9-10, at 8: The Philadelphia Dance Company, Ze'eva Cohen, Maria Alba and Luis Rivera, the Elizabeth Keen Company, and Cynthia Harvey and Kirk Peterson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8: The Joyce Trisler Danscompany, the Mitchell Rose and Martha Bowers Dance Theatre, the Charles Moore Dance Theatre, Tina Ramirez' Ballet Hispanico of New York, and Yanis Pikieris and Marielena Mencia. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Walking Tour**—"Greenwich Village: The Town House in the City," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 7, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets, at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

**Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit**—The show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, from noon until sundown.

**Deep Breathing**—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

Ascot
DRIVE-IN
THEATER
EXIT
LASZLO

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 7: "Sao Bernardo" and "Music and People of the Northeast," two Brazilian films, showing nightly at 8 and Saturday and Sunday at 3.
Sept. 8: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 9: "The Third Generation."

**ART,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 9: "Blood Feud" and "Swept Away."
From Sept. 10: "Anti-Clock."

**ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-0202)
Through Sept. 4: "Urban Cowboy" and "Saturday Night Fever."
Sept. 5-11 (tentative): "The Shining" and "The Exorcist."
From Sept. 12: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 9: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From Sept. 10: "The Exterminator."

**BAY CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

**EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Those Lips. Those Eyes."

**PENTHOUSE EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Xanadu."

**MANHATTAN 1,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

**MANHATTAN 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"No Nukes."

**BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Willie & Phil."

**CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

**D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"My Brilliant Career."

**CINEMA I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Adventures of Picasso . . . And a Thousand Loving Lies."

**CINEMA II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

**GEMINI 1,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fame."

**GEMINI 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Kidnapping of the President."

**BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

**LOEWS NEW YORK 1,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Airplane!"

**LOEWS NEW YORK 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 4: "The Final Countdown."
Sept. 5-11: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
From Sept. 12: To be announced.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Sept. 11: "Xanadu."
From Sept. 12: To be announced.

**U. A. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Smokey and the Bandit II."

**LOEWS ORPHEUM 1,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**LOEWS ORPHEUM 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hunter."

**86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Octagon."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

### WEST SIDE

**WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"No Nukes."

**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 2: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 11: "Dressed to Kill." From Sept. 12: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

**FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Willie & Phil."

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Make Room for Tomorrow."

**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

**PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Those Lips, Those Eyes."

**CINEMA STUDIO 1,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

**CINEMA STUDIO 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

**EMBASSY 72ND ST.,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Blue Lagoon."

**LOEWS 83RD QUAD,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**NEW YORKER 1,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Tin Drum."

**NEW YORKER 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

**OLYMPIA,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 11: "The Octagon."
From Sept. 12: To be announced.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**CRITERION CENTER,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "No Nukes." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 11: "The Blues Brothers." From Sept. 12: "Willie & Phil." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 11: "Xanadu." (†) From Sept. 12: "Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

**EMBASSY 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

**EMBASSY,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Used Cars."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Kidnapping of the President." (†)

**EMBASSY 5,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

**FORUM,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

**LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

**LOEWS STATE 1,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hunter." (†)

**LOEWS STATE 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Prom Night."

**NATIONAL,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

**RIVOLI,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)

**R.K.O. CINERAMA 1,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Final Countdown." (†)

**R.K.O. CINERAMA 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Octagon." (†)

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 3: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; and "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 4: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Sept. 5: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 6: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Sept. 7: "Hair" (1979), directed by Miloš Forman, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Sept. 8: "Fedora" (†); and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
Sept. 9: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Curse" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Shunya Ito.
Sept. 10: "Face to Face." (†)
Sept. 11: Six Brazilian films, in Portuguese. Call the theatre about titles and times.
Sept. 12: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975; "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.
Sept. 13: "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 3: "High Anxiety" (1977), directed by Mel Brooks, with Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, and Harvey Korman; and "A New Leaf" (1971), directed by Elaine May, with May and Walter Matthau.
Sept. 4: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Sept. 5: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.
Sept. 6: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 7: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." (†)
Sept. 8: Six Brazilian films, in Portuguese. Call the theatre about titles and times.
Sept. 9: "Duel in the Sun" (1947), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Greg-

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ory Peck, Walter Huston, Joseph Cotten, and Charles Bickford; and "Ruby Gentry" (1952), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Charlton Heston, and Karl Malden.

Sept. 10: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†); and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

Sept. 11: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

Sept. 12: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Sept. 13: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 4: "A Little Night Music" (1978), directed by Harold Prince, with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

Sept. 5-6: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Sept. 7-8: "The Green Room" (†); and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.

Sept. 9: "Hearts and Minds" (†) and "I. F. Stone's Weekly." (†)

Sept. 10-11: "Through the Looking Glass" and "Take Off," both X-rated films.

Sept. 12-13: "The Europeans" (†) and "Daisy Miller." (†)

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 9: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

Sept. 10-13: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), directed by Peter Clifton and Joe Massot, the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off.

**Mini Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Sept. 5: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

Sept. 6-8: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Sept. 9-10: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion.

Sept. 11-12: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

From Sept. 13: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Marlowe." (†)

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 3: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Rio Bravo" (1959), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne, Dean Martin, Ricky Nelson, Walter Brennan, and Angie Dickinson.

Sept. 4-6: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Dennis Hopper.

Sept. 7-8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (†); and "Days of Wine and Roses" (1963), directed by Blake Edwards, with Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick, Jack Klugman, and Charles Bickford.

Sept. 9-10: "Harper" (†); and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

Sept. 11-13: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 3: "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Tulsa" (1949), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Susan Hayward, Robert Preston, and Pedro Armendariz.

Sept. 4: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

Sept. 5-6: "Vivacious Lady" (1938), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Charles Coburn, and Beulah Bondi; and "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (1941), directed by Garson Kanin, with Ginger Rogers, George Murphy, Alan Marshal, and Burgess Meredith.

Sept. 7: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal." (†)

Sept. 8: "Gulliver's Travels" (1939), an animated film, directed by Max and Dave Fleischer; and a program of Max Fleischer cartoons.

Sept. 9: "The Lovers" (†) and "Elevator to the Gallows."(†)

Sept. 10: "The Ladykillers" (†) and "The Battle of the Sexes." (†)

Sept. 11: "Under Milk Wood" (1973), directed by Andrew Sinclair, with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole.

Sept. 12-13: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 3: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Sept. 4: "The Power and the Glory" (1933), directed by William K. Howard, with Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, and Helen Vinson; and "Dante's Inferno" (1935), directed by Harry Lachman, with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor.

Sept. 5-6: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

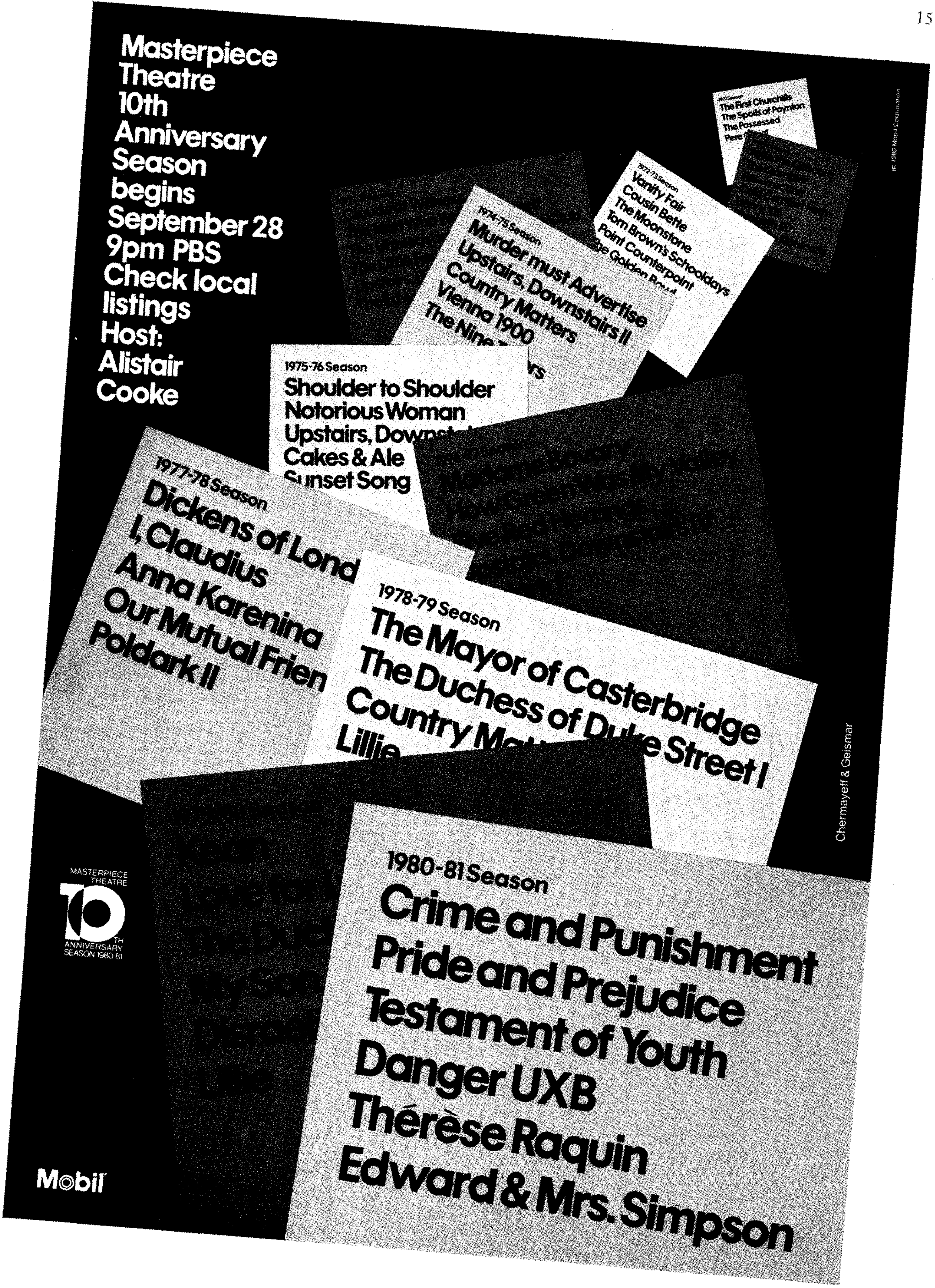
Sept. 7: "Too Hot to Handle" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, and Leo Carrillo; and "Wife Versus Secretary." (†)

Sept. 8: "Mata Hari" (1932), directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Painted Veil" (1934), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent.

Sept. 9: "Irma la Douce" (†) and "The Fortune Cookie." (†)

Sept. 10: "Kings Row" (1942), directed by Sam Wood, with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Betty Field; and "The Killers." (†)

Sept. 11: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Mar-



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1972 Season
The First Churchills
The Spoils of Poynton
The Possessed
Pere

1972-73 Season
Vanity Fair
Cousin Bette
The Moonstone
Tom Brown's Schooldays
Point Counterpoint
he Golden Bowl

1974-75 Season
Murder must Advertise
Upstairs, Downstairs II
Country Matters
Vienna 1900
The Nine

rs

1975-76 Season
Shoulder to Shoulder
Notorious Woman
Upstairs, Down
Cakes & Ale
Sunset Song

Madame Bovary
How Green Was My Valley

1977-78 Season
Dickens of Lond
I, Claudius
Anna Karenina
Our Mutual Frien
Poldark II

1978-79 Season
The Mayor of Casterbridge
The Duchess of Duke Street I
Country Ma
Lillie

Kean
Love for L
The Duc
My Son
Disrae
Lillie

1980-81 Season
Crime and Punishment
Pride and Prejudice
Testament of Youth
Danger UXB
Thérèse Raquin
Edward & Mrs. Simpson

MASTERPIECE THEATRE 10TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1980-81

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shall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Sept. 12: "And Then There Were None" (†); and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

From Sept. 13: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Anne Revere; and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Keenan Wynn.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 3 at 6: "Play Dirty" (1969), directed by Andre De Toth, with Michael Caine, Nigel Davenport, and Harry Andrews.... ¶ Sept. 3 at 8:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Robert Ryan, and Ernest Borgnine.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: A program of two films by Michael Snow.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 7:30: "Diaries, Notes and Sketches: Walden" (1969), directed by Jonas Mekas.... ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "Downhill Racer" (1969), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford, Gene Hackman, and Camilla Sparv.... ¶ Sept. 6 at 8:30: "If..." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.... ¶ Sept. 7 at 6: "True Grit" (1969), directed by Henry Hathaway, with John Wayne and Kim Darby.... ¶ Sept. 7 at 8:30: "Medium Cool" (1969), directed by Haskell Wexler, with Robert Forster and Verna Bloom.... ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo, with Jean Dasté, English subtitles; and "Journey Into Medicine" (1947), directed by Willard Van Dyke, with James Krader.... ¶ Sept. 8 at 8:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Eva Marie Saint.... ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969), a silent film, directed by Ken Jacobs.... ¶ Sept. 9 at 8:30: "Chang" (1927), a silent documentary, directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack.... ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, and Groucho Marx.... ¶ Sept. 10 at 8:30: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969), directed by Sergio Leone, with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.... ¶ Sept. 12 at 6: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton.... ¶ Sept. 12 at 8:30: "The Man You Loved to Hate" (1980), directed by Patrick Montgomery, a documentary about Erich von Stroheim.... ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "The Cat's Paw" (1934), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Una Merkel.... ¶ Sept. 13 at 8:30: "Cavalcade" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage and Broughton. Showings Sept. 4-6 and 11-13 at 8.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**The Adventures of Picasso ... And a Thousand Loving Lies**—With Gösta Ekman, directed by Tage Danielsson. (Cinema I.)

**Airplane!**—It has the best trailer of recent years, but the movie is just more of the same: cheerfully clunky gags. If you were a teenager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of them, all jumbled into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80) (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, Festival, and Forum.)

**And Then There Were None** (1945)—The Agatha Christie murder mystery and play "Ten Little Indians" (known in England as "Ten Little Niggers") gathers together a group of characters and then ticks them off to the nursery rhyme. Ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows; on arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. The efforts at sprightly, stylish comedy don't gain much momentum. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (There were English versions made in 1965 and 1974. The Christie material was also parodied in the boisterous, unfunny 1976 "Murder By Death," written by Neil Simon.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

**Anti-Clock**—With Sebastian Saville, directed by Jack Bond and Jane Arden. (Art; starting Sept. 10.)

**The Arabian Nights** (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

**The Battle of the Sexes** (1960)—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. This British film was adapted from the James Thurber story "The Catbird Seat," but as directed by Charles Crichton it's not as funny as it's meant to be. With Robert Morley as the laird in charge of the firm. (Thalia; Sept. 10.)

**Blood Feud**—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Art; through Sept. 9.)

**The Blue Lagoon**—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (7/21/80) (Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center.)

**La Cage aux Folles** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Caligula**—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

**The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith**—An Australian film, with Tommy Lewis, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Cinema Studio 1.)

**Cheech and Chong's Next Movie**—Directed by Thomas Chong. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind** (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.... ¶ Gramercy; through Sept. 9.)

**Come Have Coffee with Us** (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 12.)

**Daisy Miller** (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's interest (exactly reported here) is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (Cinema Village; Sept. 12-13.)

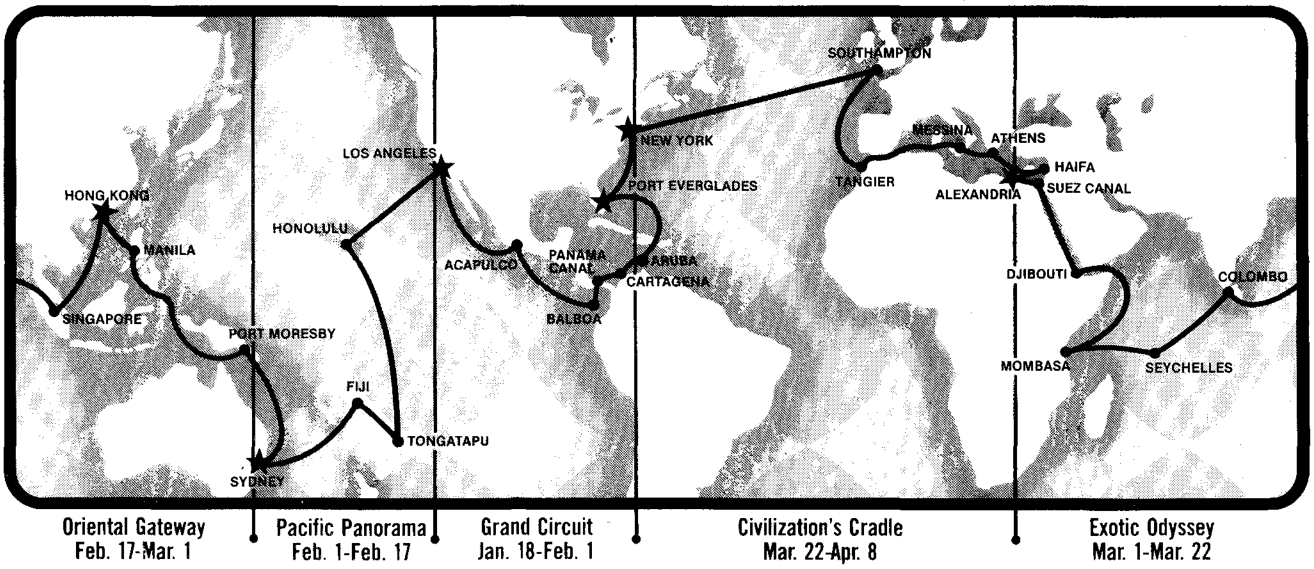
**Dressed to Kill**—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

**Elevator to the Gallows** (also known as "Frantic;" 1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 9.)

**The Empire Strikes Back**—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**The Europeans**—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly

# This winter, see as much of the Queen's world as you have time for.



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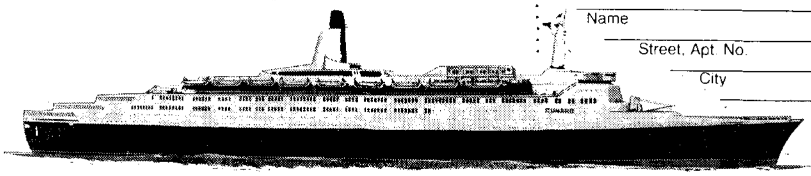

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weak. (10/15/79) (Cinema Village; Sept. 12-13.)

**The Exorcist** (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 5-11, tentative.)

**The Exterminator**—With Christopher George, Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (Gramercy; starting Sept. 10.)

**Face to Face** (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10.)

**Fame**—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Gemini 1, Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center.)

**Fedora** (1979)—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo. The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. With Hildegard Knef, Marthe Keller, and William Holden, who plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8.)

**The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu**—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 5-11.)

**The Final Countdown**—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 4.)

**The Fortune Cookie** (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer I. A. L. Diamond which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. With Cliff Osmond, Judi West, Lurene Tuttle, Les Tremayne, Ann Shoemaker, Ned Glass, Archie Moore, and Sig Rumann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis** (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

**The Getting of Wisdom**—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet.)

**The Great Santini** (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as the redneck so mean he shoots the saintly black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Guild.)

**The Green Room**—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead" with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's drear and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French. (9/24/79) (Cinema Village; Sept. 7-8.)

**Harper** (1966)—Paul Newman in a bungled attempt to recapture the Bogart private-eye world of "The Big Sleep." Shelley Winters gives the picture artificial respiration for a few minutes, but it soon relapses. The big-name cast includes Julie Harris, Lauren Bacall, Janet Leigh, and Arthur Hill. Jack Smight directed; William Goldman adapted it from Ross Macdonald's "The Moving Target." Despite the film's ignominious lack of sophistication and style, it was a box-office hit. (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

**Hearts and Minds** (1975)—This documentary on the war in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon") and finished in 1974, is a film of poise and amplitude. It is really a reflection on Americans' changing view of themselves, and it is done with even temper and a heed for justice. (Cinema Village; Sept. 9.)

**The Hunter**—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

**I. F. Stone's Weekly** (1973)—Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. This is a wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (Cinema Village; Sept. 9.)

**Irma la Douce** (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon. "Was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine, "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

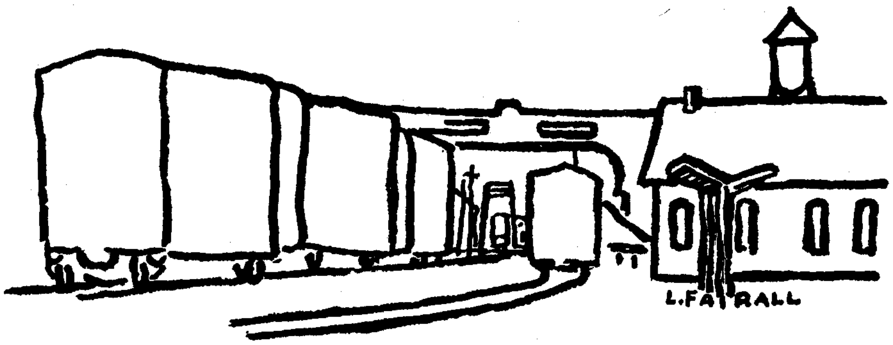
**The Kidnapping of the President**—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini 2, and Embassy.)

**The Killers** (1964)—Not to be confused with the 1946 version, which starred Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. Lee Marvin is the star of this later version, directed by Don Siegel and intended to be a TV film; it was considered too brutal and was released in theatres instead. The cast includes Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan (at the end of his movie career) as a tough crook. Both films use the Hemingway short story as a starting point. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

**The Ladykillers** (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous that they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Thalia; Sept. 10.)

**The Lovers** (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 9.)

**Make Room for Tomorrow**—With Victor Lanoux



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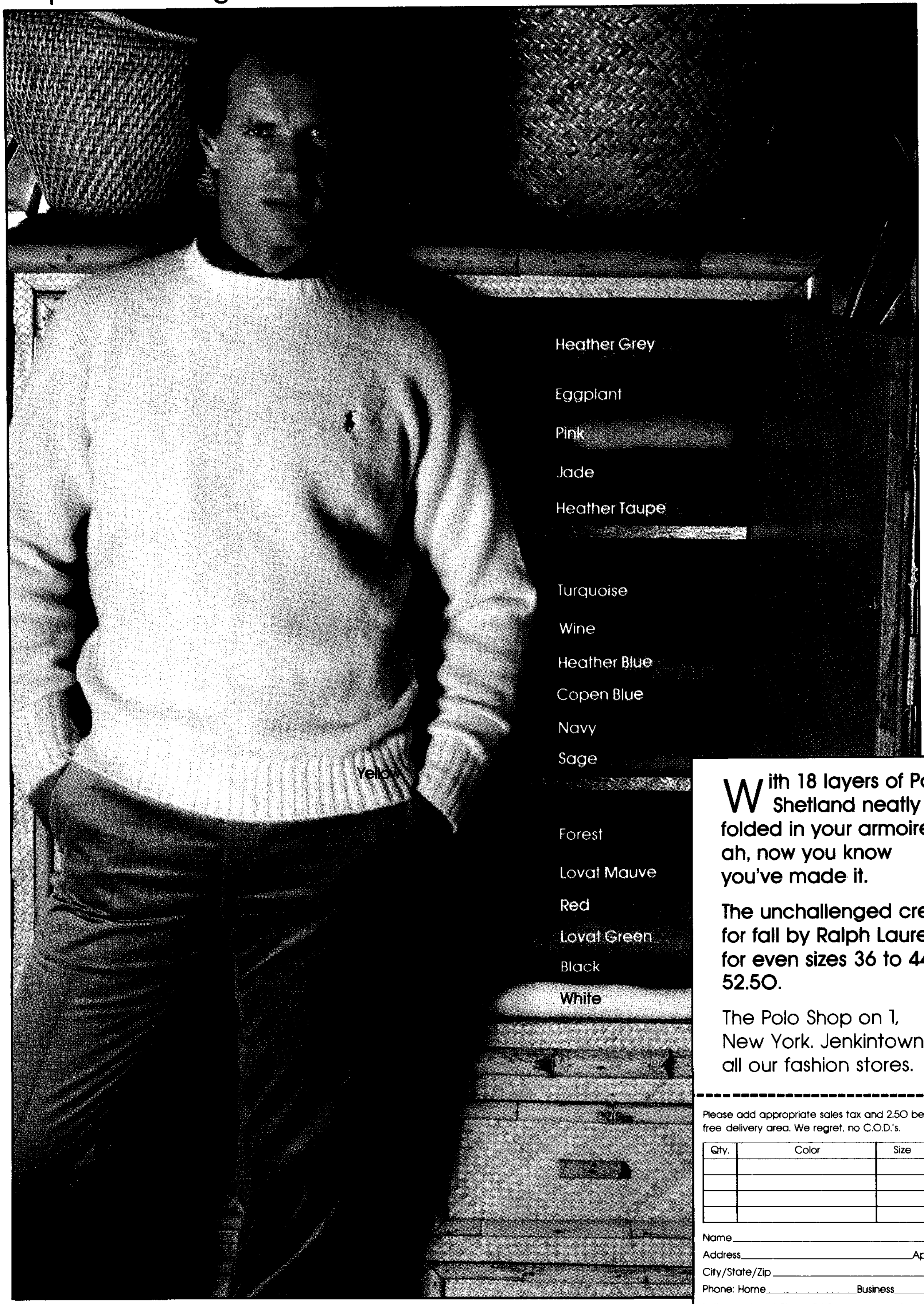
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kossovitz. In French. (Paris.)

**Marlowe** (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Mini Cinema; starting Sept. 13.)

**The Marriage of Maria Braun**—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**Music and People of the Northeast** (1977)—A documentary about Brazilian street fairs, directed by Tania Quaresma. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre, at 8 Wednesday through Friday, and at 3 and 8 Saturday and Sunday; through Sept. 7.)

**My Bodyguard**—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

**My Brilliant Career**—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

**No Nukes**—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Manhattan 2, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Criterion Center.)

**The Octagon**—With Chuck Norris, Karen Carlson, and Lee Van Cleef; directed by Eric Karson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Sept. 11.)

**Raise the Titanic**—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

**Sao Bernardo** (1972)—A Brazilian film, based on the novel by Graciliano Ramos. Directed by Leon Hirszman. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre, at 8 Wednesday through Friday, and at 3 and 8 Saturday and Sunday; through Sept. 7.)

**Saturday Night Fever** (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in Norman Wexler's script. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," "Easy Rider:" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. Songs by the Bee Gees and other groups, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 4.)

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**Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women;" it's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is noteworthy for its ambitious use of dance, and was unusual in that it featured male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The choreography is by Michael Kidd. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

**The Seventh Seal** (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

**The Shining**—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 5-11, tentative.)

**Smokey and the Bandit II**—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Sept. 12.)

**Swept Away** (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (Art; through Sept. 9.)

**The Third Generation**—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, Volker Spengler, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Sept. 9.)

**Those Lips, Those Eyes**—With Frank Langella, Glynnis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; directed by Michael Pressman. (Bay Cinema, Sutton, 86th St. East, and Paramount.)

**The Tin Drum**—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1.)

**Urban Cowboy**—The headquarters of the young hardhats who work in the petrochemical plants around Houston is a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which features a mechanical bull that they try to ride. The film, directed by James Bridges, tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so the rootless young hero, Bud (John Travolta), can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 4.)

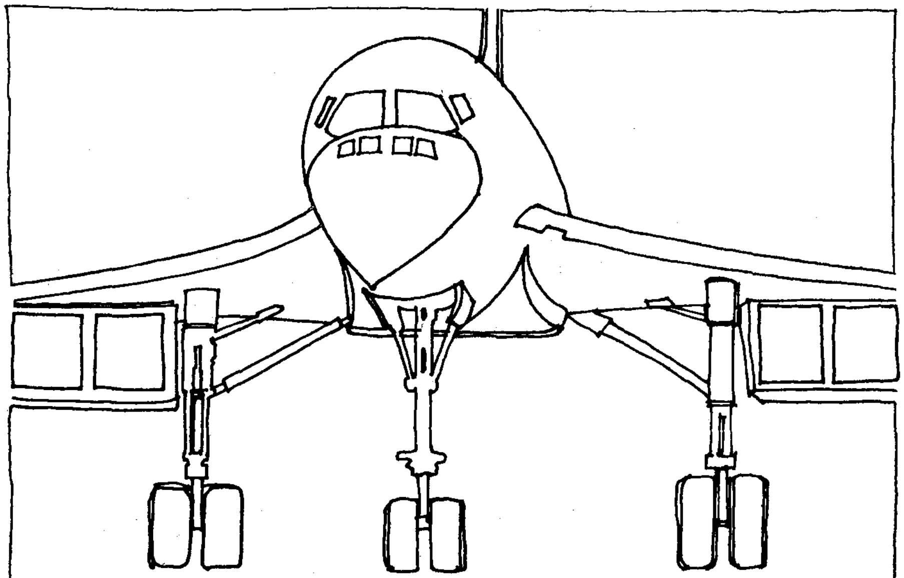
**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** (1966)—Ed-

ward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and with no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

**Wife Versus Secretary** (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture that M-G-M was famous for. It's taken from one of the love-triangle magazine stories that Faith Baldwin ground out, and though Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked on it, it's just glossy, contrived, and moralistic. There's no wisecracking here; it's a melodrama, a cautionary tale about temptation. What makes it so fundamentally dull is that Jean Harlow, who's the central character, is cast as a nice hardworking girl. Harlow talks nasal baby talk, her voice rises to a high rasp when she means to show stress, and she walks with a sexual swagger, but she's supposed to be the hyper-efficient executive secretary to Gable, a millionaire publisher. He's in love with his adoring wife, Myrna Loy, who is misled into thinking that he's having an affair with the secretary. Gable overacts rather fatuously and makes the publisher seem very stupid; Loy's role gives her no chance to do anything but fret graciously; and James Stewart, who plays the secretary's poor-boy fiancé, is a high-minded type, who wants her to quit her glamorous job when they get married. Whatever interest the movie has is in the secretary's role, because although innocent of any adulterous wrongdoing, she is half in love with her boss, and she's not happy about her prospects with the virtuous Stewart. Harlow has some moments, but, likably brassy as she is, Jean Harlow is nobody's secretary, and when she tries to seem natural and sincere, she is a truly terrible actress. The hairdresser who did her up in rigid little platinum curls didn't help. Clarence Brown directed. With May Robson, Gilbert Emery, George Barbier, Hobart Cavanaugh, John Qualen, Marjorie Gateson, Tom Dugan, and, in a bit, Jack Mulhall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7.)

**Willie & Phil**—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Jeannette doesn't live up to what Willie and Phil say about her, and they don't live up to what the narrator (Mazursky) says about them. In Mazursky's best films, everyone is satirized, and the characters' foolishness makes them more likable. Mazursky brings people to life only when he makes fun of them. But he presents everything that Jeannette does at face value, and, having held back his feelings about her (or not having sorted them out), he muffles his satiric feelings about the men and the triangular situation. The whole movie becomes neutral. These three are so burdened by what Mazursky thinks they should be that they have none of the spontaneity of the people in "Jules and Jim." Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it—Willie's Jewish parents, Phil's Italian-Catholic parents, and Jeannette's Protestant mother in Kentucky. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Hubert J. Edwards as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Sept. 12.)

**Xanadu**—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Criterion Center; through Sept. 11.)



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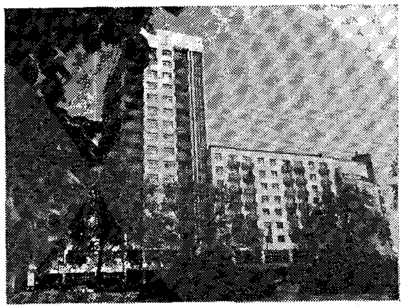

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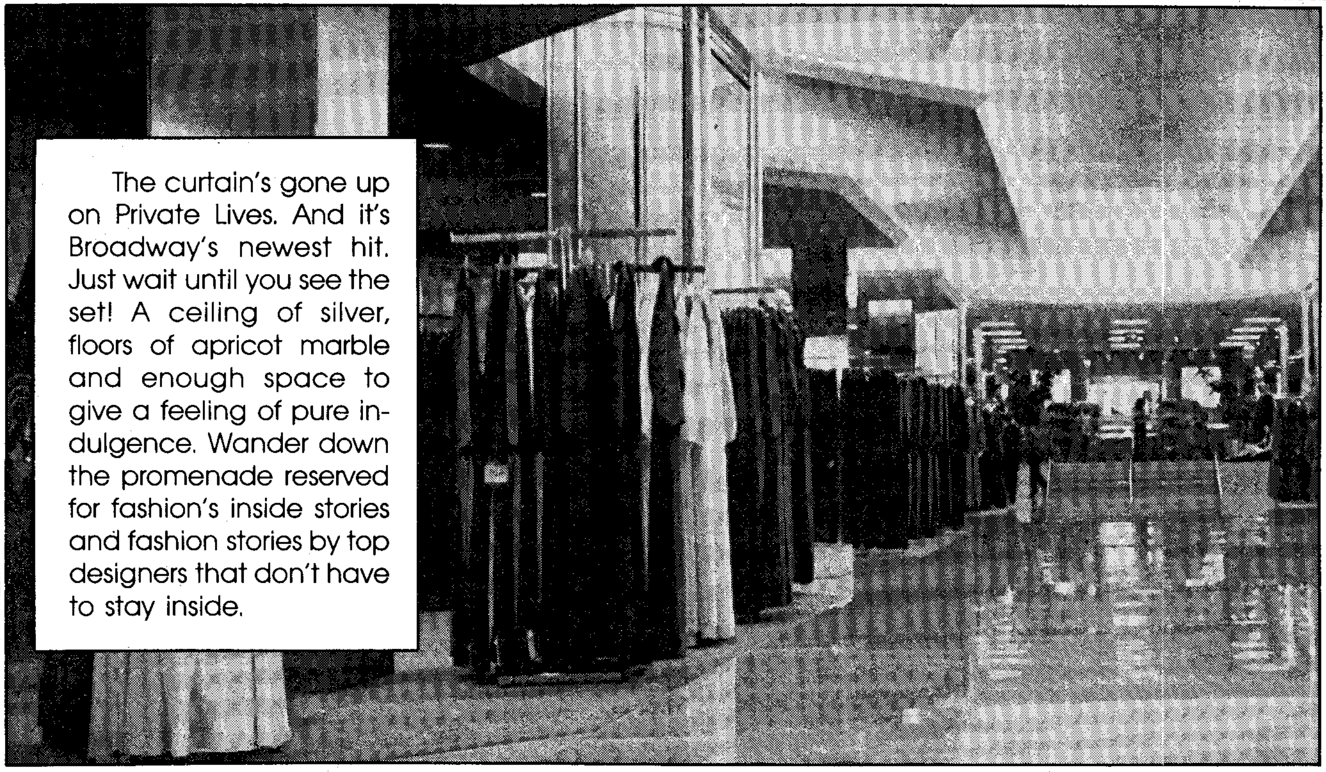

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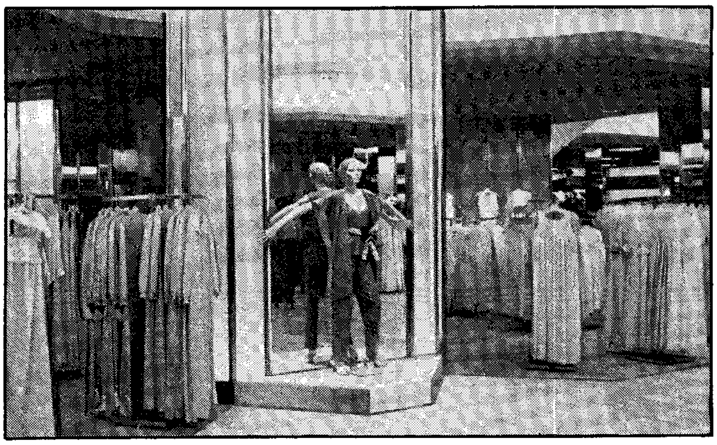

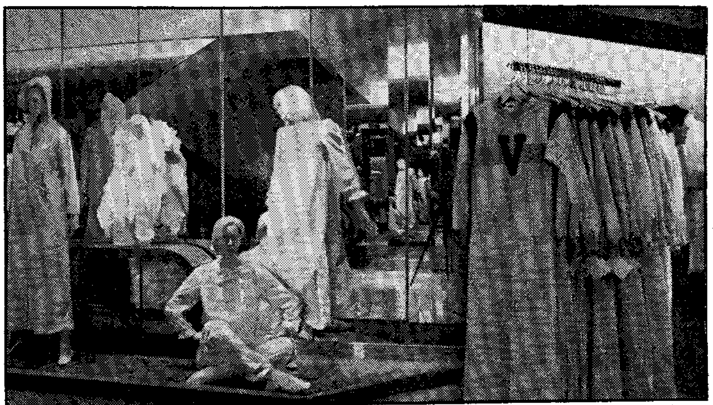

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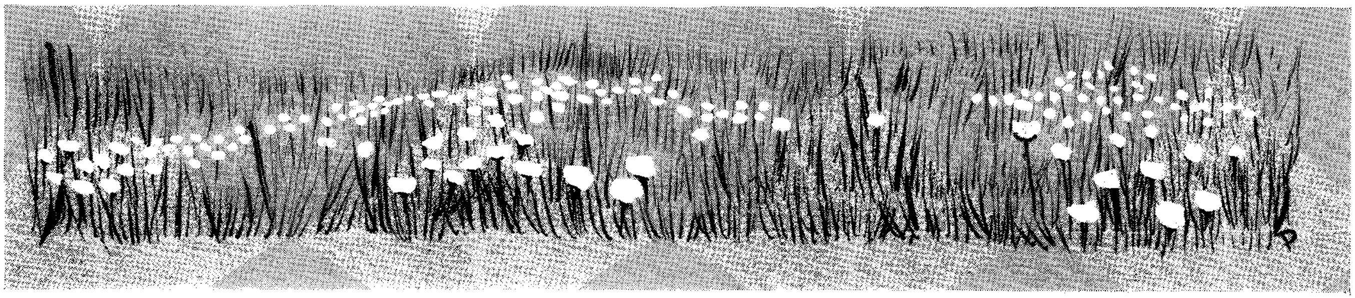
# THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHATEVER its outcome, the workers' rebellion in Poland has already won for itself a place of special honor in the annals of revolt. While these members of a closed society were forming their demands for lower meat prices, higher wages, and the like, political freedom sprang up among them. By acting and speaking with a combination of exceptional courage and exceptional restraint, they summoned freedom into being—not a shouted slogan or a high-sounding abstraction but the actual living thing. Before long, they were seeking to formalize and preserve their acquisition by demanding the right to form free labor unions and an end to government censorship. The workers' movement was the culmination of a long series of hopeful events in Poland. Over the past several years, "dissidents" there went beyond the usual bounds of "dissent," and began setting up the institutions of an unofficial, free society. They established a "flying university," which moved from place to place, offering a large variety of courses unavailable elsewhere. They started numerous publications, some of which were soon inundated with manuscripts and had to turn down a lot of disappointed authors. They founded a committee to defend workers against harassment and unjust imprisonment by the government. Many of these activities were conducted not underground but out in the open. The state, in part out of respect for the spreading influence of the new organizations, reacted with only mild repression. In the words of Jan Gross, a close observer of the Polish scene, the Poles were establishing a measure of freedom simply by acting like free men. At the same time, they were teaching the world something about what freedom ultimately is: not riot and insurrection but the right peacefully to attend to one's own business and to the business of one's society.

To most Americans—whose country, after all, was founded in the belief that all men have a right to be free—the stand of the Polish workers has been especially stirring. Our government, however, has remained all but silent. In one of its most restrained responses in recent memory, the State Department released a statement by Secretary Muskie saying that the crisis in Poland was something for "the Polish people and the Polish authorities" to resolve. President Carter added to this, in an interview, that it was government policy to "make minimal comments about Poland," for fear of causing "instability" there. The Polish Ambassador was suitably appreciative: when a reporter asked him whether more outspoken comments by the United States would be helpful, he answered, "No. What is most important is to create quiet conditions in which people can find a solution to the problems." (His government, which has its true constituency in Moscow rather than anywhere in Poland, offers itself to its people as the not so soft glove on the steel hand of Soviet power, and needs all the help it can get in winning popular acceptance of any solution whatever.) The Administration's muffled response was, as it turned out, in keeping with reactions coming in from all over the world. With one voice, it seemed, Moscow, Washington, the Warsaw government, the Western banking community (some of whose members have made loans to Poland amounting to around nineteen billion dollars), and even the Catholic Church (which expressed veiled support for the workers' cause but recommended against further strikes) explicitly or implicitly urged caution upon the workers. The immediate cause of this worldwide delicacy was, of course, fear of a Soviet invasion of Poland. An invasion would, to begin with, be harmful in the extreme to the Polish government, which might fall; to the Polish workers' movement and the Polish Church, which would suffer greater repression than they do now; and to Moscow, which has its hands full in Afghanistan. These parties, each for its own reasons, had a common interest in a peaceful resolution, and so formed a strange coalition of natural enemies. The accord of the Western nations with the coalition, however, reflected a far broader common interest. An article in the Washington *Post* by Murrey Marder titled "Saving Poland Without Starting Nuclear War" spelled out in blunt terms what that interest was. "For a generation of strategists in



Washington as well as Moscow," Marder observed, "the most persistent 'nightmare scenario' projecting how World War III might begin has started with a workers' rebellion in Eastern Europe that spins out of control"—something that could perhaps be avoided, he felt, by restraint all around. And, indeed, in each of the rebellions against the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe since the Second World War the United States, although it has perhaps wished that it could take action, has been paralyzed by the fear of starting a nuclear war. This time, our government has not only been paralyzed but struck dumb as well. The world is mute because it is—as well it might be—afraid. There are millions who hope for the success of the Polish workers, but they also hope that the "stability" on which global peace rests will not be shaken. Somehow or other, the preservation of the lives of all of us has become one more burden that the world has placed on the shoulders of the grave, disciplined, steadfast Polish workers, who already have so much more than the rest of us to bear.

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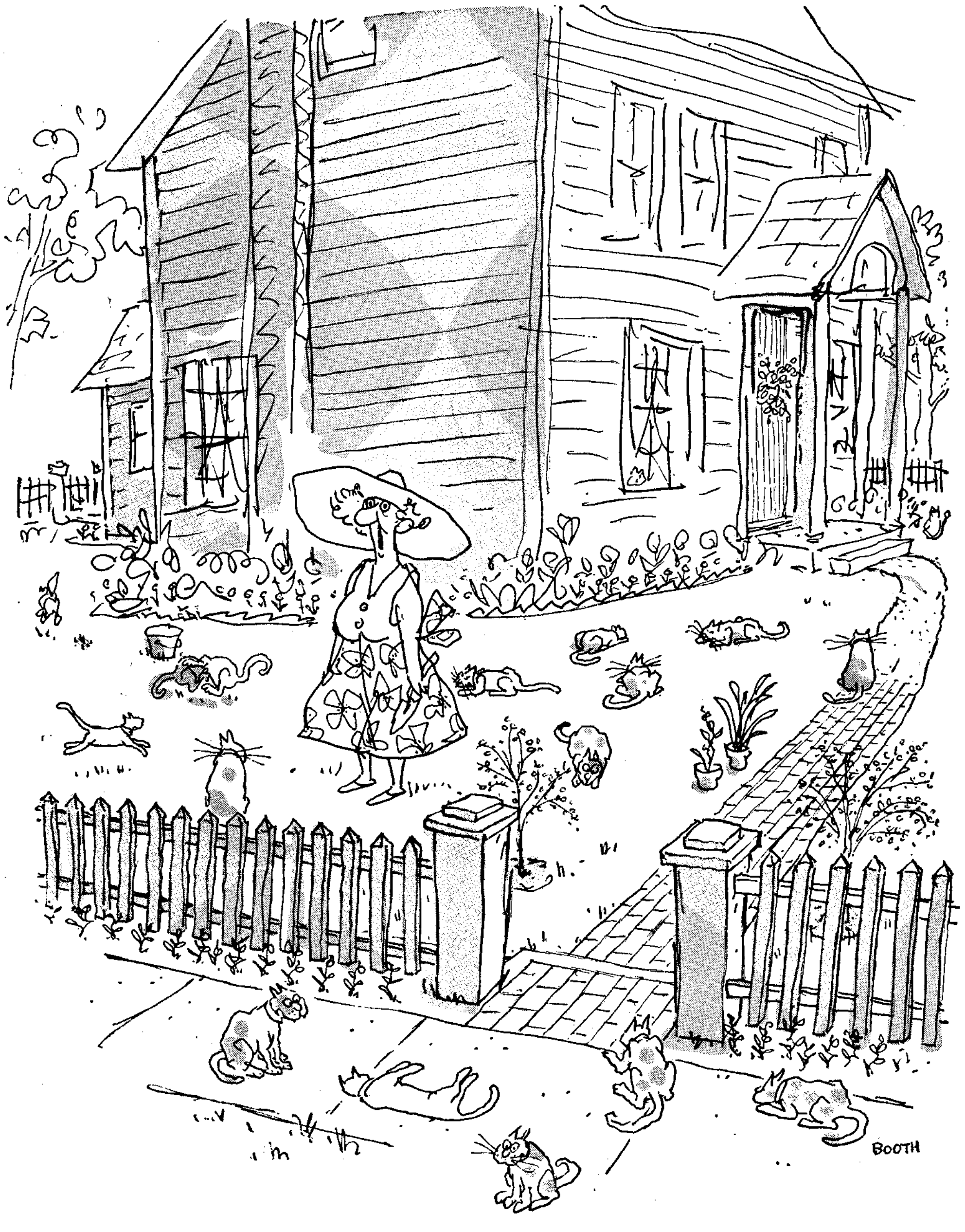
## *The Cup*

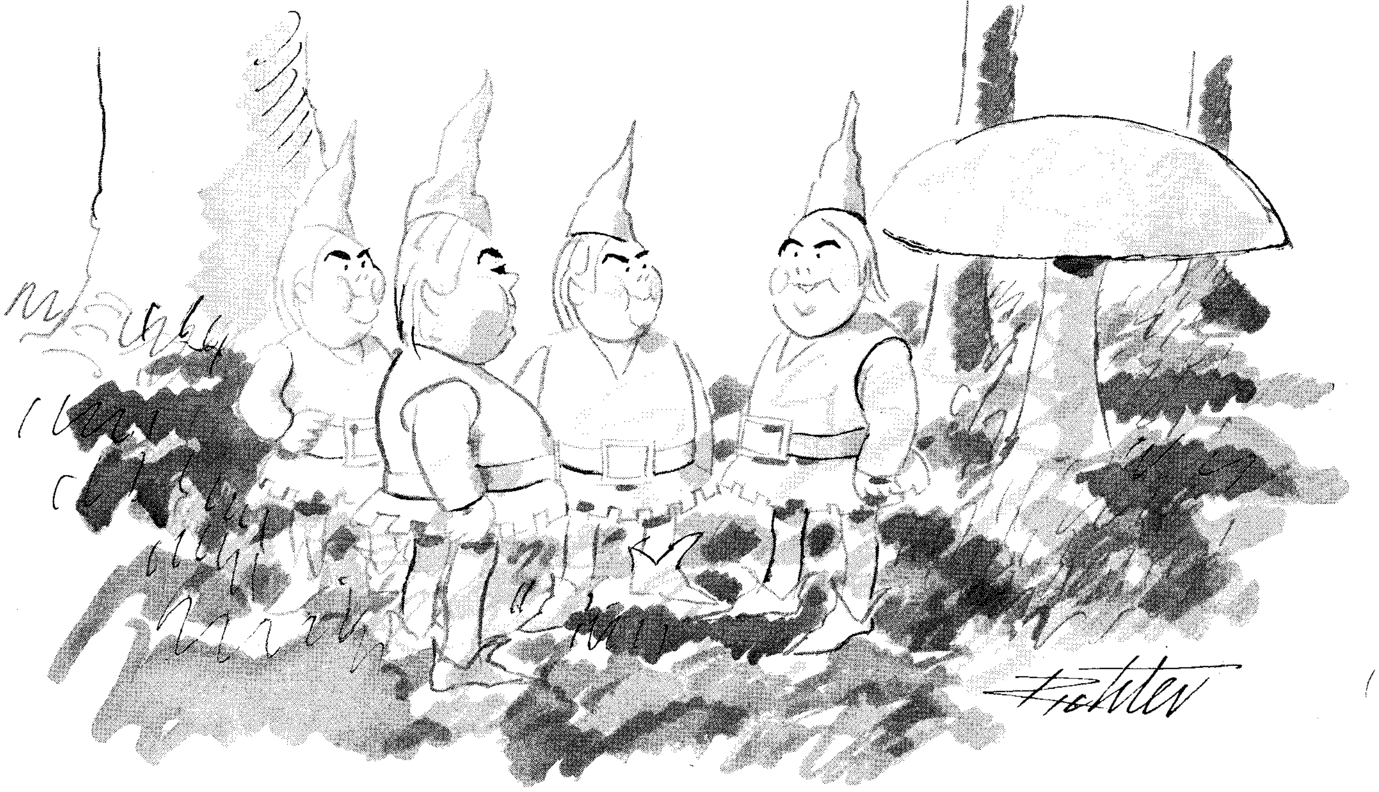
THIS summer, the America's Cup selection trials have been going on up in Newport, to determine both a foreign challenger for the Cup and an American boat to defend it, and last week we drove up to Rhode Island for a look. We can report, first of all, that it is next to impossible to find a parking space in downtown Newport, that it is almost equally difficult to find a table in a restaurant there with a nautical-sounding name, and that the wearing of deck shoes appears to be mandatory within the city limits. We also learned that of the three competing American yachts—Dennis Conner's Freedom, Ted Turner's Courageous, and Russell Long's Clipper—Freedom seemed virtually certain to be chosen for the Cup races, which begin later this month, but that Courageous and her skipper, who successfully defended the Cup last time, in 1977, were still the sentimental favorites along the waterfront. (Both Long, who is only twenty-four, and his boat, which is brand-new and incorporates a number of innovations of design, were thought to be promising but inexperienced.) Local scuttlebutt gave Australia the edge among the four foreign challengers—the others are England, Sweden, and France—though we gathered that the Australian yacht had been running into equipment problems and that both the French and the Swedes had been doing somewhat better than people had expected. The Swedes, in any event, were mounting by far the most visible effort. Their bumper stickers were plastered all over town, and in addition to Sverige, their handsome yellow-and-white-and-blue yacht, they had brought along a multimedia tent show, a larger-than-life-size papier-mâché statue of a Viking warrior (it appeared to be scaling the front wall of the Swedish Information Center, on Thames Street), and, somewhat incongruously, a whole roomful of wood sculptures mostly illustrating automotive themes and including such works as a hot rod shaped like a six-shooter (or vice versa) and a Viking metamorphosing into a motorcycle.

The members of the Swedish crew are notably friendly and approachable, and while wandering around the docks one afternoon we talked with Börje Larsson, a huge, gray-haired man, who is the coach, and Stig Wennerström, a former Star-boat world champion, who acts as sailing adviser to the skipper, Pelle Petterson.

"It's fantastic for us to be here, for sure," Mr. Wennerström said. "You must remember that Sweden is a country of only eight million people. What's that—the same as New York? And for us to be giving these other countries, and perhaps America, a fight—that's a big thing. There is not only a challenge of sailing but a challenge of economics and organization and technical knowledge. Most impressive."



*"I'm going to give away all the cats and cancel my magazine subscriptions, and then I'm going to paint ten pickets a day!"*



*"Say, you know who we all look like? Daniel Patrick Moynihan."*

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"Of course, the rules are not fair," Mr. Larsson broke in. "They're the same for the defender and the challengers, but they give the Americans a big advantage." He went on to explain that the New York Yacht Club, which administers the America's Cup competition, has decided that, with a few exceptions, all the sails and hardware on a challenging boat must come from that boat's home country, so it is impossible for the foreigners to use American-made rigging and sailcloth, which are generally regarded as the best in the world.

"And, with our tax laws, there are no eccentric millionaires in Sweden," Mr. Wennerström said, with a slight nod toward the next wharf, where Baron Marcel Bich, the French ballpoint-pen magnate, who is back, with a large entourage, for his third try at the Cup, had docked his gleaming new France 3. "So we have made our project a national effort," Mr. Wennerström went on. "We have tried to give every Swede a feeling that he's part of it all. It's fantastic, for sure, that we could raise so much money to be here. We are like David fighting Goliath."

"Yes," said Mr. Larsson, smiling. "And you know who won that one!"

As for the racing itself, it took us a couple of tries before we got to see any. The first time we went out—on the Valhalla, an aging former party fishing boat, which is the only way open to the public of getting to the trials—the wind was thirty-five knots, the seas were six or seven feet, and the boat was scarcely out of Newport Harbor before word came over the shortwave radio that conditions were too dangerous and all races had been cancelled. The next time we tried, a couple of days later, there wasn't *enough* wind—the sea was almost flat, burgees and ensigns hung limp from their staffs, voices carried far across the water—and the four foreign challengers, together with twenty-five or thirty big spectator craft, simply drifted about for hours, hoping for a breeze. The captain of the Valhalla that day, a cheerful, down-to-earth twenty-five-year-old named George Oakley, Jr., wove her so skillfully through the becalmed fleet that we were able to wave *bonne chance* to the Baron (he was wearing a splendid all-white uniform and easily steering France 3 with one hand while with the other he picked through a picnic lunch laid out on the deck beside him), to watch two of the Australian crewmen swinging in bosuns' chairs high up on the mast (halyard trouble, we guessed), and to spot what looked very much like a California Angels' cap on one of the casually dressed Swedish crew.

Eventually, the challengers gave up on the wind and went home, and the Valhalla steamed a few miles to the south, where Clipper and Courageous had been racing with very little wind. By the time we got there, the wind had dropped completely and we found Clipper and Courageous and maybe fifty spectator boats, some of them the size of small ocean liners, all bobbing about and waiting for something to happen. We began to suspect that following America's Cup races might require a lot of patience. At around two-thirty, there was a report that the wind had come up over at Dumping Ground Bravo—that was where the foreign boats had been—so back we sped to the north, and there we were able to watch Clipper and Courageous get in a couple of short races on an abbreviated course. We now began to suspect that following the America's Cup races might also require a lot of gasoline.

As they tacked and jibed at the start and then chased each other around the course, the two boats were truly beautiful to see. There is something almost gull-like about Cup yachts, with their huge white mainsails and genoa jibs slicing through the wind, and when they change course or, rounding a mark, pop out a bright-colored spinnaker, their sails seem to fill instantly and almost magically. But we had to conclude, reluctantly, that Cup racing is probably never going to make it as a spectator sport. For one thing, to watch the races properly you really need, in addition to patience and lots of gas—and coöperative weather—a yacht of your own. In fact, a big part of Cup-race watching seems to be a sort of grownup, more expensive version of what teen-agers do with their cars on Friday nights—parading one's vehicle up and down, that is, and checking on the competition. And, in truth, there is not a great deal to watch in a Cup race. The competing boats are often on opposite tacks, and the Coast Guard keeps everyone else far astern, so it is usually difficult to see the crews in action, or, sometimes, even to know which boat is in the lead.

One thing really is exciting, though, and that is the spectacle of all those other boats—sloops and yawls and schooners and ketches, little day-sailers and runabouts, enormous powerboats; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of teak and varnish and fibre glass—coming within inches of smashing into each other as they chase the Cup boats back and forth across the ocean. It's surprisingly noisy, too, with loud-hailers blaring from the Coast Guard patrol boats, the slop and splash of wakes rolling into each other, and the deep rumble of powerful engines suddenly being thrown into reverse. At one point, we saw two young men in a Boston Whaler, its outboard whining, shoot right between the Valhalla, to port, and the huge cruiser Star Mist, to starboard, with only feet to spare on either side. One of the men waved, and George Oakley leaned out of the Valhalla's pilothouse door and shook his head. "That takes *guts!*" he said.

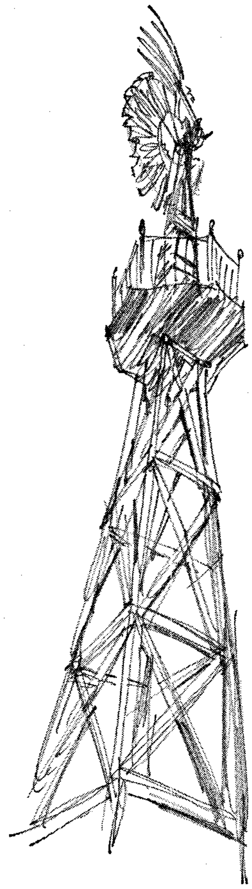
## *Benefit*

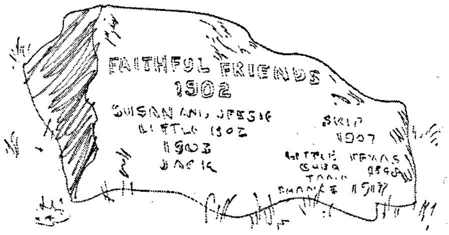
Gary Indiana, the punk poet and pillar of lower-Manhattan society, said:

Last night, I m.c.'d a benefit for myself at the Mudd Club, on White Street. A couple of weeks ago, someone broke into my apartment and took the money I had to pay the rent, and my videotape machine and my stereo, which weren't even really mine. I felt like a refugee, and so I gave myself a benefit. Tina L'hotsky showed three films—"Marilyn," "Snakewoman," and "Barbie." Then Ethyl Eichelberger, along with John Heys and Agosto Machado, did some music from their play, which is a new version of "Medea." They did a number called "Revenge." Ethyl, of course, is this drag performer wearing Kabuki eye makeup. Then Max Blagg came on and read some of his poems. I don't know if you know Max. Max is this decadent Englishman. He writes poems about his own feckless romanticism. He is always falling in and out of love. His poems are in the form of letters sent from hotels in South America. People loved it. They wanted more. So Max, backed up this time by Ethyl, came back, and he read while Ethyl played. That was pretty good. Rene Ricard read a poem called "Prison." Rene is in "Underground USA." It's the cult film of the year. Rene also had a small part in "The Chelsea Girls," and he was in another film, called "Hall of Mirrors," which Warren Sonbert made in 1966. Around that time, when he was twenty, Rene was probably the most good-looking man in all of New York. Gerard Malanga read some of his poems. One had something in it about some kids at Bennington, and people didn't like it very much. I mean, this crowd didn't care about Bennington. Then Cookie Mueller read a long story about living in San Francisco. It was about all the things she did, and it was fabulous. People loved that. I think they liked that best of all. Cookie is in all the John Waters movies, and a lot of people know her from that, but I don't think many people knew that she wrote. I read my new poem, which is almost entirely based on "You've Really Gotta Hold on Me" and "You're the Top." A lot of people I didn't even know showed up, but I recognized James Rosenquist, Michel Auder, Chi Chi Valenti, Patti Astor, Kathy Ruskin, and Richard Sohl. I came out of it with four hundred dollars, and I am going to buy a new lock for my door and go to the dentist.

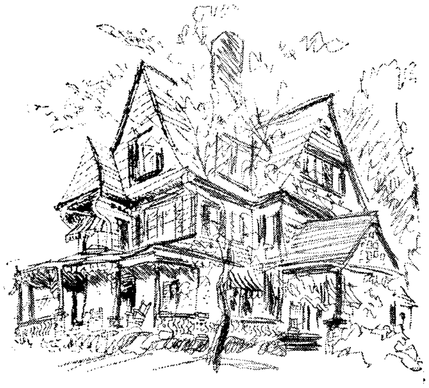
## *Sagamore Hill*

In the wake of the Republican and Democratic Conventions, we drove out to Sagamore Hill—Theodore Roosevelt's house at Oyster Bay—to get some idea of the way Presidential candidates used to conduct their lives. The place, which was built in 1885 and given to the American people by the Theodore Roosevelt Association in 1963, is a wonder and a delight, as its owner was. (One of our favorite passages in Edmund Morris's excellent biography "The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt" describes the young Roosevelt, who is living in the Dakota Territory, capturing some outlaws who have stolen his rowboat. With a couple of companions who have built a scow for the mission—while Roosevelt was writing the first chapter of a biography of Thomas Hart Benton—he pushes his way through ice floes on the Little Missouri River for seven days, in near-zero weather, attempting to deliver the rowboat-stealing rascals to Mandan, where there is an officer of the law. During lulls, Roosevelt sits amidships, wrapped in buffalo robes, reading "Anna Karenina.")





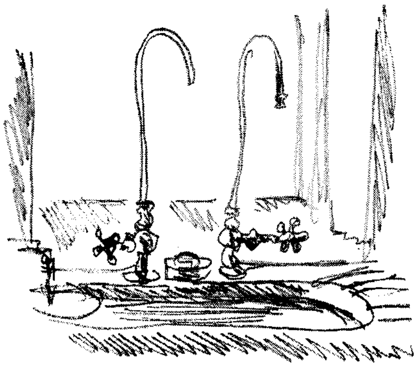
The morning at Oyster Bay was overcast, but a breeze was blowing, spinning the blades of a tall windmill (*Fig. A*). On a path, we encountered a woman who was on her way to work in the Roosevelt house. "This is the most beautiful and peaceful place in the world," she said proudly, waving at the big trees and green lawns. She directed us to the Pet Cemetery (*Fig. B*), at the end of a short path, and then we walked toward the house across the lawn, which slopes away from it. Above us, the house

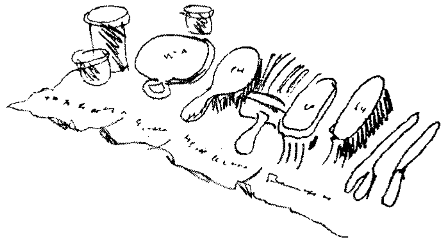


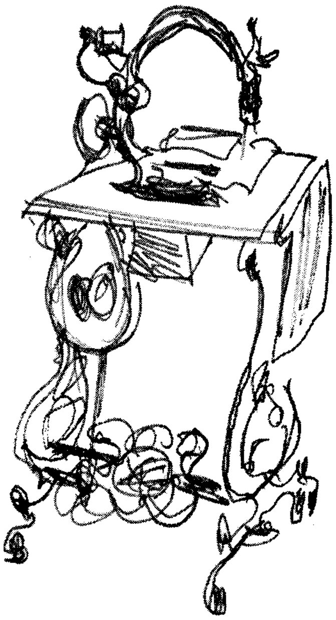
(*Fig. C*) seemed both squat and soaring, assertive and humane; substantial; pugnacious; comfortable; and proud. The outside presents a vertical progression from heavy stone foundations, through warm red brick walls and cheerful yellow shingle siding (some of it scalloped) with olive-green trim, to steep roofs and high chimneys—the whole thing ascending from firmness and solidity to amiability and optimism—while horizontally it goes from a dignified but welcoming porte cochère, through generous halls and rooms, out onto a broad piazza (with a sturdy railing) offering what was, until the trees below grew tall, an extraordinary view of Oyster Bay and Long Island Sound. Above the piazza, there is a secluded second-story porch off the master bedroom. Roosevelt once wrote to the editor of *Country Life in America:*

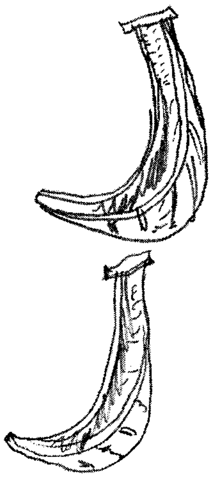
> I wished a big piazza, very broad at the n. w. corner where we could sit in rocking chairs and look at the sunset; a library with a shallow bay window opening south, the parlor or drawing-room occupying all the western end of the lower floor; as broad a hall as our space would permit; big fireplaces for logs . . .

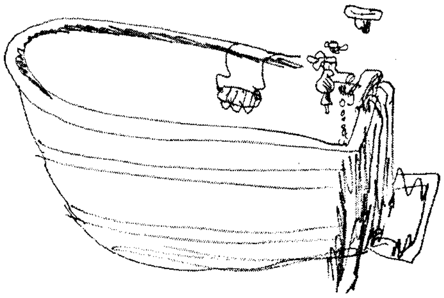
The house is dim inside, and the rooms are fenced off, so the furnishings were hard to see on a dark day, but there was clearly a density of comfort and acquisition: Oriental rugs; animal-skin rugs; tusks and trophies; books; vases; paintings; flags; sculpture; photographs; umbrella stands. Among the things we liked best were the pantry and its sink (*Fig. D*); Alice Roosevelt's bureau, with its brushes and mirrors and combs (*Fig. E*); a small sewing machine in a playroom (*Fig. F*); the boys' cestas (for jai alai, but where?) hanging on a bookcase in their bedroom (*Fig. G*); and the children's bathtub (*Fig. H*). As for Roosevelt's own possessions, we liked his boots (*Fig. I*), his dressing table with shaving brush and cup (*Fig. J*), and his bed (*Fig. K*).

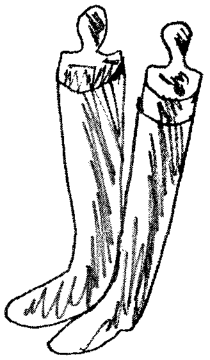


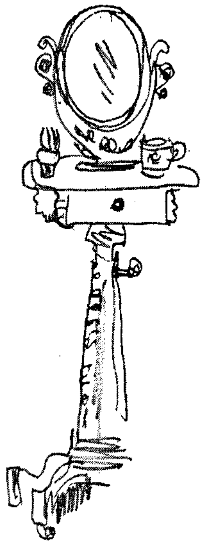


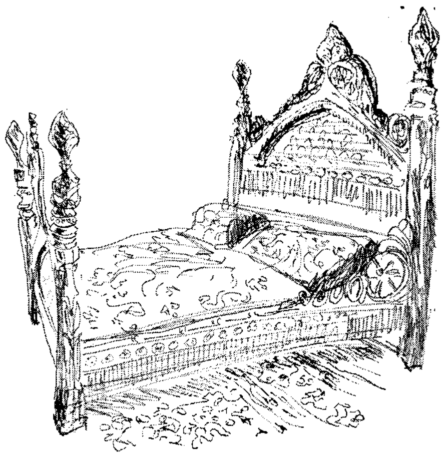






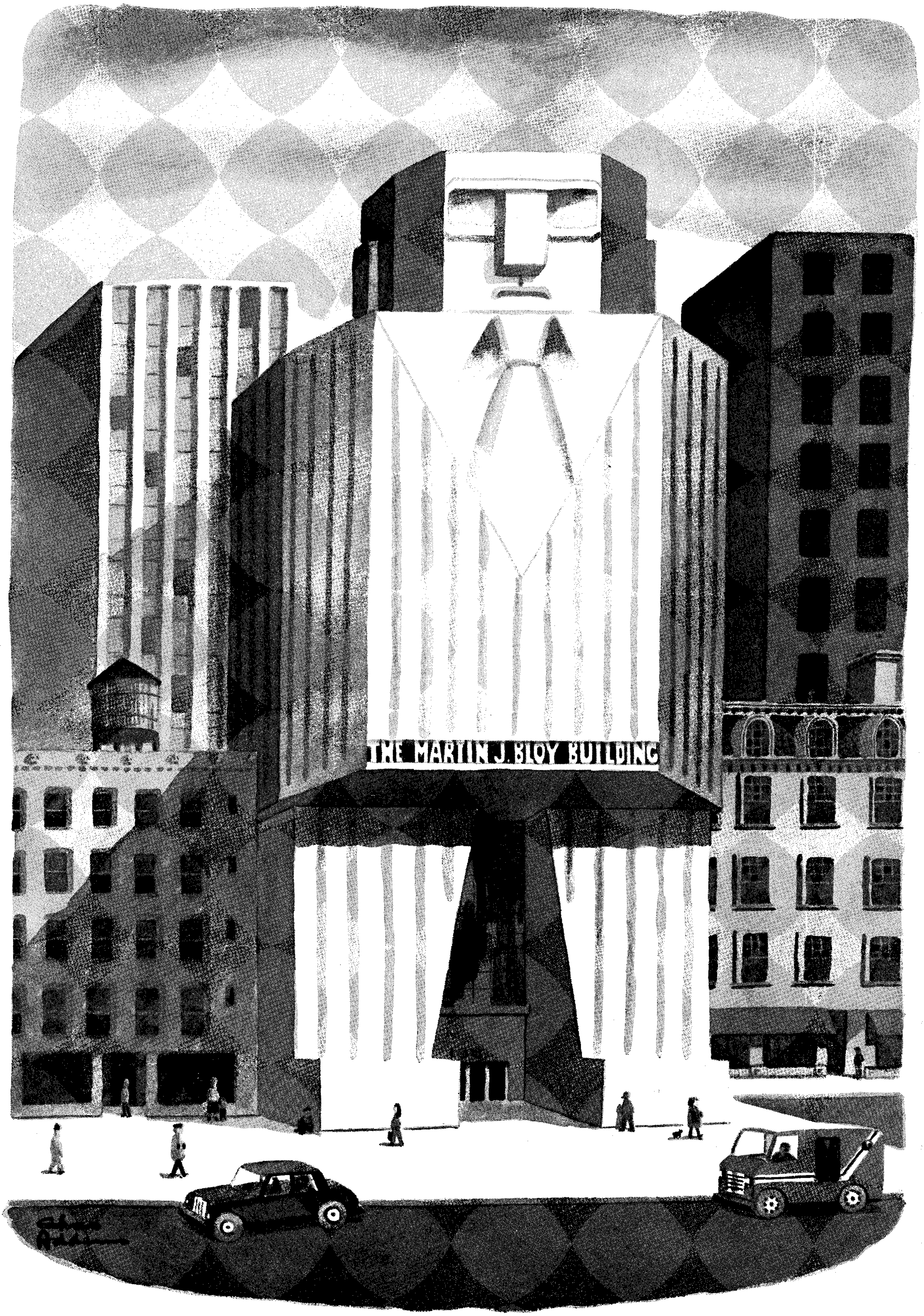






Best of all, we liked the piazza, where the family (including six children) gathered in the evening, and about which the guidebook to Sagamore Hill says:

> From here . . . the family could see . . . at night the lights of the Fall River Line steam boats as they plied their way to and from New York. "When the lights of the boat from New York had passed out of sight behind Lloyd's Neck," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., "it was the rule that the younger ones should go to bed."


THE MARTIN J. BLOY BUILDING
Chas Addams

# MANIFESTO OF THE MX MISSILISTS

ALL passéist, immobile, fixed-launcher guided-missile systems present such a monstrous spectacle of pathetic backwardness and obsolescence that our MX Missilist eyes turn away with profoundest disgust and contempt!

These vile embodiments of technological senility, abjectly cowering in their "silos," stand before us as monuments to those fossilized qualities we MX Missilists defiantly and proudly abhor: stasis, standing-in-place, and unitary-presentation-of-self-sans-decoy.

Even the silence born of their loathsome lack of movement—through which it might be possible to hear the approach of enemy missiles hurtling with blithe impunity to obliterate those same stock-still armaments—even this silence is not allowed to exist. IT IS FILLED WITH THE SHRILL AND HYSTERICAL CRIES OF OUR OPPONENTS IN CONGRESS AND AMONGST THE PRESS—PRAETORIAN GUARD OF A VEGETATING BEHINDHAND TECHNOLOGY, WHOSE BASE IGNORANCE AND DESPICABLE COWARDICE TURN THEM INTO RANTING, FOOLISH IDIOTS BICKERING WITH EACH OTHER OVER WHOSE SLAVISH ADORATION OF THE MOST RUBBISH-ENCRUSTED OLD-FASHIONED STYLE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS IS THE MORE INTENSE.

A violent desire for up-to-date weaponry boiling in our veins, we repudiate them and their spineless accountant-clerk eunuchs, whose mewlings about "fiscal responsibility" serve only to redouble our fierce commitment. To them we cry with unflinching scorn: From this day forth, all worm-ridden stationary-launcher missile systems are dead! The MX Era of Mobile Launchers and Decoys has arrived!

We may declare without boasting that our development of the MX Missile System was as wholesome and organic as the system itself, thuswise:

We examined the phenomenon of hitting things, *and concluded that the thing which moves around like a gazelle is more difficult to hit than the thing which stands still like a rotting tree stump.*

We examined the phenomenon of hiding from things, *and discovered that the cleverly hidden thing is more difficult to find than the thing squatting stupidly in plain sight.*

We examined the phenomenon of decoys and false objects, *and realized that the true object surrounded confusingly by false objects of identical appearance is more difficult to discern than the true object standing foolishly alone.*

Life is nature. Life moves. *Movement is natural.*

IS THIS NOT AN AGE OF MOTION? IS NOT THE ESSENCE OF THE GUIDED MISSILE ITSELF PUREST MOVEMENT? MUST WE, THEREFORE, CONTINUE TO ENDURE THE FATUOUS PRATTLE AND PEEVISH OUTBURSTS OF THOSE NARROW-MINDED IMBECILES WHO CANNOT SEE THAT A SYSTEM COMPRISING 200 ACTUAL MISSILES AND 4,400 SIMULATED MISSILES, ALL IN CONSTANT MOTION HARMONIOUS WITH THE VERY SPIRIT OF OUR TIMES, CANNOT BUT SUCCEED IN RENDERING OUR NATION'S ENEMIES MUTE WITH ASTONISHMENT?

Proud, incorruptible, nauseated by easy success, we freely admit that the present MX Missile System represents the *second* stage in the evolution of the Principle of Mobile Hiding Weaponry.

The first stage found its embodiment in the concept of the Circular Track. It was an idea glorious in its promise but, like the child it was, annoying to certain stridently braying, fun-hating "grownups." The circular tracks, upon which the missiles were to ride-and-hide, were deemed too extravagant in their usage of land, even for the indisputably spacious states of Nevada and Utah. Confident in our purpose, we retired to our drafting tables, and shortly thereafter designed the present, second version of the MX.

In so doing, we improved upon it.

In so doing, we created the Principle of the Linear MX.

In so doing, we designed a network not of circular "race track" runways but of linear roads and streets and side streets.

WHAT IS SUCH A SCHEMA, IF NOT A RECAPITULATION AND GLORIFICATION OF THE VERY INTERSTATE AUTOMOBILE HIGHWAY SYSTEM THAT HAS MADE OUR NATION THE MOST IMPRESSIVELY MOBILE ON THE GLOBE?

Yet even we—free moderns, supremely awake—even we were not prepared for the magnificent implications of the Linear MX layout. As one, we fell to our knees in awe when we realized the import of the new design.

THE LINEAR MX IS INFINITELY EXPANDABLE!

ARE 4,400 SIMULATED MISSILES AND 4,600 SHELTERS INSUFFICIENT TO PROTECT OUR PRECIOUS NUCLEAR WARHEADS FROM ENEMY PERFIDY? THEN WE MAY CONSTRUCT MORE! AND CASUALLY ADD THEM ON TO THE EXTANT SYSTEM! AND CREATE AN EVER-EXPANDING MX GRID THAT NEED HALT AT NO BOUNDARY, SAVE FOR THE NONEXISTENT ONE OF OUR OWN FEVERISH, SOARING IMAGINATION!

WE shall go still further. We are prepared to argue that stasis itself is dead. For if missiles should be placed upon cars, and those cars upon tracks, to move hither and thither in response to the universal urge to avoid nuclear annihilation, why then, O asinine compatriots, should not hospitals be so emplaced? And military command posts? And repositories of munitions, foodstuffs, and the like? And if those facilities should be thus protected, should we not afford equal consideration to our citizenry and its belongings?

Does not the jungle beast, wild and free in its environment, bolt upon the arrival of its mortal enemy? *Should not the inhabitants and possessions of the greatest nation on earth be granted the same innate rights of mobility as belong to the lowliest jackal?*

Do not the chameleon, the salamander, and other free-roving practitioners of the art of camouflage from the animal world teach us that concealment, decoy, and visual obfuscation are both necessary and right for the survival of a species? *Must we allow a small number of craven gas-bags in Congress to deny America a defensive tool available to the most common and repulsive reptile?*

Yet our opponents—pale and backward-looking neurasthenics languishing in that hot-bed of impotence, Washington, D.C.—decree that "perhaps" missiles may indeed hide from enemy bombardment but the innocent child, the beloved pet dog, the housewife, and the house may not.

Let us make our position even more unequivocal.

### WE DEMAND

1. Liberation and exaltation of the Principle of Mobile Hiding Weaponry and congressional approval of its apotheosis, the MX Missile.
2. The immediate implementation of the Principle, not only with regard to the MX itself *but with regard to every person and object in the United States of America.*

OUR NATION MUST AT ONCE DUPLICATE ITS ENTIRE PHYSICAL ASPECT, PLACING THOUSANDS OF CUNNING AND TECHNOLOGICALLY SOPHISTICATED FALSE UNITED STATESES UPON A VAST SYSTEM OF TRACKS AND CARS, THEREBY ASSURING OUR SURVIVAL OF WHATEVER MASSIVE NUCLEAR STRIKE THE ENEMY CAN, IN ITS HATRED AND INSANITY, INITIATE.

Does the savage boldness with which we dismiss our moronic critics frighten you? We do not care!

Do we hear you bleat some question or reservation? Then you are our enemy, and we laugh raucously in your face!

There is no need to discuss this any further!

—Ellis Weiner

# 44~28

Lois is forty-four, the mother of two adolescent children, divorced, a law professor at N.Y.U. On Friday she is going to London for six months to do research, and she has only four days to pack, send her children off to camp, find a reliable tenant for her house, and say goodbye to her young lover, whom she doesn't expect to take up with again when she comes home.

Lois originally chose this lover because he was married and unsuitable; now she has fallen in love with him and is angry at herself and him. She wants to be free, so that she can find a new man she may not love as much, who will be her helpmeet for the rest of her life. These are the words she is thinking of using in saying farewell to her lover, but she is already smiling at the expression she imagines she will see on his clever, sarcastic face when she says "helpmeet." She is trying to think of a substitute word as she absently carries cardboard boxes up to the second floor. The lover is coming over soon to help her with this heavy work.

Lois is always nervous about having her friends meet Charles, because, at the expensive private school her son attends, he is the gym instructor. There is something about his being a gym instructor that she dislikes even more than his being married or being young. Of course, he is in very good shape, and very well muscled, but she feels he is an underachiever. Charles could have been a lawyer if he had tried, or a philosophy instructor—anything that would make her feel less like a chaser of athletic young men. Indeed, it was the sight of him in white tennis shorts that first drew her attention—also his antic humor. She remembers how he approached her while she was walking her dog on Thirteenth Street and said soberly, "Mrs. Richman, may I stroll with you in the gutters of Gotham?"

*"You're not in the Hamptons now, you know, Hodges."*

Charles has offered to board her dog while she is in London. It would be unfair to the dog to kennel her solely to avoid seeing Charles again when she returns. She hasn't made up her mind yet. Perhaps she will get rid of the dog, too, while she is in a purifying state of mind. The two children she cannot get rid of, though the thought has crossed her mind once or twice. Lois's daughter is sixteen and will be going to Vassar in the fall. She will visit her father at Christmastime. Her son is only twelve and will go to school for one term in London. A chess player and model-constructor, he may not even notice that he is in London. He has been in a dream world ever since his father moved to California a year ago. He hasn't even thought it odd that Charles drops by so frequently. Perhaps she should just give the dog to Charles. Lois bought Geraldine for comfort in the early days of her divorce, so it would be a double betrayal to palm them off on each other.

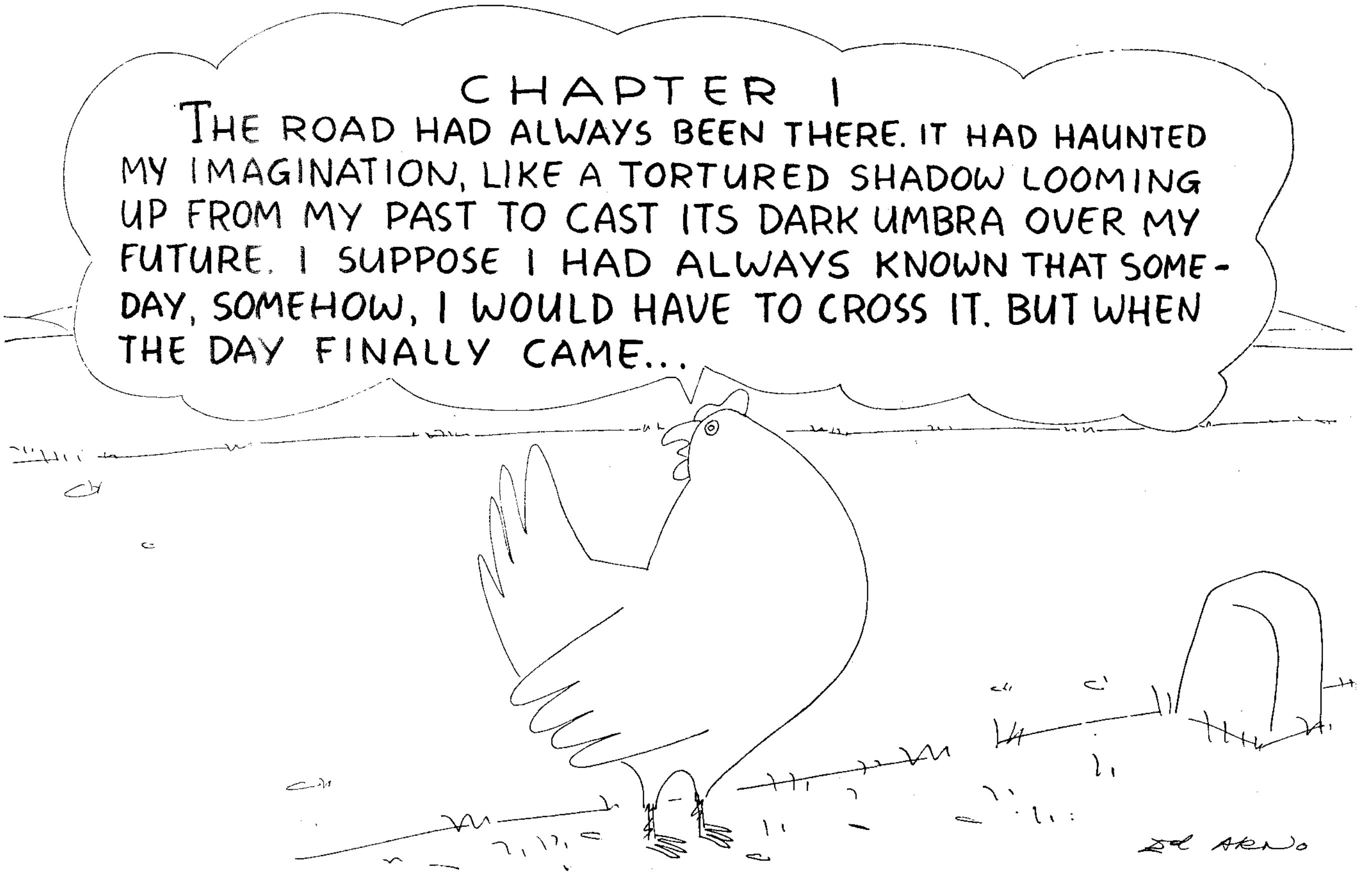
What she really wants is for Charles to leave his wife and come and live with her, marry her, but she doesn't know it yet. She prefers to divest herself of everything rather than entertain the idea. Charles is twenty-eight years old. Many times she has gone over in her head the following figure combinations: 44-28, 54-38, 64-48, 74-58, just as when she was longing to get pregnant she kept imagining May-January, June-February, July-March.

While Lois is at the very back of a walk-in closet, sorting out her son's clothes in piles for camp, for London, for storage, she hears the doorbell ring. At the door she finds a very well-dressed woman, about twenty-eight, in extremely good repair, with a deep, even tan. She is wearing a pair of buff silk overalls. Her hair, bouncing in glossy, blond-tipped curls around her face, has recently been blow-dried by a master hand.

"The rental agent sent me over. I'm Marabel Bush." She has a strong Southern accent.

"Hello," says Lois in a noncommittal way. "Are you a family, or part of a group?"

"We're a couple. My husband's


CHAPTER I
THE ROAD HAD ALWAYS BEEN THERE. IT HAD HAUNTED MY IMAGINATION, LIKE A TORTURED SHADOW LOOMING UP FROM MY PAST TO CAST ITS DARK UMBRA OVER MY FUTURE. I SUPPOSE I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN THAT SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, I WOULD HAVE TO CROSS IT. BUT WHEN THE DAY FINALLY CAME...
Ed Arno

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firm sent him to New York, and I just hated to stay home all by myself."

"Why do you need a three-story house, if I may ask?"

"Well, we do heaps of entertaining, and my grandmother and my husband's daddy will be visiting."

Lois doesn't absolutely need the rental money for the house. She has been so fussy about prospective tenants that the agent has given up tagging along. "Well, come in and take a look," she says dubiously.

As Lois follows Mrs. Bush up the narrow stairs of the brownstone, she grows conscious of her own dowdy appearance. She's wearing jeans and a saggy velours poncho that she used long ago as a beach dress. Her long, unwashed brown hair hangs down, while her gray hairs reach for the sky. She has previously decided to look as terrible as possible when she tells Charles that she is quitting their affair. Now, staring at trim Mrs. Bush in her trim silk overalls, she thinks she may have gone too far in dishevelment.

Mrs. Bush is by no means gushing about the layout and décor of Lois's brownstone. Admittedly, the rooms are quite small, the furniture on the plain side. Lois bought the house with a legacy her father left her, over the protests of her former husband. Now it has doubled in value, giving Lois much satisfaction. She pats the mahogany bannister lovingly as they ascend to the bedroom floor. The doors to the children's rooms are closed, and she opens them just half a crack. "We haven't cleaned these smaller bedrooms yet, but we're planning to tomorrow."

"We'll take it," says Mrs. Bush unexpectedly, without any preamble. "It's so old-fashioned. Granny will love it."

Lois is not eager to rent to Marabel Bush. Lois is envious of Marabel's looks and manicure, and thinks she will have wild parties despite Granny's restraining influence, but Lois has forgotten to put in any of the escape hatches she devised when showing the house to other people.

"Oil bills and electricity are all extra, of course," she says, "and you must pay the man who mows and weeds the garden."

"Certainly," says Mrs. Bush in velvety tones.

"We'll need two months' security as well."

Mrs. Bush opens her mail-pouch handbag and removes her texturized checkbook with its retractable silver-plated pen.

"No noisy parties," Lois continues. "I must stay on good terms with my neighbors. They've been kind to me. Also, I'll be in London, and I won't be able to help you if any emergencies arise. But I'll leave a list of plumbers, electricians, and such, because things do break down in an old house."

Just then the doorbell rings, and Charles comes bounding up the steps. Even in his housecleaning rags he looks radiant. Lately he's been eating no meat and running an hour a day before breakfast, and this has given him a pared-down look of pure energy. He has a long Scandinavian head, blond hair cut too short, green eyes, a glossy brown mustache. (If only he didn't make such monkey faces, twisting up his mouth in mock disdain or boredom.) At sight of this robust, wonderful-looking man, some devil takes hold of Lois, who is normally so circumspect. "Mrs. Bush, I'd like you to meet my husband, Charles. Charles, our new tenant, Mrs. Bush."

Charles' eyes bulge in surprise, but he quickly bolts his face down in a casual smile.

"Charles was only fourteen when we married," Lois continues. "Our son is twelve."

Mrs. Bush stares in amazement. After a moment or two of inertia, she puts her checkbook back in her purse without writing a check, then quickly makes off, back to the rental agent to look at the terms of the lease.

"WHAT were you doing there, Lo?" Charles asks when Lois reappears from downstairs. "What was that for?"

"Oh, Charles . . ." Lois rakes her fingers through her hair. "I don't know what I'm doing. I feel so harried."

As soon as Lois says this, she really feels harried for the first time. "I didn't like that dame. She'll be sleeping in my bed, and I wanted to shake her up."

"Cute number." Charles makes his sex-fiend face by rolling his eyes and smacking his lips. "But no bosom." Lois would normally be flattered by this remark, would bask in it, but today she is irritated. She imagines Charles in her bed making love to Mrs. Bush. "Also, she looks as though she spends her entire day in front of the mirror getting dressed," Charles says.

"Stop," replies Lois shrilly. "You know she looks great!"

Her soon-to-be-abandoned lover could not be behaving more nicely, but Lois is growing more angry. It would have comforted her to know that Charles' wife, a twenty-five-year-old receptionist, spends long hours every day getting dressed in front of the mirror, that Charles' wife has a bosom like an ironing board, a disposition like an ironing board. They have never discussed Charles' marital situation. He has never stayed all night. He usually says, "Back to Wuthering Heights," or, "It's been a pleasure visiting you, Miss Scarlett," before he climbs into his burnt-sienna underwear and tiptoes away. Charles can never be playful in this particular way with his wife, Barbara, but Lois doesn't know that.

The two of them begin stacking cartons for storage, but before long the rental agent telephones. Mrs. Bush has changed her mind; she prefers Westchester after all. At this news Charles begins to smile. While Lois is saying, "Oh, well, so we won't have a tenant; it doesn't really matter," he is grinning cheerfully.

"You know, Lois, I was going to suggest that if you didn't find anyone, *we* could live in the house for you."

"Are you joking?"

"Well, you know I can't pay your kind of rent. But I could take care of your garden and babysit Geraldine. She'd be happier here than in a three-room apartment, and so would I."

"You and Geraldine and *Barbara*?"

"Is that so outlandish?"

Lois is so furious at this hateful suggestion that her whole body trembles. "Yes, it is! Most outlandish! You crass—ballplayer!"

Charles could willingly clobber Lois, but he exercises self-control. His strong legs propel him around the room several times in great agitation.

"Lois, I'm sorry I suggested it, since it's made you unhappy," he says finally. "If I could unsay it, I would, if you would unsay the 'ballplayer' bit. That was really low."

"It's quite an appropriate epithet," Lois replies in her loftiest, most cutting tones. "Am I a pinch-hitter or not?"

Charles stops and stares at Lois in astonishment. Charles indeed loves Lois, but as an earth mother who will take care of his needs without asking anything for herself. As a matter of fact, that is precisely how Lois has always behaved. Until this moment, she has enjoyed being an earth mother.

"I wish I knew why you feel so offended," Charles says.

"Oh, just get the hell out! Go be ironic someplace else."

"Well, call me. When you want me to take Geraldine, just give me a call."

Throughout the tumult preceding her divorce, Lois never once acted badly. She never gave her husband the satisfaction of a single unjustified insult—not even when he moved out, leaving her to tell the bad news to the children. Her anger took the form of drinking too much and throwing away his mail. Now she screams, "Get the hell out!" and aims a child's sneaker at Charles. It hits him in the shoulder. Charles leaves the room with exaggerated slowness. He is too hurt to think of a clever exit line.

Lois flings herself down on a pile of winter clothes. "Don't go, Charles," she says in a tiny voice as soon as she hears the downstairs door slam. She begins to cry in the shattering way she used to when she was twelve. She forgets that she planned to abandon Charles, that she has abandoned him. He will never seem more desirable than he does now, when she knows she will not see him again.

—SONDRA SPATT OLSEN

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## RALEGH'S PRIZES

And summer turns her head with its dark tangle
All the way toward us; and the trees are heavy,
With little sprays of limp green maple and linden
Adhering after a rainstorm to the sidewalk,
Where yellow pollen dries in pools and runnels.

Along the oceanfront, pink neon at dusk:
The long, late dusk, a light wind from the water
Lifting a girl's hair forward against her cheek
And swaying a chain of bulbs.
                                        In luminous booths,
The bright, traditional wheel is on its ratchet,

And ticking gaily at its little pawl;
And the surf revolves; and passing cars and people,
Their brilliant colors—all strange and hopeful as Ralegh's
Trophies: the balsam, the prizes of untried virtue,
Bananas and armadillos that a Captain
Carries his Monarch from another world.

—ROBERT PINSKY

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## CLEAR DAYS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

[*From a flyer distributed by Frank Wolf, a Republican candidate for Congress from Virginia*]

I believe the greatest potential for our nation lies in the future, not in the past.

# TIMELY IS THE HAND THAT WINDS THE CLOCK

A BLAZING, balmy London summer day. Secretaries in blowing muslin dresses, eating sandwiches in a plaza off St. James's. Above them, in a small boardroom, an annual conference about Christmas-cracker mottoes. The question of Christmas-cracker mottoes had been merged with the question of the verbal innards of Chinese fortune cookies. A matter of contraction. Just as it was an unusually small conference room. The conference table could be folded up into a four-foot square at any moment, in case the room needed to be turned into a lettable flat for two. "For goodness knows what things are coming to," said the Chair.

The secretary, taking minutes, said, " '—what things are coming to.' I don't know, I'm sure." She spoke to no one, because no one there had for decades spoken to her, let alone by name. Some heard. Two, to be accurate. The Chair and a member called Alice, long in love with each other.

"Blimey, it's hot," said a Mr. Evershed. "Sorry. I should have addressed the Chair. Hot, Mr. Chairman."

The Chair said, in the person of Andrew J. J. Dupree, "Perfectly all right not to address the Chair. Let's open the windows. Lovely day." He banged a small silver-plated gavel. "There's some water in front of us all but it's a trifle warm, because the fridge isn't working. All here, aren't we?" He looked down the table at the annual faces. "It's urgent to think Christmas, warm as we may be, Edwardian summers and so on, that past not lost. Now." He drank some water, warm indeed. "Christmas. That's what we're here for. Blizzards, log fires, people clapping their hands around their shoulders to keep warm, children with toboggans, porridge, a nice lining to your stomach before your journey, shawls doubled around babies' heads, coughs and sneezes spread diseases."

Mr. Gaskell, one of the tried and trusted, blew his nose in response to the last, a wartime slogan carried in public places.

Andrew said, "That's the spirit."

Mr. Gaskell raised his hand and said, "Before we get going, might I ask the Chair, given the small license of all these years, what do the Chair's initials, 'J.J.,' stand for?"

"We'll go into that later. As Other Matters on the agenda, if you like." Andrew looked at his watch. "To work." He glanced down the table toward the only woman contributor, Alice, who was writing a note on a pad. What a mind, he thought. Always working. It was a mind he had known and loved for many years, but he was not a man to push things too far. For twenty years, give or take a year or two, Alice's loyalty to her husband, elsewhere, had prevented more than meetings such as these and occasional dinners. He passed her a folded note down the table: "I believe Boulestin might be able to dig up some *fraises des bois* if I organized it. Are you free? At 8:15?" He always went through such courtesies. In the meantime, Alice had passed her note, also folded over, to Mr. Gaskell: "About 'J.J.' Would you very much mind dropping it?"

Mr. Gaskell read that and passed another note, open, down the table, reading, "Alice. Why?"

A Mr. Morton held up his hand. "A suggestion for a Christmas-cracker riddle for the under-ten category. I see it in the more expensive range of cracker. Such a cracker would include, say, a diamond ring—fake, of course—a paper hat, a very small pack of playing cards, some further memento or present, and the riddle (or joke): 'Q. What is the difference between your overcoat and a baby? A. One you wear, the other you was.' "

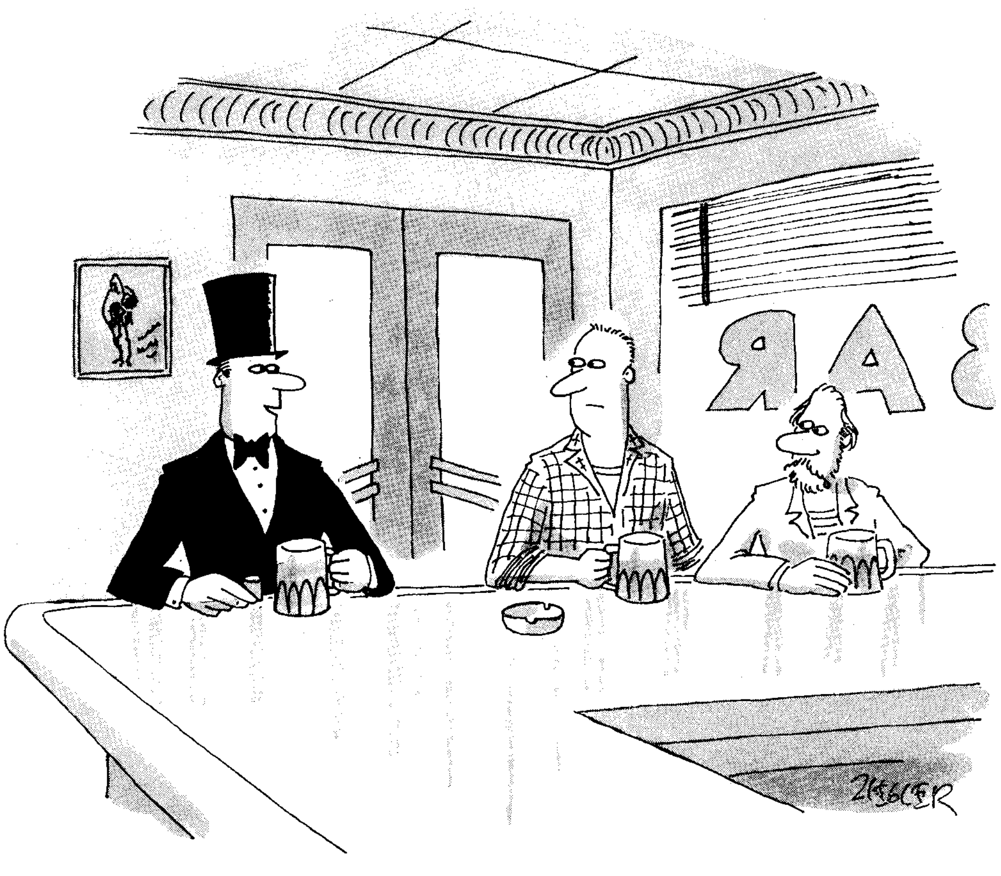
"I don't understand it," said a Mr. Bishop, a small man with ruddy cheeks, who looked like a coachman on a Christmas card.

At the same time, Alice was passing back to Mr. Gaskell the answer to his "Why?" on a new, folded piece of paper: "I believe 'J.J.' refers to name in ghastly poem about small boy (A. A. Milne). The Chair wishes to gloss over his mother's lapse. 'James James,' between you and me and the gatepost. Natural enough in the case of a mother with a new baby, but names not fitting to the Chair. Though they may explain his perception about people's predicaments. People such as children."

"This riddle or joke of Mr. Morton's," said Andrew, wondering what Alice had been writing. "It takes a little puzzling over, but children like that. I suggest we take a vote. It should be limited to the *eight-to-ten*-year-old category of cracker, in my opinion, because of the question raised in a putative five-year-old's mind about 'the other you was.' In case he or she doesn't yet know the difference between the tenses, you see."

Mr. Gaskell said, "He or she certainly wouldn't," cracking his fingers.

Alice said, "I think, Mr. Gaskell,



"*I get no kick from champagne.*"

with the permission of the Chair to speak directly, that a five-year-old is likely to be rather acutely aware that he *was* a baby. Proud of it, you see. That it's done with."

Discussion was held. A vote was taken. The riddle, or joke, was taken down by the secretary as passed, for the five-to-eight-year-old category in the upper price range of crackers.

The mottoes for Christmas crackers began to pour in on pieces of paper. "Q. Why is a pig's tail like a carving knife? A. Because it's waved over ham."

"I believe that's a Victorian one," said a Mr. Wren, a man well read in such things. He rarely came up with a riddle but was to be trusted on origins.

"Good riddles always last," said a Mr. Lassell. "Think of 'Q. When is a door not a door? A. When it's a jar.' That's given many of us a good time."

"We've had that since the year dot," said Mr. Morton.

"But there's always a new generation," said Andrew.

This riddle was postponed for the annual meeting two years hence, by which time, claimed Mr. Gaskell, the number of eight-year-olds new to the joke would have risen by twenty-five per cent. The secretary, giggling a little, and possibly weeping a little as well, it being difficult to tell because of the steam on her spectacles, made a note and said to no one in particular, "Well, I've been here since the year dot and no doubt will be till I'm dot-and-carry-one, and I still think it's funny."

"The year dot, and dot-and-carry-one," said the Chairman, briefly putting his hand on her shoulder. "There's the germ of a joke there."

"I haven't the faintest idea what dot-and-carry-one means," said a well-versed American buyer named Mr. Ellis.

Andrew explained for the sake of the secretary. "It means elderly. Peg-legged, perhaps. At any rate, very, very old, and a pretty old phrase, I believe."

"It wouldn't do for the export market," said Mr. Ellis.

Andrew made a sign meaning "Don't be crushing." Mr. Ellis, a responsive man, smiled at the secretary and said, "No doubt it's a phrase we Americans should get to know. There's a real need for it." A glance immediately passed between Andrew and Alice, and both thought of their abiding place for each other. "Thank you," said Mr. Ellis to the secretary. Andrew was passed a folded note from Alice. "*Fraises des bois* would be a celebration indeed. But it really doesn't matter if Boulestin can't rustle them up. 8:15."

More and more riddles. At least fifty per cent were vetoed as being dependent on the presence or otherwise of mothers with an explanatory turn of mind, which led to the annual discussion of whether the price of the costly cracker implied a mother without work to do. No one on this committee was witless about élitism in relation to Christmas crackers or any other matters. Alice rapidly wrote a number of riddles, passed them to Andrew, and said, "Mr. Chairman, we seem to have found through the years that our riddles are exclusively for children. Not mothers."

"What about the many *au pair* girls now who've been making the jellies and the sandwiches and who don't speak English very well?" asked Mr. Gaskell.

"The children will explain," said Alice.

"The all-important thing is that the cracker itself should go off. The dynamite thing inside," said Mr. Morton.

"It's the *non*-dynamite you're speaking of," said the Chair. "Nothing dangerous. Our pull thing depends on an element we've perfected that makes a harmonious bang. Nothing unsafe enters into it. I thought we all knew that to be company policy." Everyone did. Even, upon thought, Mr. Morton, who felt himself an ass. Alice said, "I think the problem is that children, small children, can't pull hard enough, and they screw the paper round in despair instead of tugging."

Andrew once again looked at Alice and made a note to himself to go into the question of paper quality. "And all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well," he said.

Mr. Morton said, "I don't get that one."

Andrew said, "It's a quotation."

"Puck? Ariel?" said Mr. Bishop, the Christmas-coachman-cheeked member. "I'm eager to know."

"Eliot. T. S. Eliot," said Andrew.

"I believe it's 'Little Gidding,'" said Alice.

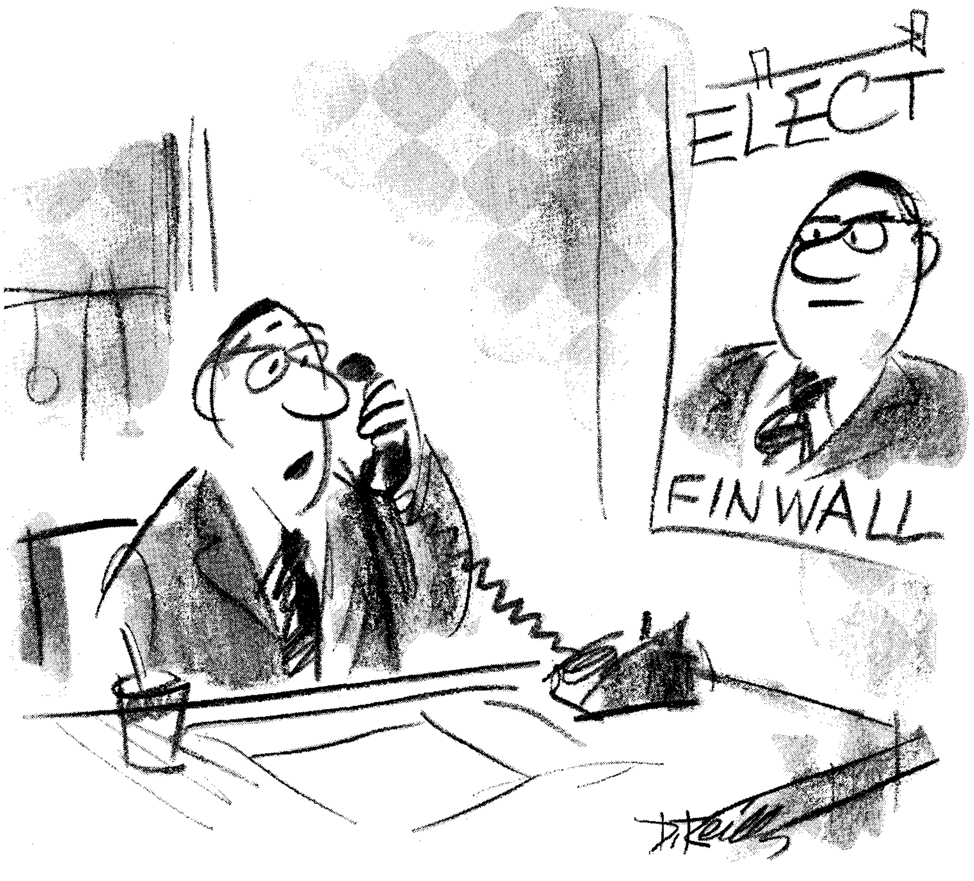
"Heavens," said Mr. Morton, cross with others' collusion when his cracker-pulling point had been flouted. "Heavens alive, we haven't even got to the fortune cookies yet. Mr. Chairman, couldn't we shut the windows and turn on the air-conditioning?"

"There's an energy crisis," said Andrew. "Pretty soon it'll be a crisis about the need for people to be plain energetic."

"We'll be done in half an hour," said Mr. Bishop.

"Fortune-cookie suggestions," said the Chair, looking at Alice.

"What about 'Your next year will



*"This is the candidate. I think you want the packager."*

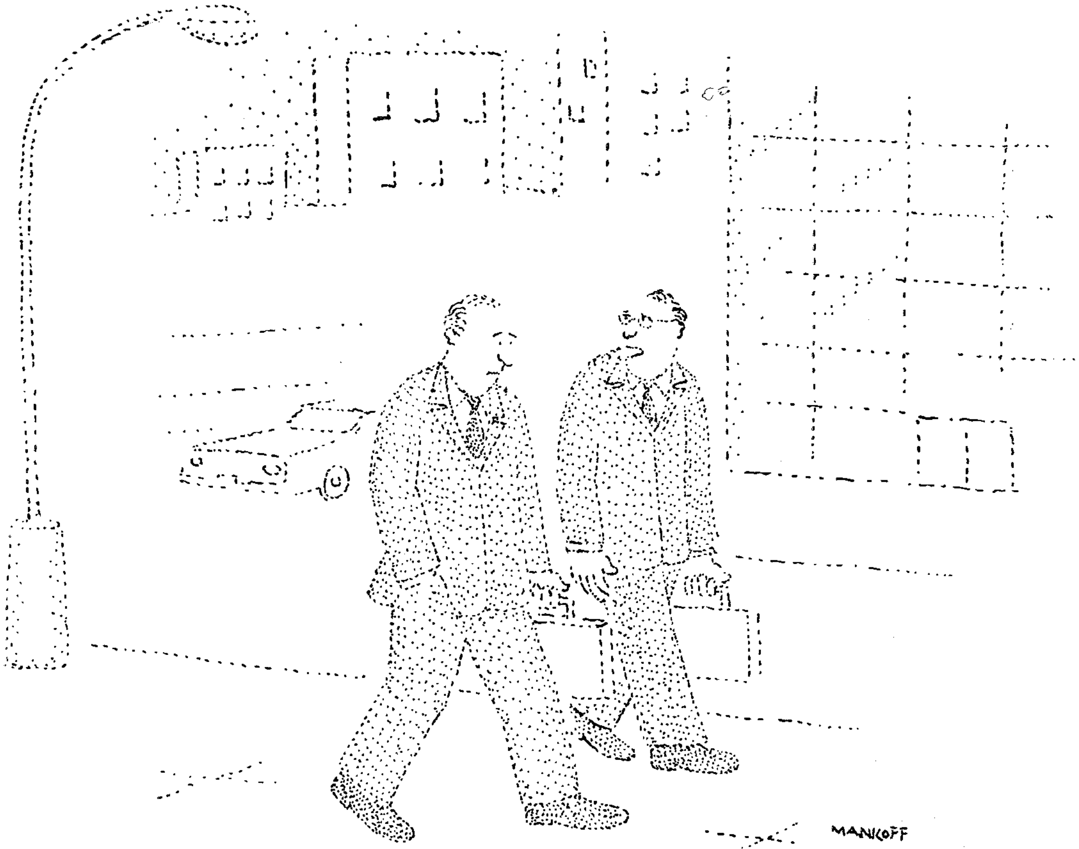
include travel and a [illegible] relationship'?"

Everyone found this excellent. Mr. Morton, succeeding, closed his eyes and said, "Chop suey, night-lights to keep the food hot, framed lamps, *lovely*. It would suit whichever of the couple opened the cookie. I daresay it would be passed from hand to hand. Between the two. The two people, not the two hands of the one person." His pedantry was soft-voiced and had an honorable tone.

Mr. Gaskell suggested "He who toils will reach the top," but it was felt that this struck the wrong note for the end of a hardworking customer's day. And there was also the problem of the "he."

Alert as lay within his grasp, Mr. Morton said, "Well, then, what about 'He who looks outward and sees others is on the way to looking inward'?"

"Same problem, isn't it," Andrew said carefully. "I see the wisdom, of course. The 'he' problem, though."



*"Look, Joel, you're relatively young, have a relatively nice job and a relatively nice wife. There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be relatively happy."*

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"Oh, Lord," said Mr. Morton, "I never enjoy this part. When it comes to contributing."

"Ah, no no no," said Mr. Bishop. "I mean, I enjoy listening to your ideas."

"I noticed you writing something," said Andrew to Mr. Bishop.

"It's not up to much," said Mr. Bishop. A pause. No one wished to interrupt. Young voices in love floated through the window from below. The pause extended. " 'Happiness does not lie in restraint from grief,' " said Mr. Bishop.

Again a pause. This surprising man. Hands were raised in unity. Mr. Morton recovered from jealousy and tore up his own "Root out buzzards of sin which are coming home to roost."

Alice opened a folded note from Andrew which read "F d b achievable. Already made sure this morning." She folded the note and put it in her bag. Looking round the table, she said, "I believe the 'he' thing isn't a hurdle. After all, it is a dinner for a couple we're thinking of. A man and a woman. Fond, I mean."

Mr. Bishop was given the Chair's permission to ask her to go on. "If you could elaborate?" he said. She shook her head. Mr. Morton said, "If I may speak directly to our fellow-member as Alice after all these years, I suppose the reason for my blunders as to 'he' was that I woke up thinking, 'Two men looked through prison bars, one saw mud, the other stars.' The two men being anyone, you see. It's not good poetry, of course. It shouldn't go into the minutes. I must leave you for the moment, Mr. Chairman. A breath of air."

AT Boulestin, where the huge wall mirror is so old that no one ever catches himself—herself—looking at a reflection, where the ceiling is a dark brownish-red a little like bull's-blood marble, Andrew and Alice met promptly at eight-fifteen that evening. They talked to the waiters, who all knew them well. The restaurant was carpeted and quiet. So far as either of them had ever been able to tell, no one came here in a hurry, and it seemed that no one was ever here for the first time. There was a sense of order, restorative, upholding the waiters' long-lived affection for them. But after that, after the shrimp-and-rack-of-lamb discussions, Andrew was able to ask why she was shaking.

"Because of the meeting, I expect. It's always full of event, isn't it?" Alice paused, thinking of their exchange of notes, as he was. Nothing was said. They were not effusive. They never had been. Each went over the meeting without talking about it, until the first course came and Andrew said, "I suppose this job *is* worth doing, is it?"

"No question of it." But she was still shaking, and Andrew again asked why. "I'm frightened."

"For the umpteenth time, leave your husband and marry me."

"It would kill him."

"He'd survive. We have such a fine time."

"He died two months ago."

What to say.

"And I didn't tell you, Andrew, and even now I can't marry you."

"Explain why not."

"Later. Or do you want us to leave?" she said.

"I knew something had happened. I was going to ask you tonight."

"You're not eating," she said.

To carry a forkful of food to his mouth seemed the least he could do.

"That's better," she said.

"I'm so sorry," Andrew said, and then, to himself, "There was no need to say that." Platitudes, truisms, clichés all day, and now another awkwardness about to spring from his tongue. “Tell me,” he heard himself commanding her, as if at a board meeting, “what would you say were the cardinal virtues?”

“You can’t expect me to be a fortune cookie off duty.” Hell, why even eat this dinner? “Mind Mr. Manners,” she said to herself out loud, and Andrew looked round for this possible friend of hers, after all this time still not recognizing her habit of self-admonition. He said, “I can’t get into your head. It’s the first time.”

“I’ve stuck to you and I haven’t let you down and I’ve got the right to shut up and I don’t ask for more and I settled for it long ago. Just you try being a fortune cookie for one go, let alone all these years. Just you try being the Christmas cracker that doesn’t pull. I’ve just thought of a riddle. ‘Q. Where does a masochist live? A. In a basement.’ Abasement.”

Andrew thought, This woman has one sort of genius, a genius of the common tongue, and no one has ever told her so. “You do know what you can do, I suppose?”

“Nothing much.”

“You can do anything. You could even reel off the seven deadly virtues.”

“To fatuity,” she said. She raised her glass at herself, and he raised his to her. “This unfortunate best-selling thought offered itself to me this morning,” she said. “ ‘Your fortune includes much travail.’ Have you got a busy day tomorrow?” He laughed, and she said, “Why on earth are you laughing?”

“The cardinal virtues you won’t tell me about. I thought, Damn, and now you’ll make *me* say them because you’ve just proved them.”

“Go on. Risk it.”

He put some extra shrimps on her plate, knowing that she liked them, and she looked at them as if they were ink-pen octopus.

“Candor, valor, grace, humor,” he said. “Darling, do try not to be a bitch. You know how I hate abstract nouns. And you made me do four in a row, but the trouble is that you demonstrate them.”

She said, “Lessons in stones, and grammar in running brooks or whatever it is. You left one cardinal virtue out. *Mind*. The *cardinal* abstract virtue, and a *five*-year-old would aspire to it. In private, of course.”

“They’ve got their place, I suppose. Abstract nouns.”

“My rotten best-seller motto,” she said. “Given your approval of it, and you did nod, and given ‘travail,’ what about ‘Your next year will include travel and a love relationship’?” One for risks herself.

“I thought maybe the Loire this month. I want to know why we can’t get married now.”

“If you’re going to ask me to paddle a canoe with you down the Loire, I’ll scream.”

“No, by car, and why aren’t you answering me about why we can’t get married?”

“Because we’re too used to the way things are, I suppose. Because something’s calcified by now.” He shook his head vehemently at this woman, always an amazement, but she plowed on: “Because we *have* had such a fine time for so long and I don’t want it to stop.”

“You’re frightened of being demanding.”

“So?”

“It’s an act of trust to be demanding now and then.”

“And this is a then and now.”

She left a lot of shrimps, went to the telephone to think, dialled 123 for the time with the instinct to give herself

## CONJURING BLUES IN THE SURF AT NANTUCKET

There are no bluefish. Only
stories about bluefish. Like unicorns they thrive
in the imagination, the mother-wit sea
out of which we stepped originally,
not this one we drive
to each evening. We park the car on the bluff.
We take our shoes off.
Holding long rods, we walk down
to the dividing line between two kingdoms to join
the other dreamers
already casting their lures.

We stand,
barefooted, ankle-deep, knee-deep,
in the push-pull sea-crash, sinking in sand,
becoming more deeply rooted, casting into the wind,
trying to get out beyond the curled lip
of the third wave—the agreed-upon
line beyond which the hungry creatures of our imagination
must some night
run, and why not
this one—now, now, before the still-
building wave, there, breaks, prayer being part of the ritual.

Nothing. There are no
bluefish, only stories about them. We dream
standing up—a long row
of adult men holding poles who should know
better, leave now, go home.
It is not yet
dark, but the tinted jet,
the pink shipside
riding the horizon, will soon turn black. The tide
will turn. It would be beyond reason to hope then.
The tide turns. We stand there, cast out in invisible lines, beyond reason.

The floor shifts underfoot. The walls rise
and crumble.
Whose house
is this?
Kneel,
shaken, your brain shrunk
to a scaled button: fear, hunger. Sink
into the half-dark, the dark. Dive! And, surprisingly buoyed up, rise, light,
to feed. Strike. Fight.
Not to be landed. Ever. The sea is all imagination! But the hooks are set.
How will either of us get

rid of this dream buried deep in our flesh
except by dying?

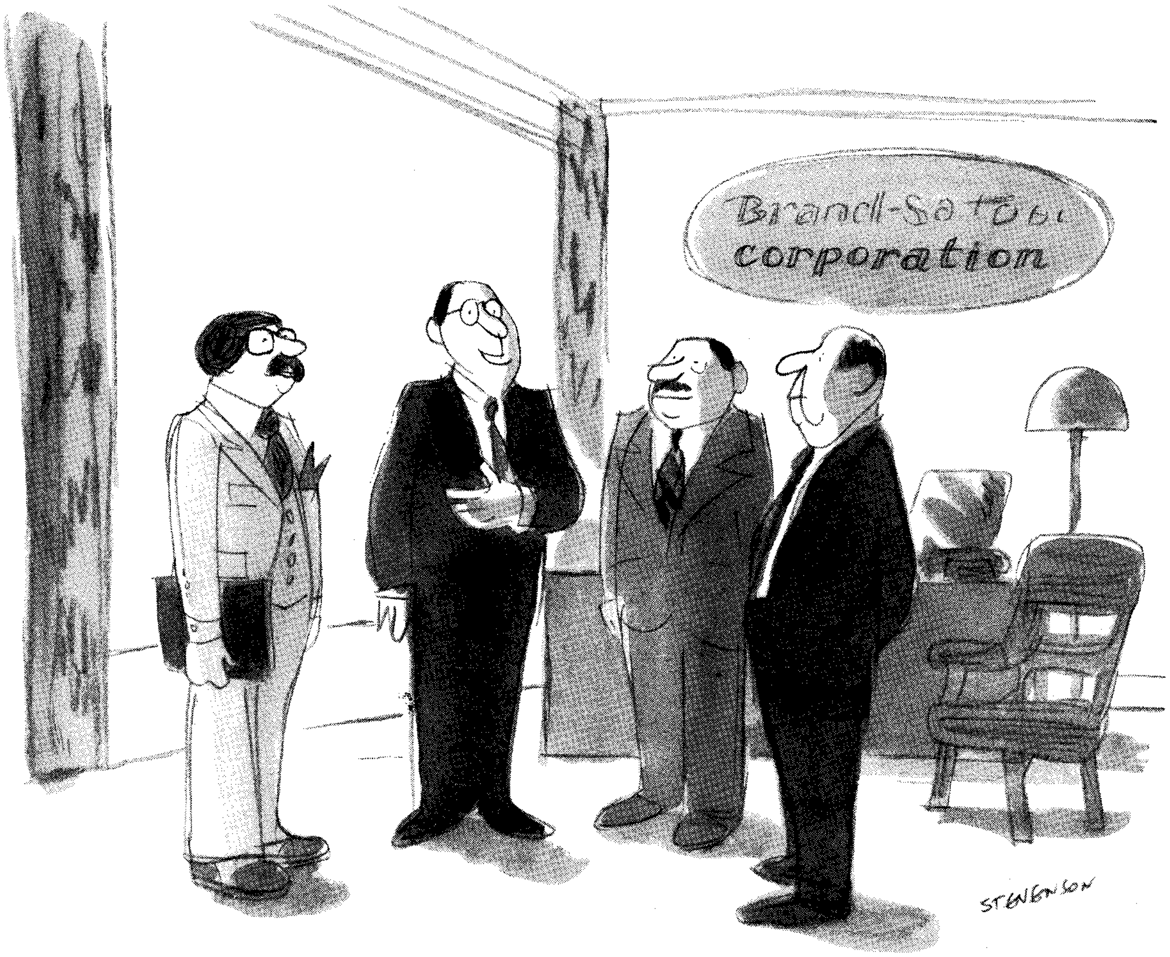
—Jon Swan

• •

time. She set her watch—the mainspring to be seen to, another burden on top of being asked to get married—and came back to the *fraises des bois*, laughing at all such excuses for feeling put upon. The *fraises* were delicate and costly. "About these cardinal virtues," she said. "I'm not very candid, am I, you see? About the dying, for instance. And I'm not at all brave. I've brooded about selling you short. And now I'm just plain furious that I didn't tell you about my husband. You could have *helped*. Also, things can't have stopped being as usual. Also, we could have lived together."

"Perhaps if one approaches a decision from behind—"

"Taking it by surprise—"



*"Mr. Thornton here is going to make us more visible."*

• •

THEY lived together in great happiness. Alice went on refusing to get married. A baby was impossible, they both thought, without speaking of it, because when Alice was very young she had had children, now at the Sorbonne, and Andrew felt she shouldn't be encumbered with another generation to bring up. They rescued a cat of superior wit from a farmyard. His mother was dead, and he was six weeks old. They fed him with an eyedropper of watered milk and he clung to one of Andrew's leather motoring gloves on the sideboard, taking the glove for his mother. As he put on a few ounces, the kitten became clearly highborn, as the vet substantiated: an unusual mixture of Siamese and Burmese. Andrew and Alice, robbed of so much past that they might have had together, tended to think of him anthropomorphically as one another. Alice held that he fled the room when anything but early keyboard music was playing and that he particularly hated opera. Andrew held that, being a cat, he was simply exercising options.

One morning, at five, Alice was lying awake quietly, being the quicker at finishing with sleep. She lay for twenty minutes. The cat, being hungry for breakfast and ignoring the dark in order to protect his right of choice, entered the bedroom meticulously and sat in an armchair. Andrew moved, obviously awake.

"Oh, good. Are you awake?" said Alice.

"I didn't know you were awake," said Andrew.

"I've been awake for ages listening to you being awake and trying not to disturb you because you were trying not to disturb me, thinking I was asleep."

"There's that night gone," said Andrew.

"It's the morning. We can have coffee now."

"And feed the blithering cat."

"I said from the beginning that you were best alone."

She was already half dressed. Andrew followed, doing as well as he might, but something fell over the day, like the wing of a large black bird blotting out the sun.

Andrew and Alice planned, separately, both hating public holidays, a non-Christmas morning with crackers and Chinese mottoes. Sometime—a warm autumn day before non-Christmas—Alice said to Andrew in the kitchen, "I wonder what happens to unanswered questions."

"Where are my Grape-Nuts? And what do you mean?"

"You remember our secretary last summer?"

"Of course."

"What did she mean? I asked her after the conference and she didn't know."

"Asked her what?"

"What she meant by saying, 'I don't know, I'm sure.' "

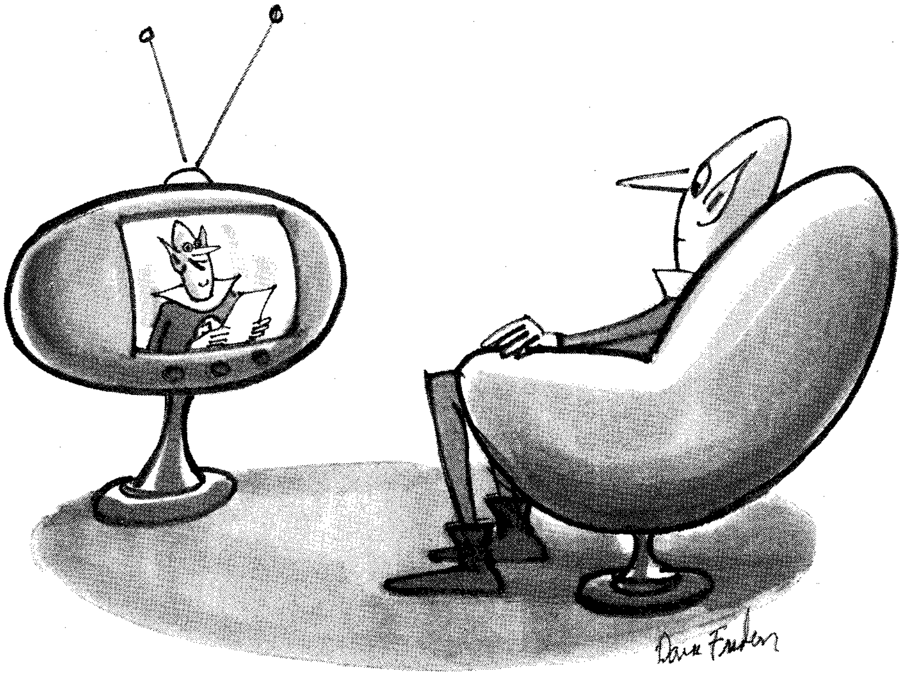
Andrew found his Grape-Nuts, fed the cat, went into another room to play the clavichord. After a while, and with the balance of the instrument's docility, he came back into the room to reply, "I daresay she meant she wasn't sure she knew."

"That would be something quite different."

"You do ponder."

The cat sat daintily, poised for exits, watching.

Alice went on, "I *more* daresay she meant she was in soggy terrain where she couldn't find her feet. Sandy, perhaps. Sand hills changing shape in the desert because of the wind at night. She meant she *knew* that she wasn't *sure*. Obliquely to what you said." In



*"This is the Seven o'Clock News, with Xing Brxt on Jupiter, Klmo Hoxcl on Mars, Ycz Wrabt on Earth . . ."*

• •

the kitchen, she threw a cup into the sink and broke off the handle. The cat ran away, in flight from chaos.

SOME later and colder non-Christmas day, Andrew and Alice were opening their Christmas crackers as their common surprise for each other. Each had made a tray for the other laden with small presents. They had each been waiting for the other to wake up and each been delighted at concealed dawn awareness, though Andrew mustered a touch of grumpiness. And then the cat, still very young, limped into the room as if only from a long sleep in a cupboard of sweet-smelling sheets. It was Alice who found that his feet were raw with walking. Who knew what he had lived on. The cat played with the tissue paper and the mottoes. Andrew played the clavichord. The cat, knowing tact, moved between one and the other of his owners. Alice shouted, "I think he's come back because of the tissue paper."

"No, because of my clavichord."

"He can't hear it because of the racket of the tissue paper. There's a *new* motto here. 'Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.' Andrew, did you allow that nonsense? What would a five-year-old make of that? What do I make of it?"

Andrew came back and said, "Something's missed out of the list of cardinal virtues."

"Attention," she said.

"*I'd* been thinking that. Where do you think the cat was? I daresay *he* wrote that motto when he was asleep in your feather boa."

"No," said Alice, "his paws are raw. He's ravenous."

Andrew went to the kitchen and came back with chicken livers fried in butter on a saucer.

"Once done, done forever. You'll have to be feeding him on chicken giblets every morning now," said Alice, handling a replica of an Egyptian burial hippopotamus that he had given her.

"You said, 'Once done, done forever.' To wake up on non-Christmas to a living Christmas-cracker motto!"

"But the cat did come back on the right day," said Alice. She bathed the cat's paws, and put him to sleep with a pillow between him and the light, and stuffed the non-Christmas chicken, and put an alarm clock into her jacket pocket to remind her when the chicken would be cooked. She went out, saying that she was going out, uttering the deducible. Andrew kissed her, drew the curtains for the cat's sake, and sat down in the library.

Alice rang up later from a telephone box.

"Where the hell are you?" he said.

"In a telephone box. Is the chicken done?"

"You should know. You should be here. Why is an alarm going off? Are you in a fire engine?"

"The chicken's done. Could you take it out?"

"You've walked somewhere, haven't you? Yes, the oven. Are you all right? Where are you?"

"Go on talking."

"A virtue we left out," he said, but her coin ran out. Constancy, thought Andrew. Constancy, thought Alice as she walked the considerable way to the house. "Thank you," she said to Andrew.

AGAIN Andrew took Alice to Boulestin. Venison was in season. He had bought her a brooch of gold, which he took out of his watch-fob pocket and pinned onto her jacket.

"It's a very small brooch," he said, disappointed in it. She unclasped it carefully and balanced it on several fingers. "But a very big ring," she said. He concentrated on trivia, and said that she hadn't tasted the venison.

"Because of the brooch, you see. Or ring," she said.

"It could very easily be turned into a ring. I asked the jewelry man in case the same flighty thought occurred to you. Only in case." He disliked his talk, and said, "You haven't read the note." He had had something printed, as if for a Christmas cracker or a fortune cookie. The expense, she thought; and the trouble, greater. Some pale-yellow flowers and mauve violets of carefully sincere poverty of feeling had been printed to circle the words. The design suggested scented chocolates. The motto said, "A hungry belly hath no ears." It had the tiger spring of the totally meaningless.

"Good," she said.

"I'm glad it passes." He was looking not at the motto but at the brooch still balanced on her fingers. "I'm afraid it's only a small number of carats." She looked at him in the particular way she had when she was on the verge of a nonsense promising sagacity, and said, though as if to the card of the earless belly, "It's not the thought, it's the words that count."

It took him a while to gather her meaning. "And another of the same," she said. "Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you."

"A motto run amok among the U.N. simultaneous translators would bring alertness to the world."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Aside from being able to witness this new affection, however, acting as a judge for the card contest had other benefits. First, I learned how hard it is to do that kind of job. Second, I enjoyed kibbutzing with the other four judges, one of whom actually knew something about cards.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

But nothing about life in a collective.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

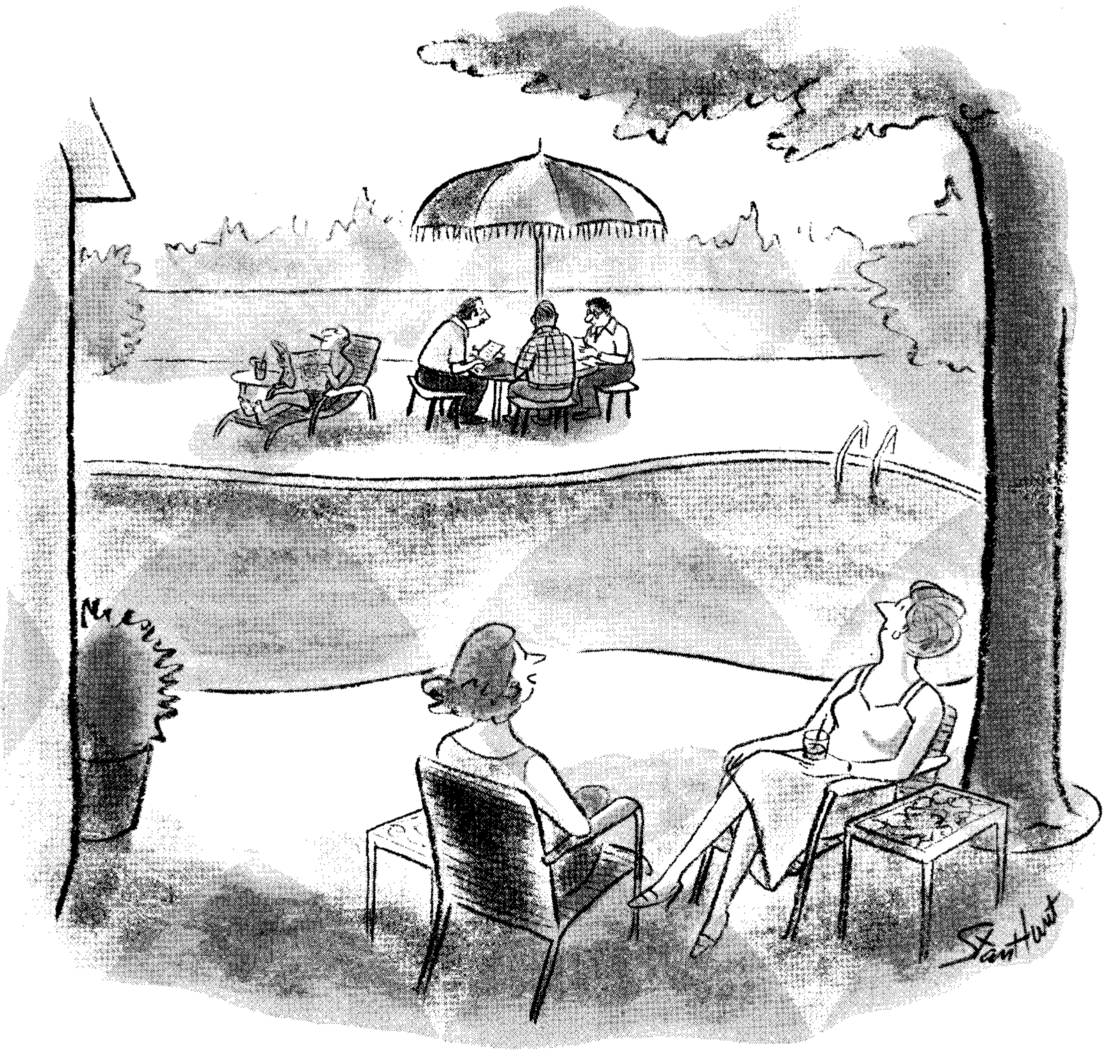
## 1980: THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

NEW YORK. Saturday, August 9th. With only two days remaining before the Democratic National Convention officially begins, and with what could well be the deciding vote scheduled to take place on the first night of the Convention, several camps are here maneuvering. On Monday night, the delegates will vote on whether to adopt a new rule binding them to support, on the first ballot for the Presidential nomination, the candidate to whom they were pledged in the primaries and caucuses. Highly persuasive, morally compelling cases can be made on both sides of the theoretical argument over this rule—and it does raise a serious question—but the struggle going on here has very little to do with political theory. If the rule is adopted, President Carter, who goes into the Convention with more than enough delegates pledged to him, will be the nominee. (He has nineteen hundred and eighty-two; sixteen hundred and sixty-six are needed for the nomination. Edward Kennedy has twelve hundred and twenty-four.) Adoption of the rule is being opposed by a number of different forces—and that is their problem. Their motivations are stumbling over each other. The Kennedy forces have been working for some time for the rule's defeat, which would provide the last, if unlikely, chance to wrest the nomination from Carter. Recently, they have been joined, in a sense, by a number of people who want to obtain the nomination for almost anyone other than Carter—or Kennedy. In a public-relations coup of sorts, these people have rallied around the idea of what they term an "open Convention." Under the "open Convention," the delegates would not be bound, and perhaps someone other than Carter would be nominated. That this might involve brokering of the sort that some of the idea's backers would find abhorrent in other circumstances does not trouble them excessively right now. Nor does the Carter side seem terribly bothered by the idea that it is seeking to impose on the Party a rule that would not allow the delegates to take into account changed circumstances—would not allow them to act as a deliberative group rather than as robots. Some people see the new rule as the logical extension of reforms that the Party has already adopted; others see it as reform gone so far as to be self-defeating. It grew out of a series of reforms initiated in the late sixties, and was designed to insure that the delegates to the National Convention would constitute a "fair reflection" of the results of the primaries and caucuses. This new rule, which was offered by White House representatives in Party deliberations following the last election, was adopted by the Democratic National Committee, which is dominated by Carter people, as part of the delegate-selection rules for the primaries and caucuses but has not yet been adopted as a Convention rule. Aside from the politics, a number of delegates are concerned over the principle of the issue. One argument is over whether, since it was in effect during the delegate-selection process, it must govern the Convention. Another is over whether it belonged in the delegate-selection rules in the first place, since it deals with behavior at the Convention. Many dispassionate people think that it goes too far, offering no flexibility, and sets a bad precedent. The problem in such matters is how to strike a balance. It is probably fair to say that those who are arguing the principle that the Party rules must allow flexibility would be screaming bloody murder if it were *their* delegates who might be shaken loose.

The drive for an "open Convention" gained new impetus as a result of a number of coinciding elements. First, there was the Billy Carter affair, which broke in the course of the Republican Convention last month, and which was characterized by a series of revelations, sudden recollections, and new questions. It wasn't Watergate by any means, but it felt like it at times—even in the reaction of the politicians. There was the panic on the part of Democratic members of Congress who returned from a July recess having found that Carter was in terrible shape in their states or districts and fearing that they would go down with him. (At this point, Carter's popularity rating is at twenty-one per cent in the Gallup Poll, the lowest for any President in the poll's forty-five-year history, and he is twenty-eight points behind Reagan in the ABC News-Harris Survey.) For many of these people, the Billy Carter problem presented an opportunity. In the Senate cloakrooms, there was talk—reminiscent of Watergate times—of a delegation's going to the President to ask him to withdraw, or, at least, release his delegates. But the senators recognized that they were confronted with one of the most tenacious politicians in memory. Eventually, Robert Byrd, the Senate Majority Leader, who was trying to protect his flock, and who has never been very fond of Carter—the Carter people failed to cultivate Byrd appropriately, and Byrd is a very proud man—called for an "open Convention." (Of the thirty-four senators up for reëlection this year, twenty-four are Democrats, and several of them are in very tough races.) Two Fridays ago, about fifty House members, most of them relatively junior, gathered to try to figure

W. Steig

*Surprise Meeting*



*"Those three are collaborating on a new book Alan is writing."*

• •

out how to extricate the Party from Carter. They also considered how to make the effort seem more noble than a "dump" movement, and out of that came the call for an "open Convention." And, finally, alternative nominees and people working on their behalf made some moves. A Committee to Continue the Open Convention opened an office on Capitol Hill and has now established a headquarters in the New York Hilton. Some backers of Secretary of State Edmund Muskie and Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington, had had such a move in mind for a while. The committee is headed by Edward Bennett Williams, a close friend of Muskie's. Representative Michael Barnes, of Maryland, the spokesman of the committee, worked in the 1972 Muskie campaign, as did Keith Haller, his administrative assistant and one of the committee's staff coördinators. Actually, associates of both Muskie and Senator Jackson have been watching for an opportunity, and have been making some moves—as have the principals. Muskie's statement of lack of interest, issued at the behest of the White House, was not totally persuasive to a number of people, including many at the White House. Jackson, no fan of the President, has been openly critical of him for some time. There are people at the White House who think that Byrd, too, has the idea that the Convention might somehow deadlock and turn to him. Hugh Carey, the governor of New York, several weeks ago called on both Carter and Kennedy to release their delegates, and no one doubts that he would be pleased to step in if he could find a place to put his foot. These kinds of situations give all sorts of people ideas. A Jackson Can Win Committee has established a headquarters at the Biltmore, and a Muskie committee has set up shop on the third floor over J. J. Applebaum's, a new delicatessen on Seventh Avenue. (One of the owners is a brother-in-law of one of the committee workers.) Muskie, as he must, is keeping a discreet distance. The Jackson, Muskie, and Open Convention people are coöperating with one another, and there is talk—depending on whom you talk to—of a Muskie-Jackson ticket, a Jackson-Muskie ticket, a Kennedy-Jackson ticket, a Carey-Somebody-or-Other ticket.

But the Jackson, Muskie, and Open Convention people, to the extent that they are distinguishable, say that the game is hopeless unless Kennedy gets out; they say they are finding too many people unwilling to try for an "open Convention" if it means that Kennedy might be nominated—and Kennedy is not about to get out. And there are problems with each of the alternatives. There had been talk of Vice-President Walter Mondale, but even if Mondale were of the temperament to challenge the President, reality ruled such a challenge out. Jackson, because of his foreign-policy views, would inflame the left wing of the Party; and in 1976 he won only two primaries. Muskie is a man with a low irritation threshold who ran an unimpressive campaign in 1972.

There has been the question of whether a nomination wrested from the President at the Convention would be worth having. And there is also the problem of bridging the gap between, on the one hand, the would-be candidates, would-be power brokers, and worried politicians in Washington and, on the other hand, the delegates. The Carter delegates are not only pledged to the President but bound to him by a number of different ties. Carter's support at this Convention is a curious amalgam of delegates he aggregated through assiduous use of his incumbency and through his own brand of un-Party politics—of personal ties and alliances of convenience. The potentials of incumbency have grown with the growth of government, and the Carter group has broken ground in the development of those potentials. Carter never has been much of a Party man, and he still is not. Many of the delegates are people with personal ties to him—people who themselves are not Party activists but in whose homes he has stayed, whom he has cultivated. The other major ele-

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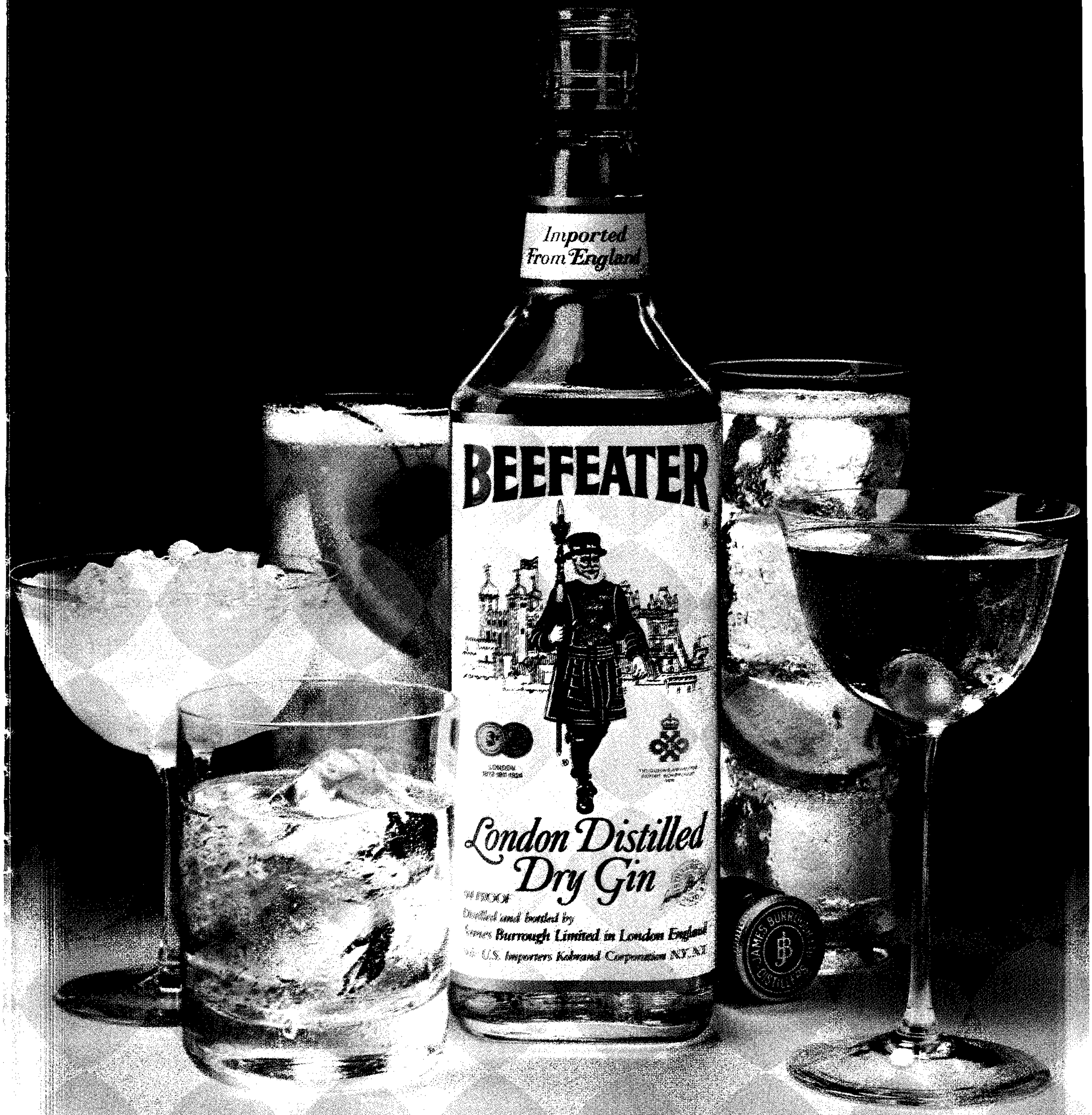

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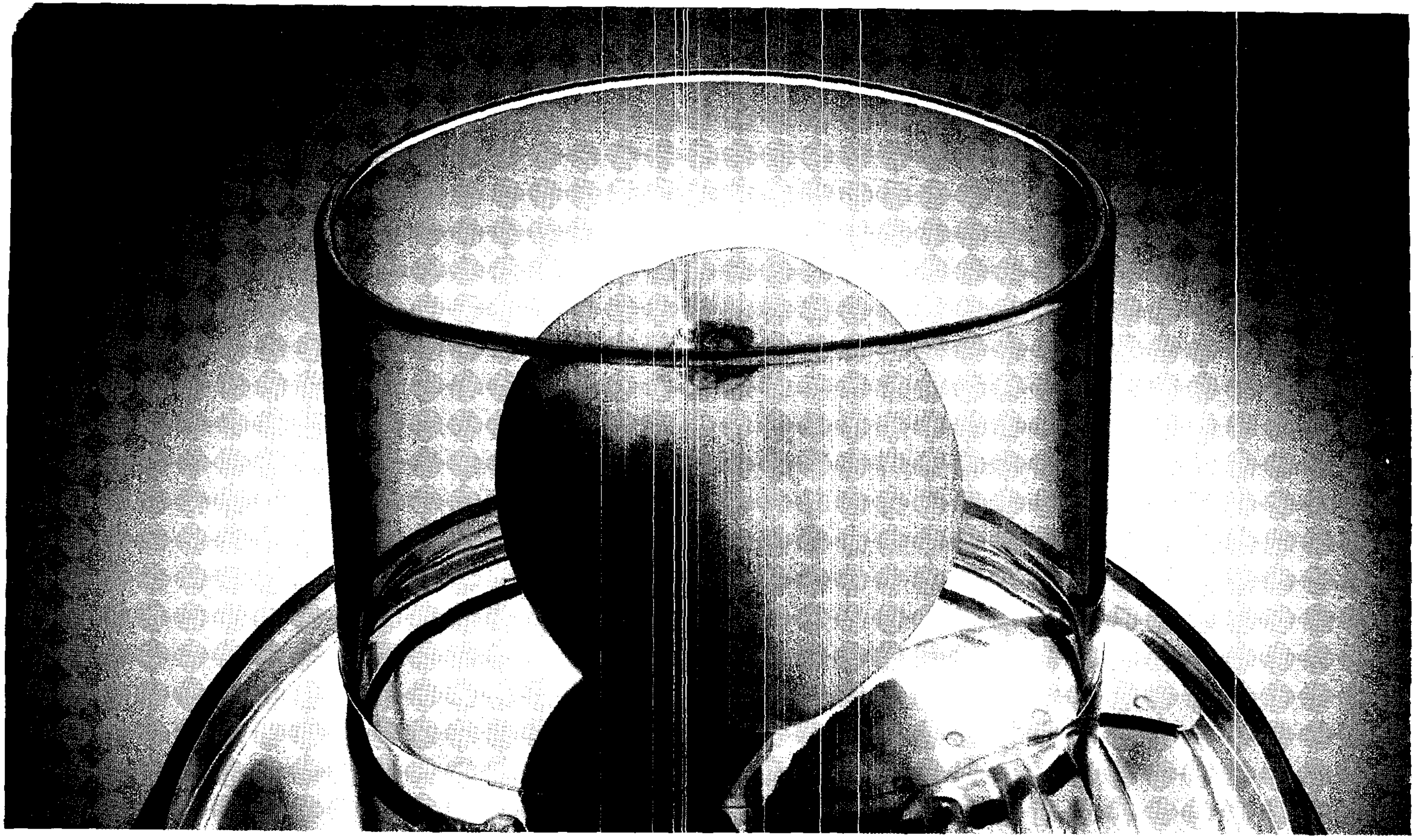

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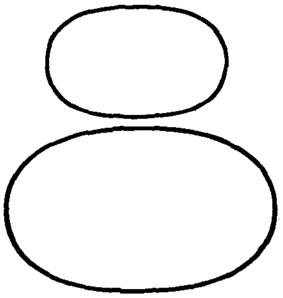

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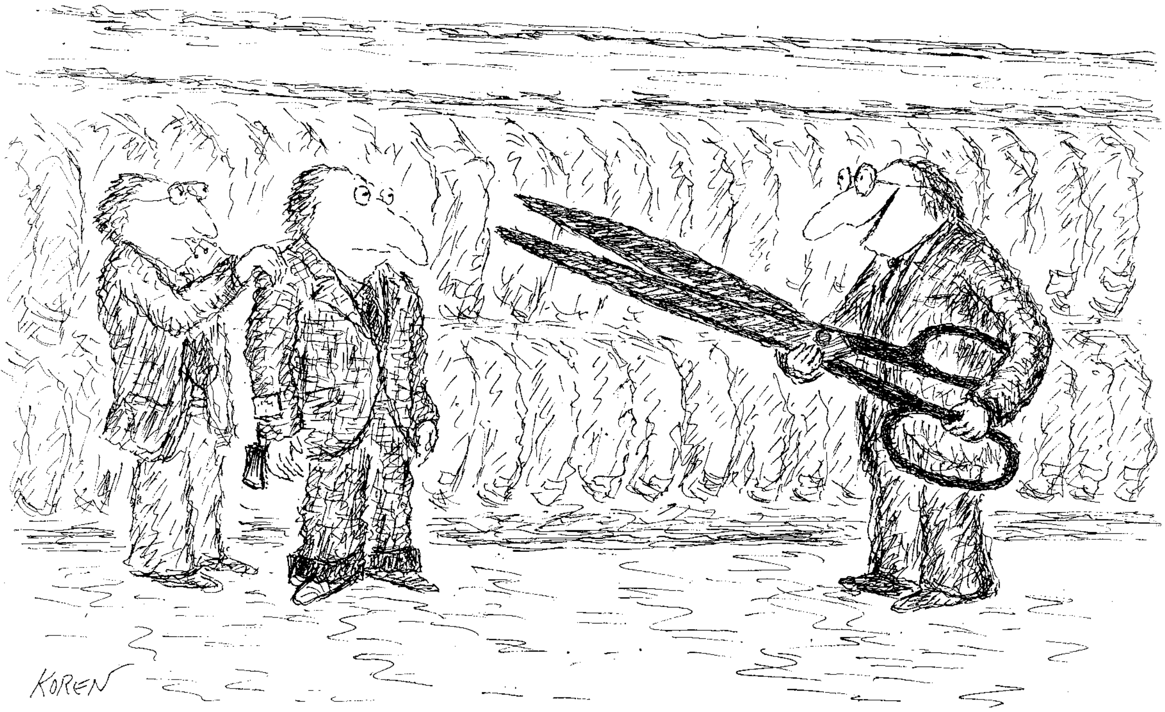
ment in Carter's constituency at the Convention is the officials—mayors, state chairmen, and so on—and union leaders who threw in with him, even when his fortunes were low, because he was the President. It was in their interest—the White House saw to that—to stick with the President. If someone else became the nominee, many of them figured, they could transfer their loyalties at the appropriate time. What they did not figure on was that their short-term commitment would breed its own success and become, along with whatever amount of discomfiture, a long-term commitment.



*"How long do you like the cuffs?"*

• •

For more than two years now, Carter and Kennedy have been fighting over the constituency of the Democratic Party. When it came to an out-and-out fight for the nomination, Kennedy's politics may have been more satisfying to union leaders, but there had grown up a cat's cradle of arrangements between the White House and labor which would have been very awkward for many unions to pull out of. The leadership of some unions—most notably the United Auto Workers, which felt betrayed by Carter's apparent loss of interest in national health insurance and in tax reform—went with Kennedy, and Kennedy got the support of a number of other labor groups, but the majority of the most politically active unions supported Carter. The National Education Association, which in 1976 gave its support to Carter in exchange for a pledge to obtain legislation establishing a Department of Education, has more delegates here (three hundred and two) than any state except California. Carter delivered on his promise, and the N.E.A., which has developed a highly sophisticated political organization, was crucial to Carter's successes in the caucuses and primaries this year. I recently asked a White House aide what the N.E.A. wants now, since it has won the department. He replied, without hesitation, "Influence. It has the department; now it wants to run it."

The large number of amateurs attending this Convention—it is estimated to be the first Convention for about two-thirds of the delegates—indicates what has been changing Party politics, and also explains why Carter is likely to hold his delegates. And it suggests why a number of people are searching for a formula for selecting delegates which satisfies both the need that gave rise to the reform impulse twelve years ago—the need to open the Party to wider participation and dilute the influence of "the bosses"—and the need to have the Convention bear a closer relationship to the Party. The reforms reduced the number of officials who can attend Conventions without running as delegates. A Democratic senator said to me last week, "We have to find a new equilibrium. The people who attend the caucuses or get selected as delegates are not the people who've traditionally been involved. You have a group of people who have been solicited, cultivated, one on one. Their allegiance has been obtained on a basis that has very little to do with substance, program, philosophy—it's the personal contact, the picture on the piano. It's an extension of the Mayor Daley school of personalized politics. This gets into the question: What is a political party? What relevance should be given to genuine sustained involvement and to people who have responsibility for the Party's fortunes? These people at the Convention are like mayflies: they live twenty-four hours, have their day in the sun, go to the Convention, and bring back their souvenir programs. But they are not genuine custodians and stewards of the Party trust. Others are left with the real work of fashioning a coherent program and generating public appeal. Officeholders, who have the greatest stake, are not only outside of it but aggressively seek to stay outside of it. If they did get in, and took sides, it would alienate a substantial number of people. Most senators and congressmen don't even know who the delegates are. The senators who have the most at stake in the selection of the Democratic nominee are powerless to affect it. If a group of us went to call on Carter to 'open' the Convention, he could properly dismiss us—we have no troops."

What all this also means is that the Convention is increasingly dominated by the candidates. One man who had long been involved in the reform movement said to me recently, "The fundamental problem is that this is essentially not a Party Convention—it's a Presidential-candidate Convention. The delegates to the '68 Convention were, far more than is the case now, regular Party—chosen by Party officials in the state. If this were the '68 Convention, Carter would not be the nominee. Now most of the delegates have been vetted by the candidates' organizations. That's one great failure of the reforms—we've taken the Party out of the selection process and we've substituted Presidential parties in its place. The benefit is that the delegates are more likely to represent the balloting; the difficulty is that when you have a close contest you have more partisanship among the candidates' backers, and you have less flexibility. A lot of the changes since '68 I'll still defend, but now we've reached the point where the delegates are just hand-chosen agents of the candidate. I think, inevitably, we'll have to look at the rules again, and the issue will be: How do you bring the Party back into the process? The task will be to find some middle ground that doesn't undemocratize the system but makes the Party at least the author of the system."

About two weeks ago, the White House realized that it had a serious problem on its hands, and it moved to head off the movement toward an "open Convention." (Actually, the Carter team, although outwardly confident, had been nervous about its delegates for some weeks.) Robert Strauss, the chairman of the Carter/Mondale Presidential Committee, came back from his annual summer vacation at the races in Del Mar, California. Mondale was called back from a vacation in New Jersey, and Mondale's staff was recalled from various parts. Delegates were canvassed and canvassed, and waverers or people who might reach the waverers were phoned by the President, by Mrs. Carter, by Mondale, by various other officials. Some senators who were backing the President held a luncheon on Capitol Hill—to demonstrate that there *were* senators who were backing the President. On Friday, August 1st, four hundred delegates were invited to Washington for a pep talk by the Vice-President and then the President. (This had already been in the works and was the third such occasion. It was considered an inexpensive way of reinforcing the President's delegate strength. For many of the delegates, it was their first time in the White House.) On the same day, Hamilton Jordan and Patrick Caddell, the President's pollster, had lunch with some county leaders from New York State—who, it was feared, might feel obliged to go along with Carey—and the President himself talked to Meade Esposito, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn. The county leaders are now expected to stick with Carter. And on that same Friday some seventy-five members of Congress were brought to the White House to express their continued loyalty to Carter. Then, on the following Monday, the President held a press conference to deal with the problem of his brother. Some of the people around the President had considered the idea that the Carter forces should not fight for the new rule: the thinking was that to make such a fight might make the President appear weak—worried about his delegates' loyalty—and that to win the nomination by forcing the delegates to vote for him might be a victory with too high a cost. But the President is said to have felt particularly strongly that the rule should be adopted. In a sense, the Kennedy forces maneuvered the Administration into this position. The side without enough votes for the nomination often tries to establish a test vote on an issue prior to the Presidential balloting—and on the highest ostensible grounds it can think up—in the hope that somehow this will change the chemistry, alter the atmosphere of the Convention. (In 1976, the Reagan forces, under the guidance of John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, did the same thing.) If the Kennedy side were to win the rules fight, the Convention might be seen to have been transformed—and this the Carter people decided they could not risk. Thus, at his press conference last week the President denounced the move to an "open Convention" as one that would return the Party to "the old brokered-type Convention," and he characterized the effort as essentially Kennedy's. While the President's performance in dealing with the Billy Carter problem left some questions unanswered, it was generally judged to be an effective one, which was all that mattered at the moment. All these efforts succeeded in taking the steam out of the "open Convention" movement. Now the Carter people are fairly confident, but are leaving nothing to chance in the next two days.

KENNEDY arrived in New York yesterday, and, sounding as strident as he ever has, shouted, "The four years we've had already are four years too many!" This will be a hard thing to back off from, if the need arises. He seemed almost crazed, a caricature. A number of people, including some of Kennedy's friends, and even some of his staff, have become puzzled about what he thinks he is doing. Leaving aside the style in which he is doing it, the question is not so puzzling. Kennedy and his people are aware that the odds against his getting the nomination are long indeed, but they have travelled all year on the theory that at some point the bubble around Carter would burst. It isn't surprising that Kennedy may not realize the extent to which support for Carter is not transferable to him, may not realize how much antipathy there is to him. In politics, as elsewhere, one can become so obsessed with reaching one's goal—so certain that if only *x* will happen the goal will be reached—that any number of things that happen will be assumed to be *x*. Publicly and privately, Kennedy has been saying that he expects to win; in reality, he has been hoping that something would break. The Billy Carter affair and the panic on Capitol Hill gave the Kennedy people a new sense of optimism. Moreover, it was difficult for Kennedy to get out—as various people had counselled him to do along the way—because, as was clear from the outset, this was not any old political fight. Relations between Carter and Kennedy, never good, had become worse. And Kennedy had come to believe that his was not simply a candidacy but also a cause—an instrument for moving the Democratic Party closer to what he saw as its proper ideological home. If Kennedy did lose, Carter would need his following, and there remained the platform, and even Carter's policies, to be affected. Kennedy made it a point not to complain in public, but he and his people believe that the contest for the nomination was not a fair fight: that Carter manipulated the hostage issue, hid behind foreign affairs, and did not engage in a debate even in the larger sense. Kennedy remains determined to get that debate, one way or another. Several months ago, one of his closest advisers told me that, whatever happened, Kennedy would give one hell of a speech at the Convention—that there was no way the Carter people could prevent him from appearing there, and in prime time. The Kennedy people point out that as the campaign began to focus on the issues Kennedy had been stressing Kennedy began to do better. They point out that Kennedy defeated Carter in a number of the industrial states—states that Carter needs to win in November if he is to be reëlected. They argue that the farmers were misled when the Administration told them they would not be adversely affected by the grain embargo that was imposed after the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. There remains bitterness over the personal nature of the campaign against Kennedy—the emphasis on "character." To a degree, it seems, the Kennedy people just cannot believe that the Democratic Party will renominate Carter. And it is not against the rules to carry a nomination contest into a Convention. So Carter may have the delegates, but Kennedy still has a hold

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on Carter. The Carter camp, beyond winning, wants as uncontentious a Convention as possible. Only eleven weeks remain between the end of the Convention and Election Day.

THE Carter group has actually been working on the fall campaign for some time. Some people have been out in the field since April—under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee, since federal funding for the fall campaign is not obtainable until after the nomination. (One of the arguments the Carter campaign uses against the nomination of anyone else at the Convention is that election campaigns are now such large and complicated undertakings that no one could put together a campaign starting this week.) The campaign's high command has been meeting at eight o'clock each morning in the White House office of Jack Watson, who has replaced Hamilton Jordan as chief of staff, so that Jordan can give even fuller attention to the campaign. Patrick Caddell says that his current survey data indicate that Reagan has more serious problems than Caddell had thought earlier this summer. "He has more serious problems with his ideological setting than I believed," Caddell told me in a conversation we had this morning. "He has problems with the question of war and peace, with people not knowing how he would handle things in office." Caddell's findings indicate, he says, that Reagan is substantially worse off than Carter was four years ago at this time—but also that Carter is worse off than Ford was. (Following the Democratic Convention in 1976, which preceded the Republican Convention, Carter led Ford by thirty-three points, and the election turned out to be a very close one.)

One of the things that will be stressed in the acceptance speech—its tone is still being decided on—is that this election really presents a choice, that it matters. Hamilton Jordan is said to be concerned that not enough people think it does make a difference who is elected. I have been told that the decision is for Carter not to go after Reagan personally—not, in the phrase of one campaign aide, to "do a Kennedy"—but he will stress that one has to be concerned about Reagan, because Reagan will set America off in a different direction. Caddell says, "Reagan and the people around him want to take America off the course it's been on for half a century—it's on that that Carter can make his case. Their plat-

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form should be taken seriously. We also have to get across that Carter has gained experience on the job—that we've made a down payment and ought to cash it in, that he'll be in a better position to function in the second term." The President will try in his speech to get the focus on Reagan, as a way of pulling the Party back together; it is also recognized that the President will have to have something to offer for the future. The theme that Carter used on his one day out on the campaign trail during the primaries, in Ohio, that "we're turning the tide" on our problems, has been retired. Several of the President's aides weren't very pleased with that theme. Carter lost about eight points across the board in the primaries after his trip to Ohio. The President's advisers are also aware that the President needs to offer something that deals with the economy. Some believe he has needed to do so for quite a while. He is planning to offer a program for "reindustrialization," which is becoming a highly fashionable concept. Governor Jerry Brown, of California, talked about it in his campaign; Kennedy talked about it; and business and labor like the idea. But the Administration has got bogged down in the policy and politics of the program, and the whole thing has been put off. Even if it had been ready, White House aides worried that if the President unveiled the proposal before the Convention it would seem "political," and Kennedy would denounce it as inadequate. So the President mentioned the program in a recent speech to the National Urban League, will mention it again in his acceptance speech, and will offer it when it is ready.

The President's advisers believe that the Republicans did score points against Carter in the course of their Convention, and they want to use this opportunity to fight back. Over three hundred members of the executive branch are here—to talk to delegates in their caucuses, to give interviews to everyone from a network newsman on the Convention floor to a reporter for a local newspaper. Specific areas of the country where the President needs to do well have been selected for such press treatment, and the officials' schedules have been fed into a computer. The Convention planners did an analysis that indicated that the networks carry only eight or nine minutes out of every hour of the proceedings on the podium. The Carter people want to fill in the difference to the maximum extent. A complicated operation has been established to "track" the floor reporters—thus turning the whole idea inside out—and, by offering them bigwigs at opportune moments, keep them from dwelling on things that the Carter people would just as soon not have dwelt on. "We are going to try to massively use the media," one of the President's advisers has said to me. "More than is usually done." Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser, has prepared "talking points" for the Administration officials to stress in their interviews. ("In this pivotal election, President Carter and Governor Reagan are going to force a big choice on the people of the United States." And "Jimmy Carter . . . moderate in ideas . . . deliberate in actions . . . rich in Presidential experience.") A Presidential adviser has said to me, "More time and energy have gone into the massive scheduling and press operation than into the floor fights. We haven't talked about it much—but we're going to take the networks for a ride."

AT eleven o'clock, Paul Kirk, the Kennedy campaign's national political director, is holding a press conference at the Starlight Roof on the eighteenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria. Kirk is a dark-haired, blue-eyed, cool, taut man—he served as Kennedy's executive assistant for eight years and now practices law—and has been one of Kennedy's more cautious and low-keyed advisers. He was against Kennedy's getting into the race and, earlier this year, urged him to get out. But lately, either because he is caught up in the last, desperate effort or because he is playing out a public role, he has been getting quite worked up and insisting that Kennedy will be nominated. (Other Kennedy aides have been—at least privately—more cautious.) Now Kirk, talking enthusiastically, like a football coach, tells the press that the Kennedy forces are picking up a great deal of support on the vote on the rule. "I think we may be on the threshold of one of the major political stories of recent political history," he says. He says that the press may be about to witness "the most spectacular story of turnaround." The Kennedy camp's optimistic theory has been that if the rule was rejected on Monday this would be followed by victories on the platform on Tuesday, and then the Convention would take on a life of its own, in which anything might happen. (It is because the Carter people have also recognized this possibility that they have fought so hard on the rule.) Kirk outlines this theory and then says, "So we look forward to the nomination on Wednesday night and

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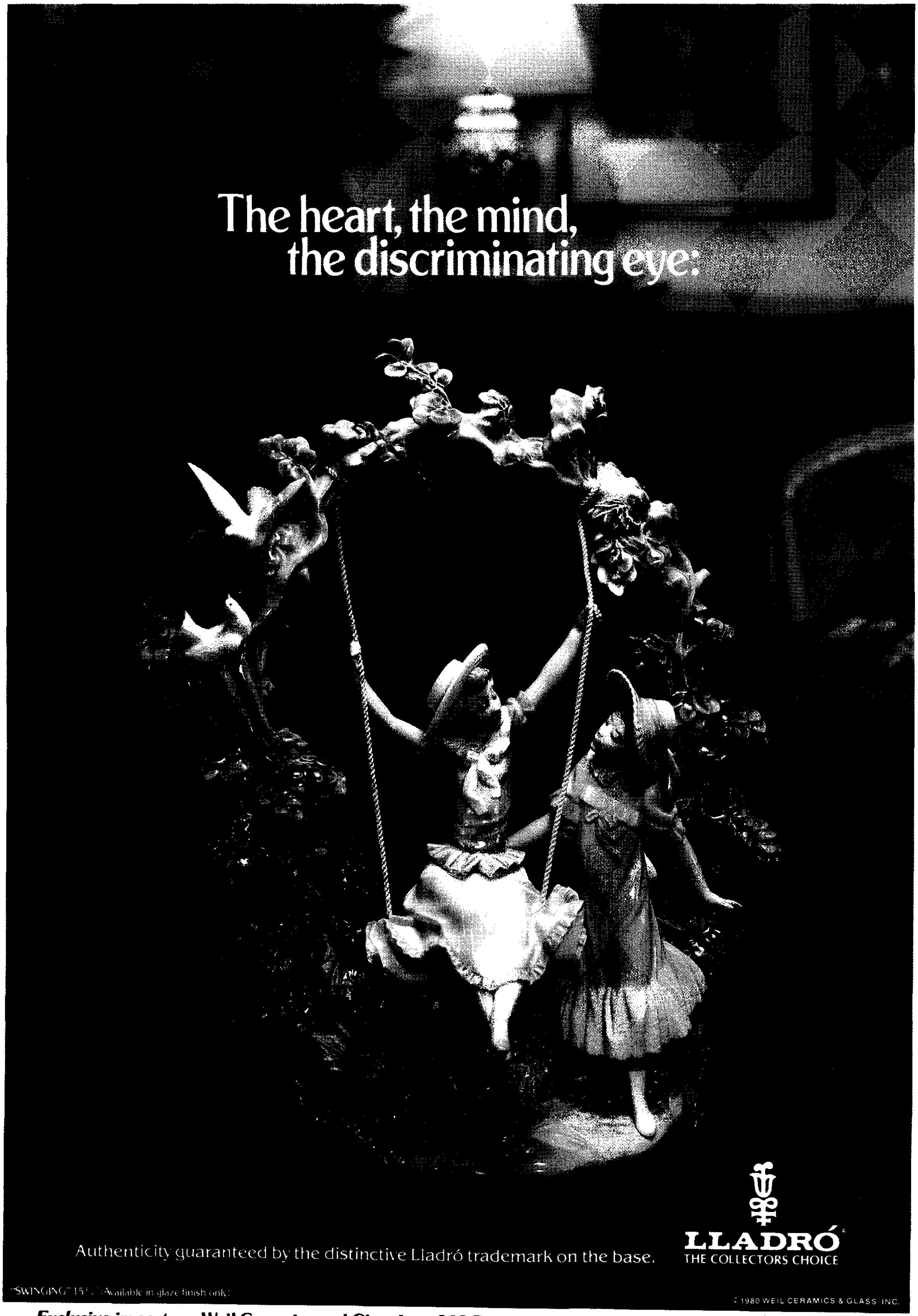
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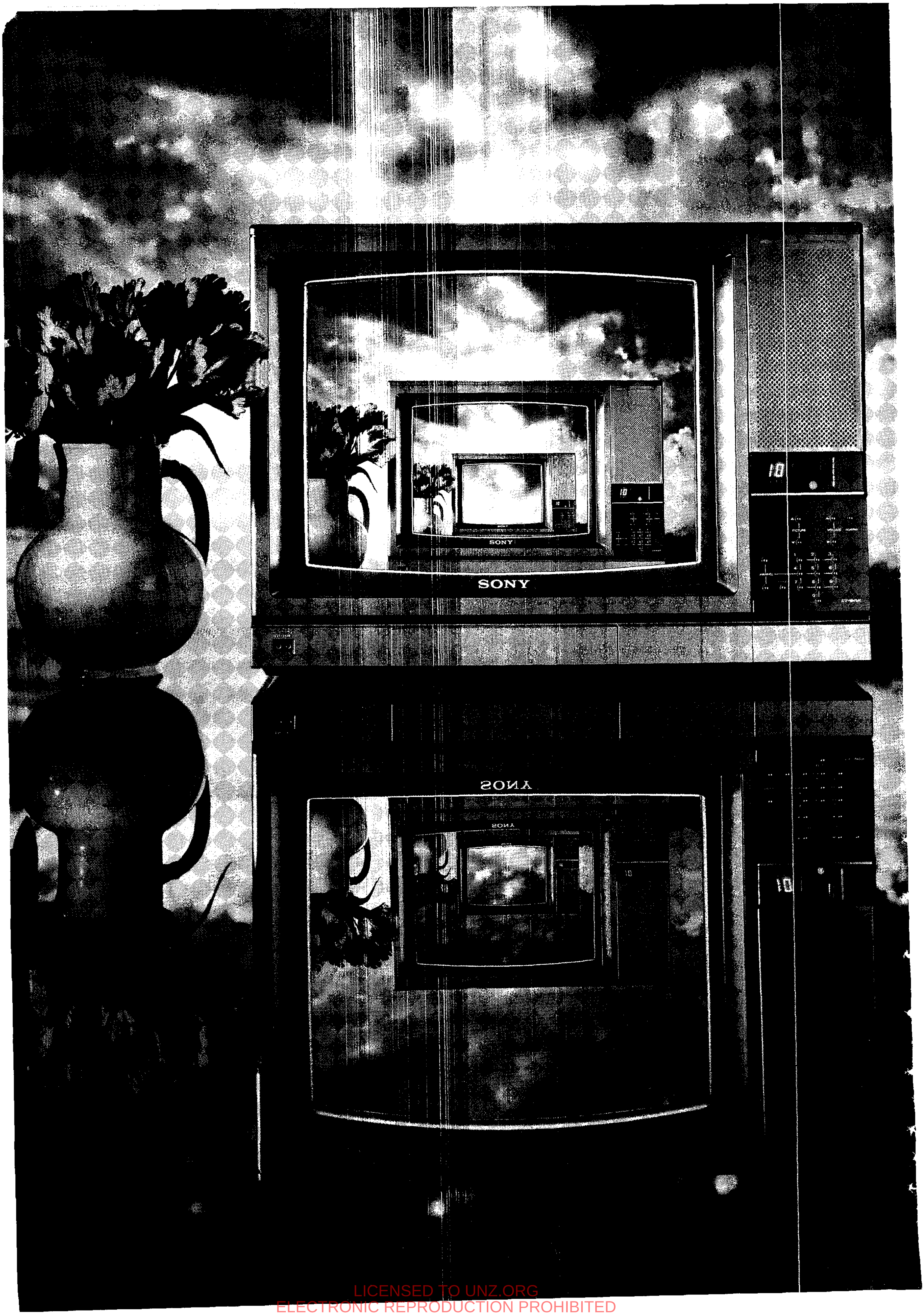
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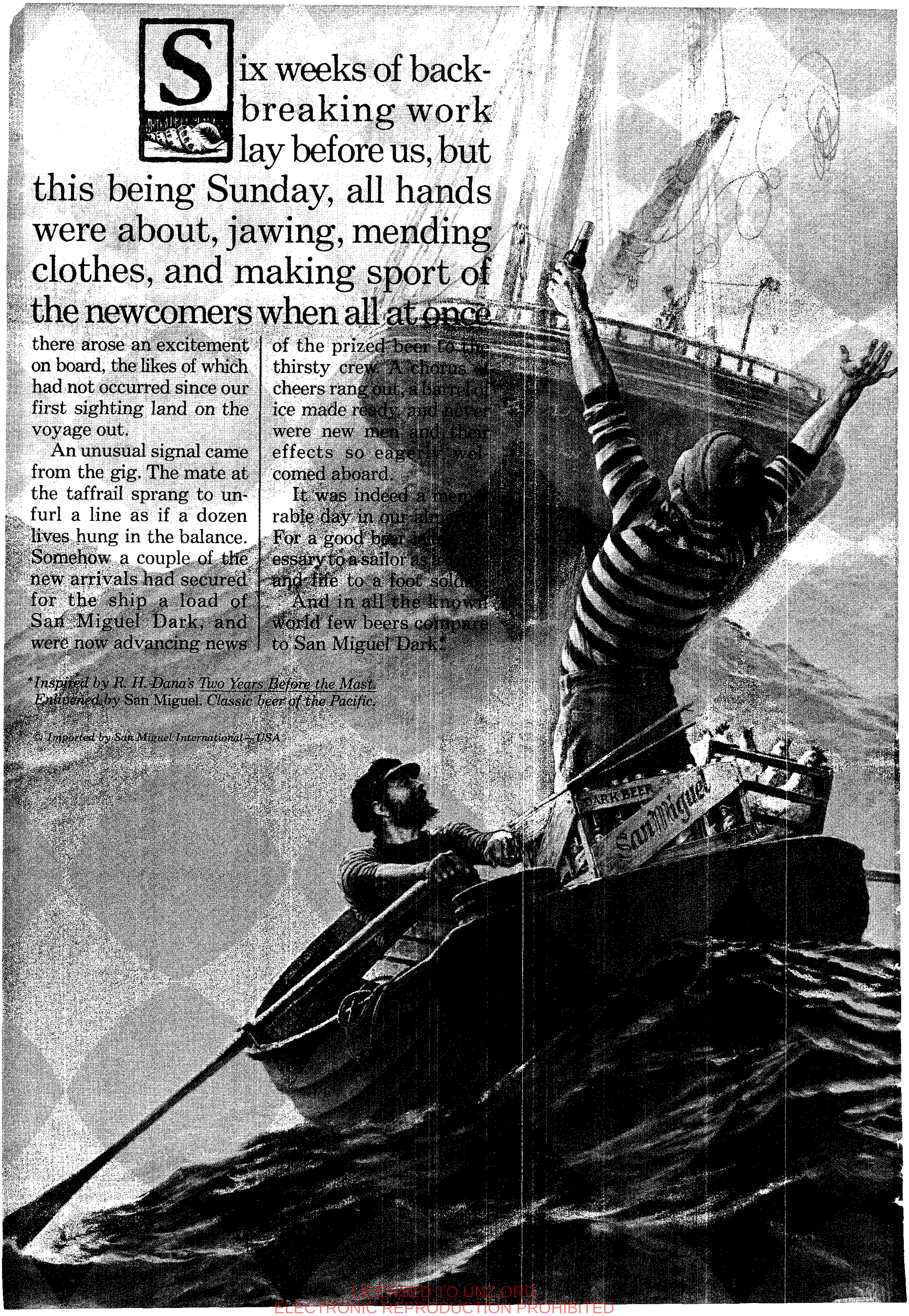

Six weeks of back-breaking work lay before us, but this being Sunday, all hands were about, jawing, mending clothes, and making sport of the newcomers when all at once there arose an excitement on board, the likes of which had not occurred since our first sighting land on the voyage out.

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the acceptance speech on Thursday night, and to helping you write the biggest story in recent political history." Kirk says that the states that are considered "soft" on the rule—Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan (a list with which the Carter people agree)—are, not coincidentally, ones that Carter needs to carry in November, and ones where, in the current polls, "Reagan cleans Carter's clock." He says that Kennedy and members of his staff are calling people in those states and others and "asking them whether they want the Party to walk to the gallows."

"Has Kennedy ever considered withdrawing?" Kirk is asked.

He replies, smiling, "You gotta be kidding."

The problem is that the more the Kennedy people stress the point that Kennedy can still win, the more it chills the efforts of others to defeat the rule. Word is going around that some Kennedy people are sending a message to the other campaigns that they should join with Kennedy's in trying to defeat the rule, and that if Kennedy doesn't make it, they might.

AT twelve-thirty, Hugh Carey and Edward Bennett Williams hold a press conference on behalf of the Committee to Continue the Open Convention and announce that they are "very, very close" to having enough votes to defeat the Carter forces on Monday. At the committee's headquarters at the Hilton, calls are being made to round up more support. An effort is under way—by Muskie people, Jackson people, Kennedy people, Open Convention people—to develop a "favorite-son strategy." Such a strategy might fit the ambitions and tactics of a number of people. The idea is that Senator Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois; Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana; Senator Jackson; Governor Carey; Governor Richard Lamm, of Colorado; Secretary of State Muskie; maybe Senator Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas (and some others, perhaps), would be nominated as favorite sons, so that no one could get the nomination on the first ballot. If these people—or their followers—thought they could get the nomination, or were at least tempted by the publicity of having their names placed in nomination, there might well be more support for the effort to defeat the rule. And if the rule was defeated, who knows what might happen? The movement to "open" the Convention represents a confluence of a multitude of motives. Stevenson is making some calls to members of the Illinois delegation. The different camps seem to have conflicting information about who might be "loose" or who has taken what position on the rule—partly because of wishful thinking, partly because of sheer confusion, partly because of the fact that a number of people are trying to figure out how this thing will turn out before they take a position. Many of them do not want to have been on the wrong side if Carter is the nominee. They do not want to make a move that doesn't work, so they may not make a move. Several governors are waiting until the eleventh hour. "I've never seen a situation where more people had their finger to the wind," Keith Haller said to me this afternoon. But the essential fact is that the Open Convention people are winging it, while the Carter people have power, computerized lists, and a seemingly infinite capacity for making phone calls—including phone calls placed by the President of the United States.

CLOSE associates of Muskie who are here in New York are lying low and assuring people that they have nothing to do with the efforts to draft Muskie, but a number of people, including some in the White House, have noticed that Muskie does not seem to have instructed his boosters to cut it out. (Muskie, Edward Bennett Williams, Arnold Picker, who is the principal fund-raiser for the Open Convention Committee, and two of Muskie's closest associates dined at a Washington restaurant a couple of weeks ago.) At twelve-thirty today, at the same time the Open Convention Committee held its press conference, King Golden, the chairman of the Draft Muskie Committee, held a press conference at the headquarters over J. J. Applebaum's and called on Kennedy to get out of the race. Golden is a young lawyer from San Diego who worked in the youth division of the 1972 Muskie campaign. At the Muskie headquarters, young people are making calls on some twenty phones. The Muskie people had not much focussed on the question of the "open Convention" until they realized that the only way Muskie could get nominated was through defeat of the new rule. Golden is now trying to reach Joseph Brennan, the governor of Maine, to try to persuade him to call a press conference and urge Kennedy to withdraw. Brennan supported Kennedy during the primaries; Muskie, quietly, helped Carter. The strain between Muskie and Kennedy goes back some way: Muskie, a Catholic, was the first senator to come out for

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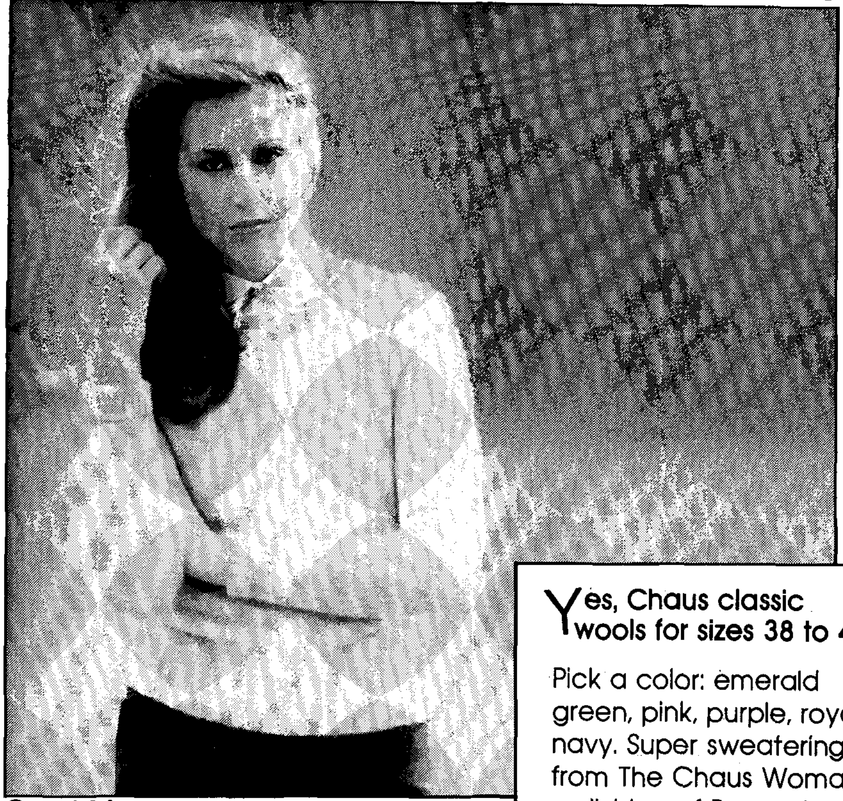

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John Kennedy, and he was, by his lights, a supporter of Robert Kennedy in 1968. According to a close friend, he then very much resented the fact that in 1972 Ethel Kennedy supported George McGovern. And, according to someone who knows Muskie quite well, he would still very much like to be President, and would not be displeased if fate should arrange such an outcome. He is also said to recognize that there are serious limits to how much, at this point, he can affect fate.

THE Jackson people have been trying for some time to get a few prominent people to come out for Jackson—in particular, Governor Carey and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of New York. One of Jackson's supporters said to me this afternoon, "It's like trying to nail gelatine to the wall; everyone is ready to do something if someone else does." Jackson, for a change, is turning down appearances on television; he does not want to seem to be running for the nomination unless there's a serious possibility he can win it. The supporter said, "Scoop's not going to get out there without others being there."

SUNDAY. Robert Strauss is having breakfast with a group of reporters. He is asked, "Will Kennedy be on the podium Thursday night?"

"I don't know," he replies.

"Are you worried?"

"I'm not worried," Strauss replies. His offhandedness is not convincing. "Our position is very simple. I said yesterday we want to leave here with a united Party. A part of that is the support of Senator Kennedy—and many others. We hope for that. We have compromised and reached out on several issues." He points out that in the negotiations that preceded the Convention Kennedy was accorded an opportunity to speak about the platform on Tuesday night, in prime time. "I said, 'Let's give it to him—he's campaigned for nine months.' I used the word 'valiantly.' "

Kennedy may have lost the fight for the nomination, but he still has a strong base in the Democratic Party, and Carter needs his people. He needs to have the constituency groups, especially labor, fired up to work for the November election; he needs to avoid losing disenchanted Democrats to John Anderson; he needs to present a tableau of unity on television. Given Kennedy's competitive temperament and his disdain for Carter, there is every reason to believe that he enjoys, and will make the most of, the grip he continues to have on him.

Now Strauss says that the most important thing on his mind is "how we tell our story in a positive way." He says, "The whole world isn't going to chisel in marble what takes place on that podium." But Strauss seems genuinely perturbed. He is of the old fight-and-shake-hands school of politics, and he fancies himself one of the leading referees, and the fight between Carter and Kennedy has got beyond him. He is frustrated by his inability to bring it to a close. He says, somewhat agitatedly, "If you have any wisdom and judgment at all, you know you don't get carried away by personalities and pettiness in a political fight. The good guys know—whether they are for Kennedy or Carter, or for Reagan or the Democrats—that politics is tough enough and the town that we live in is tough enough that you don't cut each other's throats. They know that you scream at each other one day and go out for lunch on another day." He points out, accurately enough, that some of the fights that will take place this week "are structured just to make it tough for us." He says, "If we were in the forties in the approval ratings, it would be like shooting fish in a barrel."

Strauss has a point. If Carter's electability were not in real question, the outcome of the Convention would have been settled some time ago. Beneath all the noise and the maneuvering of recent days, there have been some difficult questions. One question is whether, after the primaries and caucuses are completed, it is fair to take the polls into account. Especially Jimmy Carter's polls, which may have set a new record for mobility. On the other hand, electability used to be a—perhaps the—major criterion of party Conventions. The few primaries that were held were meant to be advisory to the party leaders—who didn't always follow the advice. And who is to decide who is electable?

There are a lot of attempts to read Kennedy's mind these days—even by people who work closely with him. For all his surface gregariousness, Kennedy is an Irish internalizer, not given to sharing his feelings or thoughts very widely. Yet it is hard to see how he has any real choice but to end up playing the good sport. He is a Democrat, after all, and unless he is finished with public life he can't be seen as having torn up the Party; now that he has won widespread praise for the resilience and good humor he showed in his cam-

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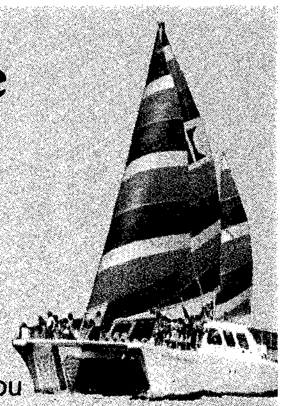

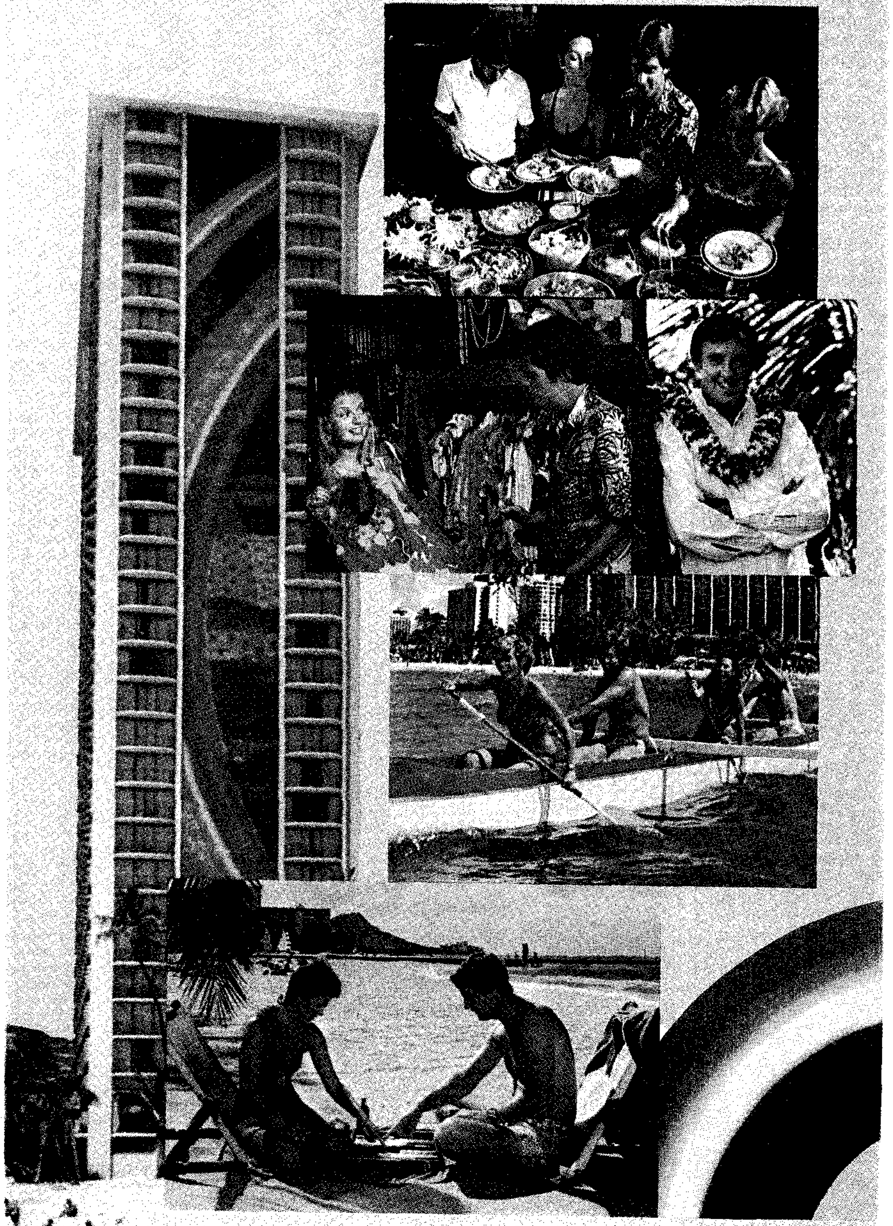

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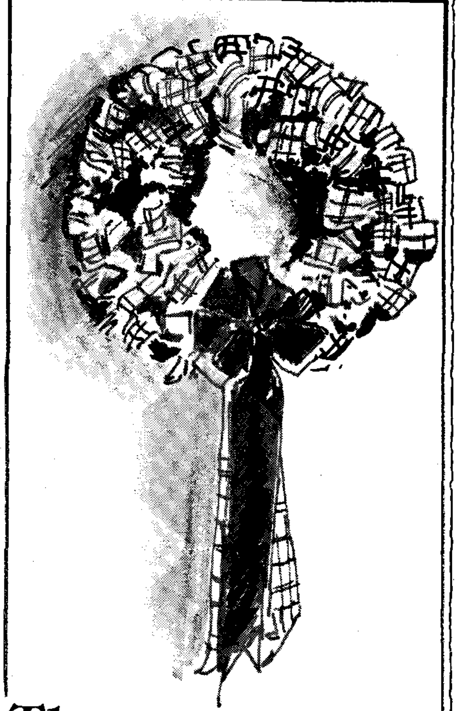

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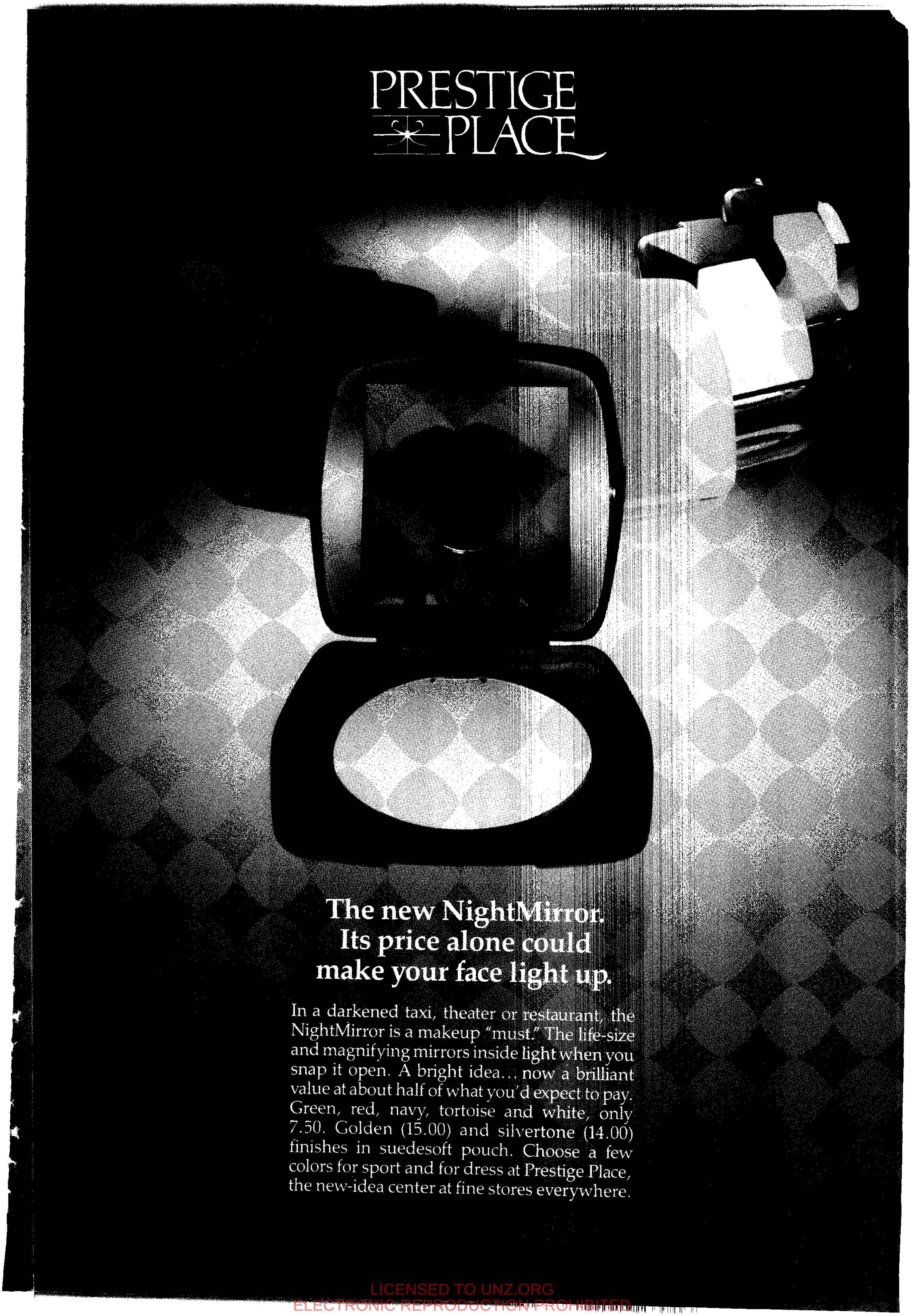
paign, he can't end up appearing to act like a bad loser. One of Kennedy's associates says, "His position is very difficult. He wants to do what's best for the Party but not something that does not look credible, or that seems opportunistic. He'll have to persuade people that embracing the candidate is not opportunistic, that he's not doing something he doesn't mean. That's what people criticize the most in politicians—they never seem to mean it. He'll have to find a way back for his followers—a large percentage of whom can't abide Carter. That's why his Tuesday speech is so important. My guess is you won't hear much criticism of Carter and you will hear a lot of Reagan."

ON Sunday afternoon, the Illinois delegation is caucusing on the lower level of the St. Moritz, where it is staying. The various state delegations have been arriving today and will be caucusing today and tomorrow. Representatives of both sides in the rules fight will be addressing them. Illinois, where Carter triumphed in the primary, has been causing the Carter people their worst headache. And Illinois is being watched by other delegations; if the President loses substantial support there, other delegations might follow. This afternoon, the Vice-President will appear at its caucus. In the Illinois primary last March, Carter won a hundred and sixty-three delegates to Kennedy's sixteen. Carter's triumph stemmed in part from the endorsement of Kennedy by Mayor Jane Byrne, of Chicago, who was then extremely unpopular. But the Mayor is a force: after running against the old Daley organization, she turned around and made peace with it, and a number of the city's politicians have decided that it is in their interest to make an accommodation with her. One Illinois politician here has said to me, "Even if she is unpopular, if you've got a street you want paved or a building you want to build or a few friends you want to get jobs for—and the last is the most important—it's worthwhile to be in her favor."

Moreover, in Illinois the Carter people tended more than they did in other states to select as delegates people who were involved in politics. In part, this was because the slates had to be drawn up by the first of the year, at a time when Carter's prospects did not look good. He had been low in the polls, and the Mayor and the Cook County organization had endorsed Kennedy. It was widely assumed that Illinois would be a Kennedy state. The thinking was that it was important to get people on the ballot whose names carried some weight. But these were people who knew how to deal and who had their own agendas. When they saw that Carter needed them on the rule issue, they started dealing. The question of the rule provided an opportunity for people to waver, or to appear to waver. One of Carter's campaign officials says, "When you're down, everybody wants to do business." Al Majerczyk, a Chicago alderman, who is believed to control four votes in the Illinois delegation, helped the Carter forces in the primary, because he was anti-Byrne, but he has since come to terms with the Mayor. He has told the Administration he's got about nine people who need jobs—not such big jobs, he adds, but jobs. The Mayor of Chicago has some thirteen thousand jobs at her disposal; the President of the United States has about three thousand. A Carter campaign official says, "They don't understand that there is no federal sewer department." Other Illinois delegates have been under pressure from the Mayor's office. One woman has asked the Administration for a job. A few have said that it is not good politics for the President to impose the rule. A few even oppose it on principle.

Carl Officer, a black, and the mayor of East St. Louis, Illinois, on which the Administration has bestowed a substantial portion of the federal treasury, told the White House that some of his delegates might not support the rule. East St. Louis has been gerrymandered into a black island with little tax base, and the White House was fearful of Kennedy support there. Jack Watson, who used to head the office that maintained liaison with the state and local officials (an office that became of great value in the campaign), and Eugene Eidenberg, who was formerly Watson's deputy and is now the head of the office, have been working with Mayor Officer. A man named Clarence Darrow (his grandfather was a cousin of the famous one), a state representative from Rock Island, who is running for reëlection, began to express sympathy for the idea of an "open Convention." The Vice-President phoned him and persuaded him that the President needed his support. A state representative whose ward committeeman is the vice-mayor of Chicago—ward committeemen are the most powerful, as compared with township or state committeemen, because they pass out the patronage—was believed to be feeling pressure from the Mayor's office, but a few days ago he came around. Sal Pullia, a Democratic



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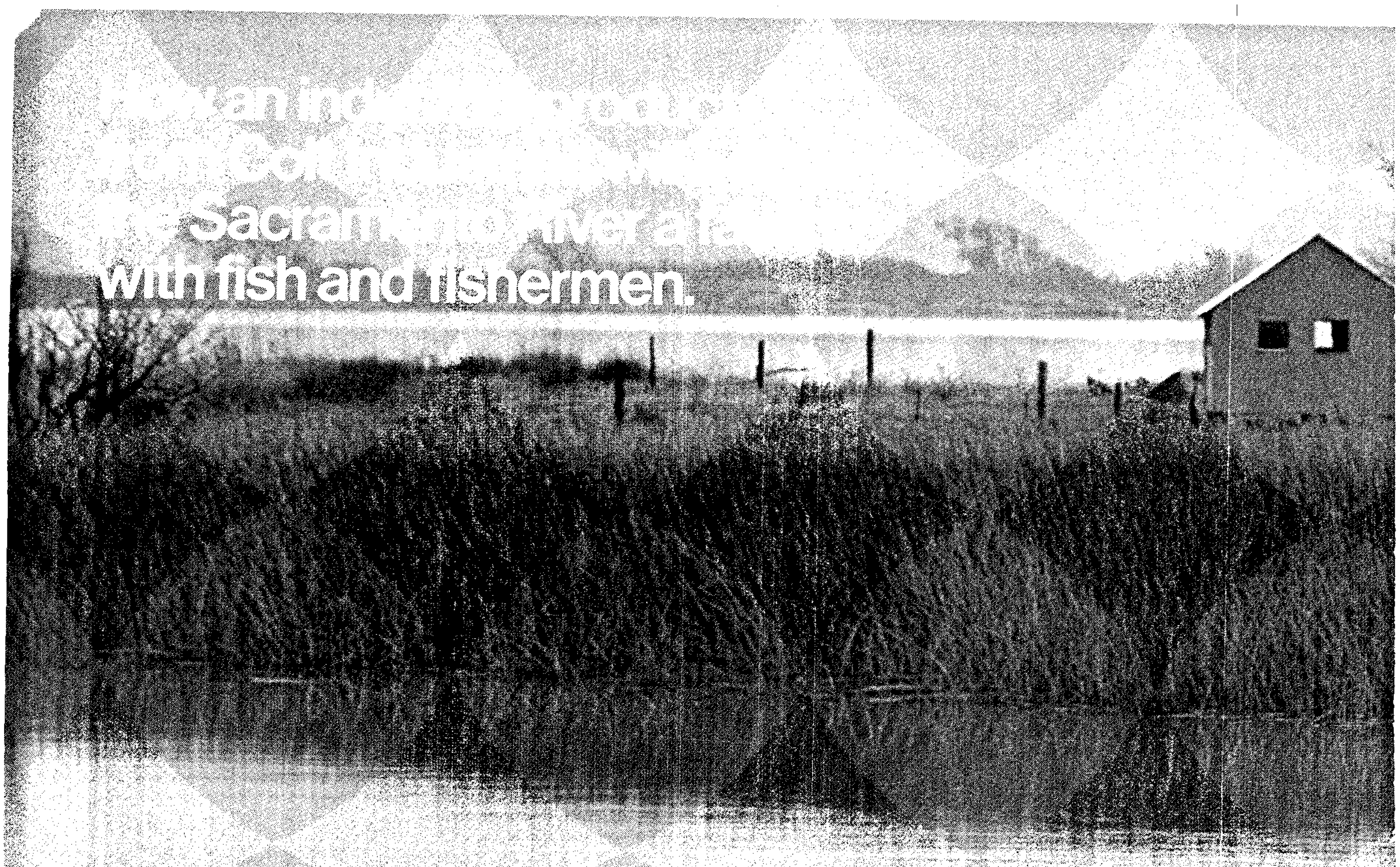

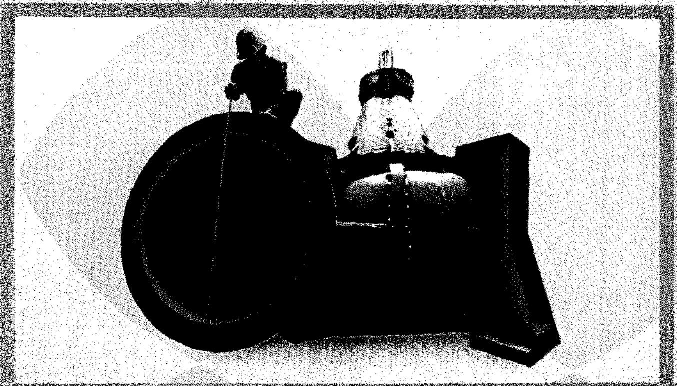

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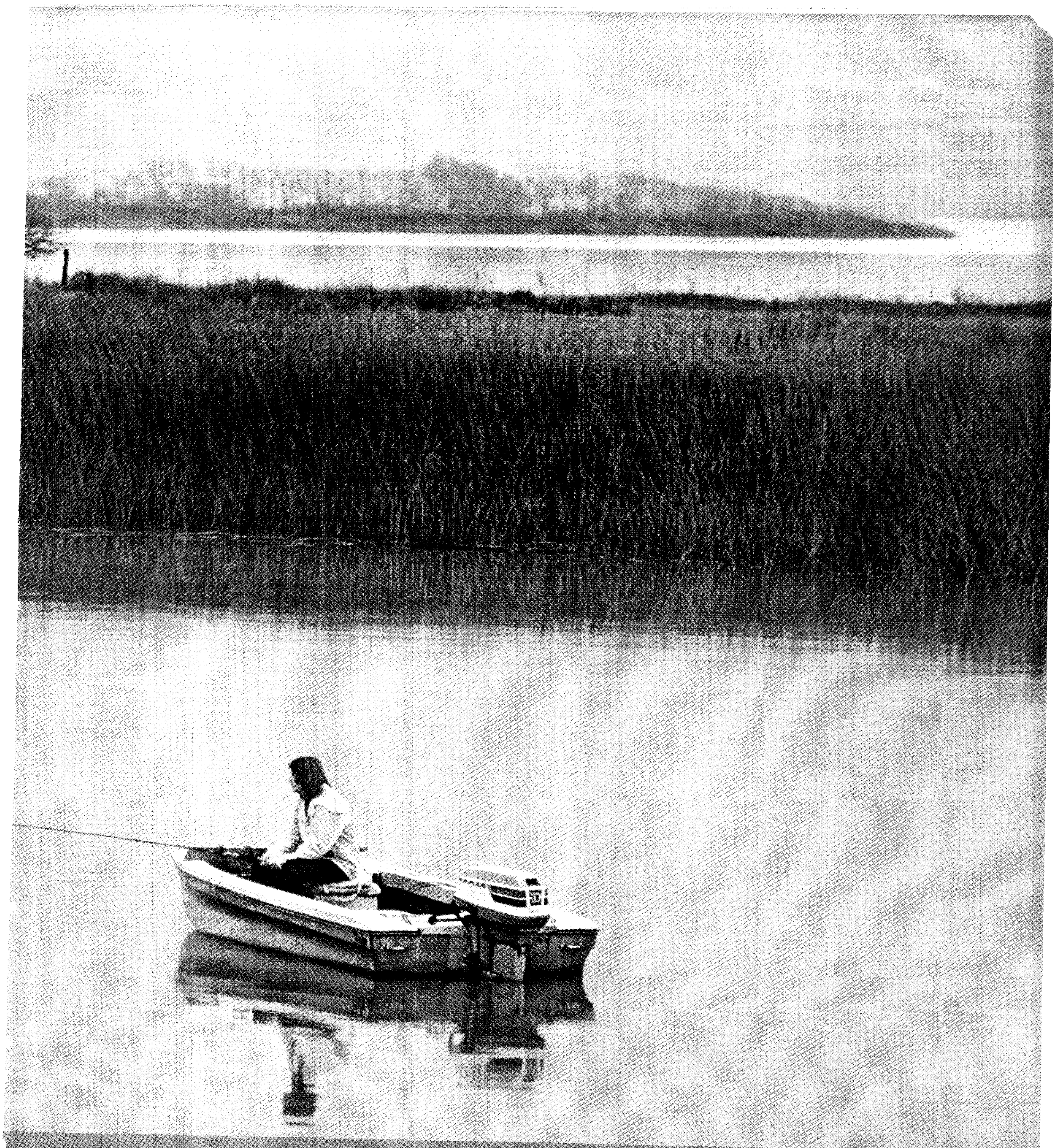

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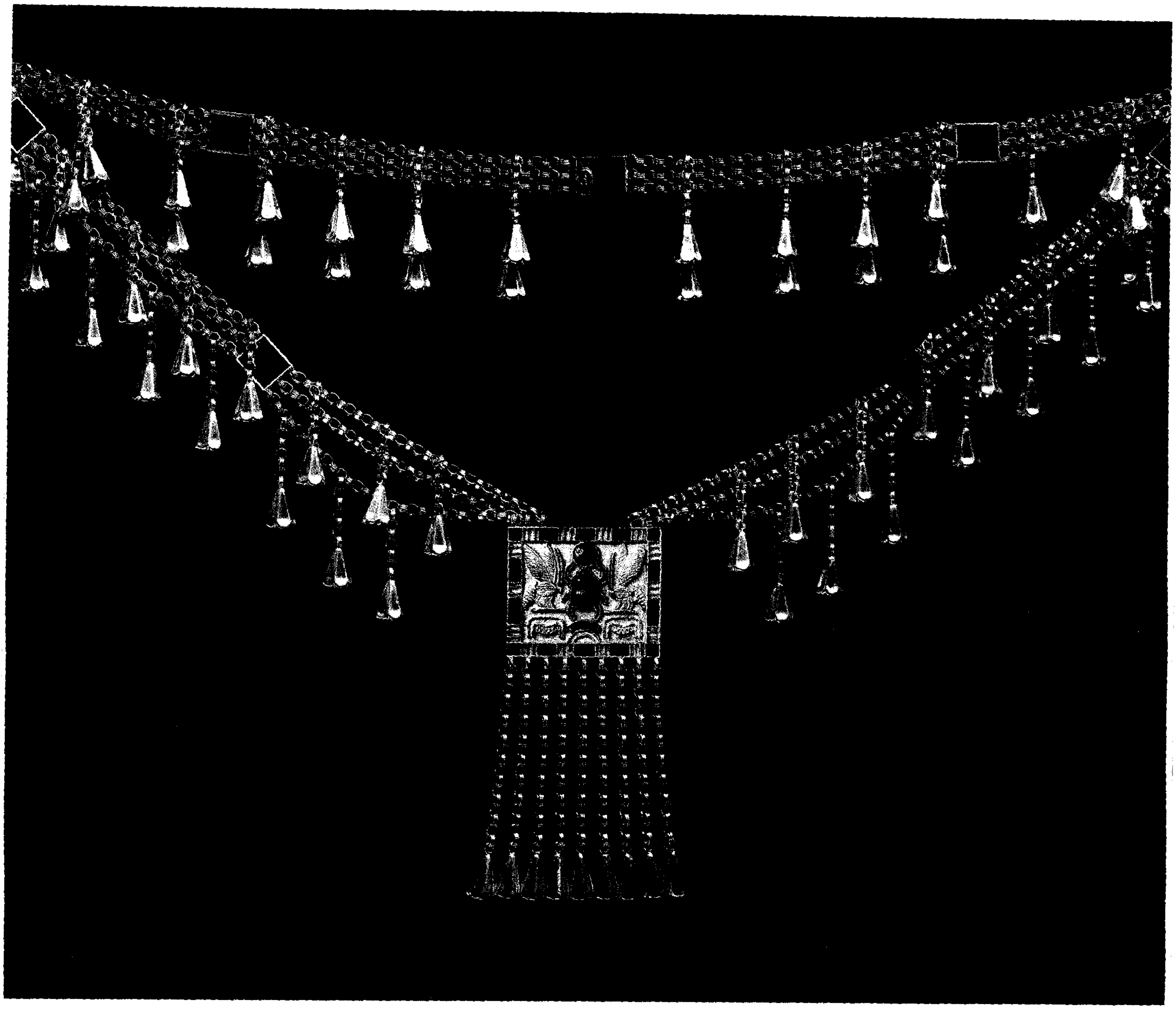

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committeeman for Proviso Township, was viewed as susceptible to pressure from the Mayor. One campaign official talked to him and reported that he was a difficult case. Congressman Martin Russo, who has been helping the Carter campaign, talked to him and reported that his vote might be obtainable if Mondale talked to him. Mondale talked to him and got his vote. Some of the trouble has to do with the question of who will play what role in the fall campaign in Illinois. Jerry Cosentino, from suburban Chicago, who is the state treasurer and is assumed to be planning to run for higher office, wants to run the Carter campaign in Illinois in the fall—a job the Carter people don't want him to have. Cosentino has threatened to lead a move for an "open Convention" if he does not get the role he wants. Tim Kraft, the national campaign manager, has been negotiating with him, Hamilton Jordan has been negotiating with him, and Vice-President Mondale has seen him. As of now, he is telling people he does not know how he will vote tomorrow.

At five o'clock, Mondale appears at the Illinois caucus. He makes some jokes, including one about Stevenson, and he says that he travelled some twenty thousand miles on the campaign trail this year and one of the things he learned was that "Illinois is one of the great, vibrant Democratic states in this nation." He says, "We're going to be meeting tomorrow in an open, turbulent, sweaty, controversial Convention. We don't hide our controversies; we are an open party." He says that the Convention will accurately reflect the choice of the people. Mondale waves an arm up and down and speaks strongly, but his voice is thin, so what amounts to a shout from him does not come across as a shout: "We are the least bossed Convention—oh, boy, are we unbossed." He gives the reasons for the rule; says that the Democrats will win in November; and talks about how much the Administration has done for jobs, education, Social Security, the cities, women, minorities, energy. And then he takes on Reagan. He is not just making the case for the vote tomorrow; he is making the case for the Administration, and telling these people that there is a real chance for the Carter ticket to win. Much of this is the sort of thing he said during the primaries. Illinois is one of the most important states in the fall election. As for Reagan, Mondale smiles and says, "Boy, do we have an opponent. I'm going to have more fun this fall than I've had in a long time,"

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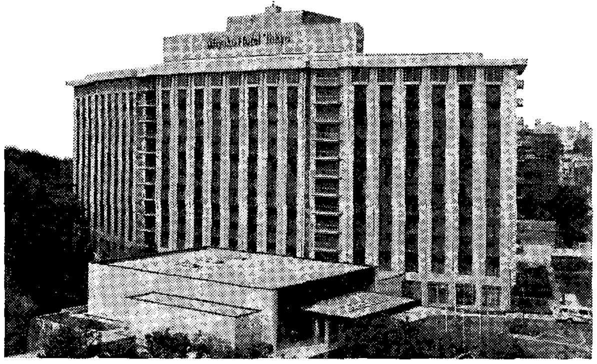

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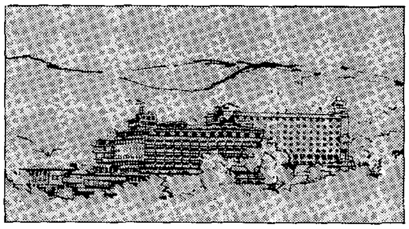

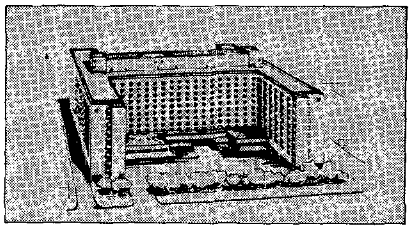

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and then he spiritedly takes on Reagan on various issues.

The focus of this Convention is on Carter and Kennedy, as it was in the primaries, but there is also the story of Mondale and Kennedy. In the course of the year, Mondale began to let it seep out that he would like to be President after Carter. Mondale has one of the ablest political staffs in the country, good relations with the Democratic constituency groups—better relations than Carter has—and a network he has kept intact. Other, younger Democrats have been grooming themselves for future Presidential contests—adjusting their politics, getting themselves mentioned, and all that—but from Mondale's perspective Kennedy has been the biggest obstacle. Mondale concludes, "Illinois is going to be one of the great battlegrounds of this campaign. Let's get this family together. Let's unite, and let's keep a good President." He adds, smiling, "And, by the way, a marvellous Vice-President." The audience laughs and applauds; Mondale seems popular with them—more popular than Carter.

LATE this afternoon, it was announced that the Kennedy and Carter camps had reached agreement on more planks in the platform. At one point, there had been eighteen minority planks, but both sides had planned all along to give in on some—the Kennedy side because it did not want to annoy either the Convention or the public by pressing too many issues, the Carter side because some of the Kennedy proposals seemed so unexceptionable that it would be embarrassing, and probably futile, to oppose them. Both sides know that the big fight will come over a Kennedy proposal to add to the platform a twelve-billion-dollar jobs program. The Kennedy people have defined the platform fight as well as the rules fight: they are deliberately offering something that they know the Administration must oppose and that the Democratic constituency groups might well support. The Administration also acceded today to a Kennedy proposal that two hours before the start of the nominating speeches the candidates state in writing their positions on the platform. The President was resistant, and his people agreed mainly because they thought that if they opposed the proposal they might well be defeated, and that since this would come before the fight on the rule to bind the delegates, it could be seen as a test vote. Carter may come to regret this concession, but he may have been truly stuck. Convention strategies are often—perhaps usually—not grand ones but a series of small, ad-hoc decisions.

THE Jackson people have decided that it's over—that Carter has the votes on the rule. Some of them are quite annoyed at Carey, from whom they thought they had a commitment to endorse Jackson, but who said today on "Issues and Answers" that he was not backing any particular candidate. A Jackson man said to me tonight, "This kind of situation does not bring out the best side of people."

TONIGHT, the Pennsylvania delegation is caucusing in the State Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. Kennedy narrowly won the Pennsylvania primary in April; he has ninety-four delegates to Carter's ninety-one. Pennsylvania is another delegation that has the Carter people worried. Once again the politicians in the delegation are making the most of the opportunity presented by the rules fight. Dr. Cyril Wecht, the Democratic Committee chairman of Allegheny County and also a county commissioner—a powerful figure—endorsed Carter (after considering endorsing Kennedy, according to the Kennedy people), but recently he said consideration should be given to an "open Convention." He was called by Strauss, by Jordan, and by the President, and then he decided that, having given it full consideration, he was not for an "open Convention." Waverers—or ostensible waverers—are asking for everything from tickets to the Convention for friends to the release of someone from prison. Dan Horgan, who used to be executive director of the Democratic National Committee, is working Pennsylvania for the Carter forces. Horgan, who is from New Jersey, has worked in politics a long time, and understands it. "There are a hundred and eighty-five liars in here," Horgan cracks. He tells me, "If Kennedy was going to do something, he'd have to get fifty votes out of here. There's only a couple of places to do something—this is one of them. There was a moment ten days ago I was scared to death. The Open Convention guys didn't get it for three reasons. The congressmen said on a Friday that they hoped to have a whole lot more names on Monday. I thought they'd have a whole lot more names on Monday. They didn't. Second, they didn't get Byrd in time. And then Kirk made a bad mistake. He said that if there was an 'open Convention' Kennedy'd win. That was the wrong

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mistake. In politics, you must never make the wrong mistake. If he hadn't done that, they could have broke off pieces from the Muskie movement, the Jackson movement. If Bob Strauss had been on their side, it woulda happened. But he was on our side, thank God."

The room is hot. At nine-fifteen, Kennedy arrives. He has been chasing around to caucuses and meetings all day, and he looks pale. One of his close aides insists that Kennedy is enjoying this. "You have to enjoy it to drag yourself around eighteen hours a day. We're trying to get back to the old Democratic idea that politics is fun." Kennedy is still looking for a break in what he and his people see as a static situation. They believe that the "open Convention" move has stalled but also that some break, somewhere, could still change things. Kennedy speaks with a full voice, but he refrains from shouting. "Even though we may differ in the next few days," he says, "we're going to be together in the fall against Ronald Reagan." Kennedy says that "the economy is the issue," and says, "You and I listened the other night to the Republican candidate for President of the United States. . . . He was talking about prosperity. He was talking about jobs. He was talking about putting people back to work and giving them new hope. That's the speech a Democrat ought to be making, not a Republican. We will not surrender the economic issue." He says, "The most important social program in this country is a sound economy." He says that the delegates supporting him "are not bound in any way, other than by their conscience," and about half the people in the room jump up and cheer. He says, "If by any poooor judgment of the Convention they provide a closed rule . . . I want them to vote their conscience on the great issues of the platform and then on the nomination, and I'm still very confident that, voting on their conscience, we'll gain the nomination and go on." And then he is drowned out by cheers. What he has just said doesn't follow, of course. Kennedy is giving it a last try, however futile that may be, but he is also edging his way out, saying that, whatever happens, he will be a good Democrat. Every Convention has some question that comes to dominate it—some "Will he?" For years, the "Will he?" of Democratic politics was "Will Kennedy accept the nomination?" Would he agree to a nomination that was presumed to be his for the asking? Now the "Will he?" is "Will he go on the

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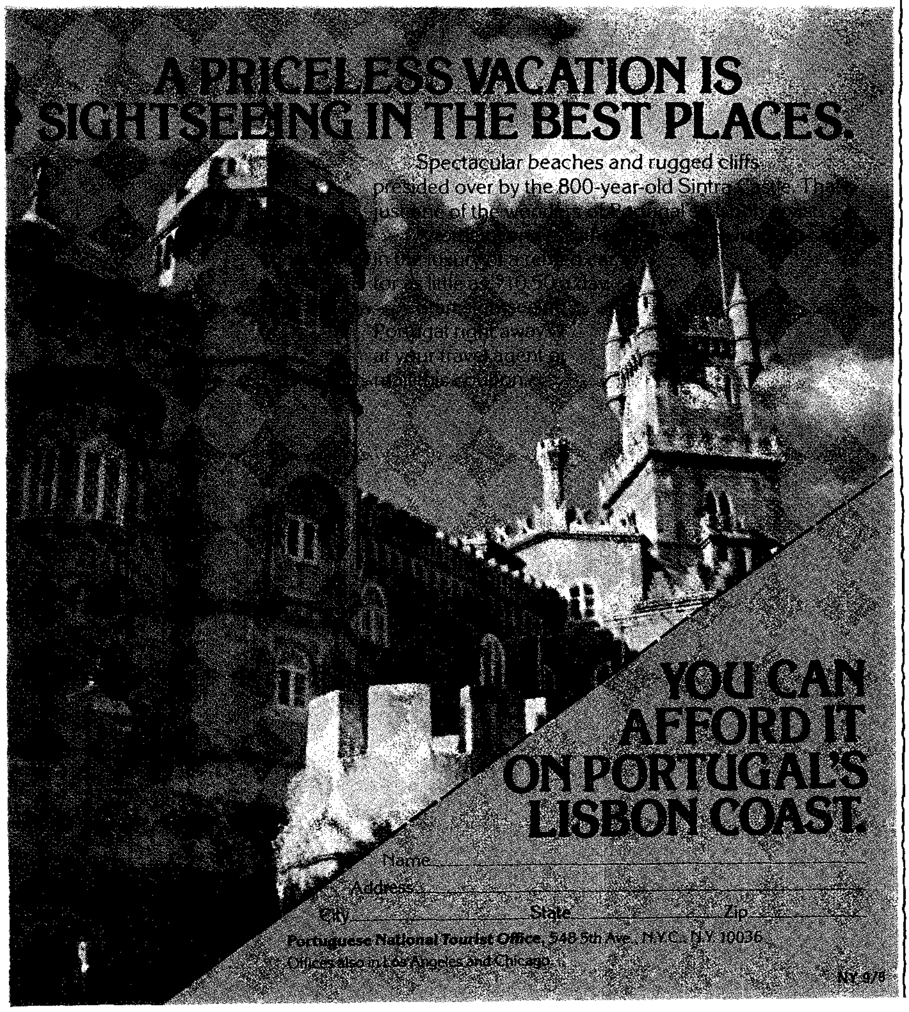

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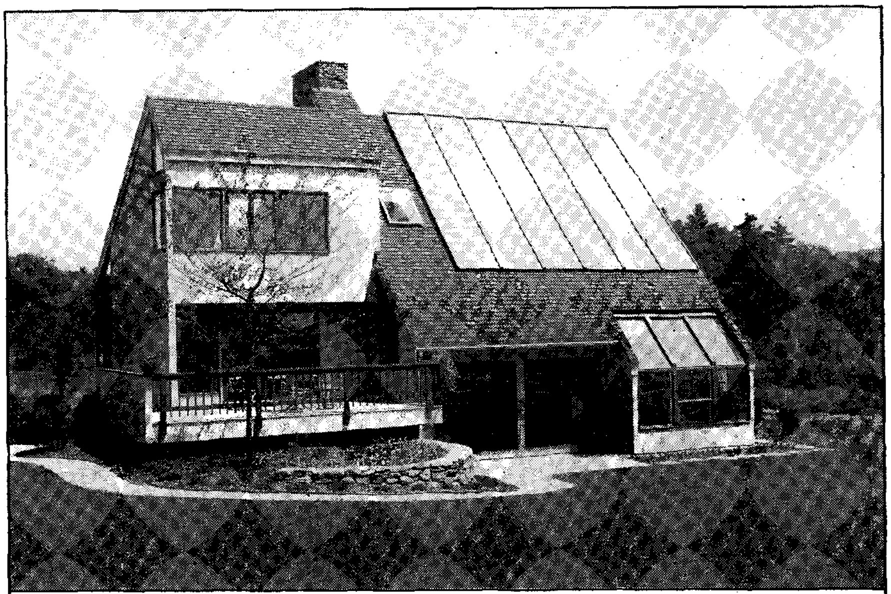
podium and accept defeat?" Of course he will. He can't not.

Kennedy is followed, after a while, by Strauss. It's entertaining to listen to Strauss talking righteously about the need to protect the Party from the brokers. Strauss used to consider the reformers a bunch of troublemakers. In 1976, before Carter's nomination became inevitable, Strauss, then the Party chairman, used to tell people with great relish that the Convention would probably deadlock and then he would gather a group of people in a room—he even named some of the people who would be there—and settle the matter of the nomination. Now Strauss, talking to the Pennsylvania delegates, is the honeyed voice of reason. "There are people going to be looking in on television, my friends, and they're going to be saying, 'Can we trust the Democratic Party?' " He continues, "I say to you that one of the things they're going to grade it on is: Have you kept faith with the contract that the men and women who placed their confidence in you and elected you on, for one primary purpose—to cast their vote for the Presidential nominee they prefer." He tells them, "I don't happen to like the damn rules, if you really want to know what I think about them, but we told the people these are the rules we follow, and as far as I'm concerned they're a solemn agreement with the people who elected you." He concludes by appealing to them as Democrats. "Whatever happens in this Convention, let's remember we're in a tough game. . . . Let's leave here and make up our mind that there's nothing in the world that will unite a bunch of Democrats like Ronald Reagan."

LATE Monday afternoon. The debate on the rule is scheduled to begin at six-thirty, and the vote will be taken an hour later. Just off the Convention floor, Robert Torricelli, who used to be on the Vice-President's staff and who worked on Illinois for the Carter-Mondale campaign, looks worried. "It's still not one of our stronger states," he says. This is the time for the delegates to play out their acts of uncertainty—thus getting attention and who knows what else, and driving both sides crazy. Mayor Byrne has flown into town to work for votes against the rule. Her interest in the matter has energized Thomas Hynes, the Cook County assessor, who broke with Mayor Byrne and the organization and backed Carter in the primary, to help the Carter forces, because he, like some others. He does not want the Mayor to get credit for helping to "open" the Convention. Jerry Cosentino professes not to have made up his mind yet; it was arranged that he would meet privately with Kennedy this morning when Kennedy addressed the delegation. The Carter people have given him floor passes and tickets to a fund-raiser, and offered him a spot on the podium. Richard Newhouse, a black state senator from the South Side of Chicago, is also saying that he is still undecided. Newhouse wants more relief for the Wisconsin Steel Company, in Chicago, which has laid off about thirty-five hundred workers. He is also complaining about what he says is his lack of access to high-level officials. This afternoon, Newhouse told a Carter official that he might use the rule vote to protest the national economic situation. Now a Kennedy whip tells me that Mayor Officer, of East St. Louis, has told the Kennedy people that he might vote with them. The Carter people are still worried about the loss of a substantial number of votes from the Chicago area. Intrastate rivalries have been brought to the Convention, where competitors are vying for larger roles. Roland Burris, the state comptroller and the only statewide elected black official, is in a rivalry here with Cosentino, because both men are seeking higher office. Burris, too, has been offered a spot on the program. (Burris has also asked that Mrs. Carter attend a Goodwill Industries dinner in Chicago in early September, at which he will be named Man of the Year.) Also, in an attempt to please various factions, the Carter people divided the chairmanship of the delegation among four people (two men and two women), one for each night. Cosentino and Burris were the two men. Cosentino wanted to be the sole chairman and was put out. The Carter people think Cosentino can affect up to thirteen votes here. Now, on the Convention floor, William Green, the mayor of Philadelphia, who is a Kennedy supporter and the chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation (the Carter people tried to prevent his becoming chairman, despite the fact that Kennedy won the primary), says, "My guess is that if there is a lot of movement in other states there will be a lot of movement here. It'll balloon if things happen in Illinois; otherwise, there will be a modest number of defections from Carter." Dan Horgan says, "I don't think we've got more than five who might split with us."

At the Illinois delegation, toward



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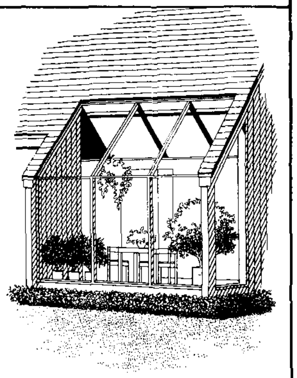

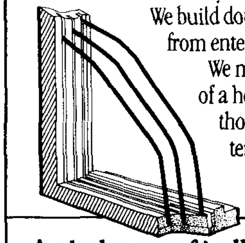

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the back of the hall, it is chaotic. Philip Klutznick, the Secretary of Commerce, who is from Chicago, is here, working the delegates. Edward Quigley, a ward committeeman from the West Side of Chicago and a Kennedy delegate, has a message to call Mayor Byrne on the Kennedy phone at the Illinois delegation, but he can't get the phone to work. He tells me, "I'm a ward committeeman, and I got six delegates." Paul Simon, a congressman from southern Illinois and the leader of the Kennedy forces in the state, is predicting that his side may pick up thirty votes on the rule.

Patricia Driscoll, a Carter delegate, says, "Cutthroat politics is what it's all about." She points in the direction of Donna Matteo, and says, "Ask her."

Miss Matteo, a young woman in a peach dress, is a Carter delegate from Chicago. She says that the Byrne people offered her a job in an unspecified city department. She tells me that the offer was made today, "by a close personal friend of mine," and that she refused.

Now Quigley pulls Cosentino, a stumpy, broad-faced man, aside for a chat.

I was told earlier that Anthony Scariano, a former state legislator and a Carter delegate, was opposed to the rule because he had always been against the principle of loyalty oaths and for the principle of open meetings. A number of other Carter delegates, Congressman Russo, and Vice-President Mondale have all called him, to no avail. "I have very strong feelings about Conventions," Scariano tells me now. "Delegates should not be locked in on a loyalty basis. Phil Klutznick was just here lobbying me, in a very nice way. I told the Vice-President last week, 'Why have a Convention if the delegates are locked up? They don't bind the Electoral College in most states; why bind delegates to a National Convention?' " Then, having spelled out his reasons of principle, Scariano adds, "I'll vote for Carter. But if we had a stronger, more attractive candidate on the scene, I would switch. That's something Carter doesn't understand—that a lot of people are for Carter not because they love Carter so much but because they love Kennedy less."

Then, I ask Scariano, if the Convention were "open," would he go for another candidate?

"I certainly would," he replies. "Morris Udall or Mondale, or perhaps even Muskie. I want to keep that op-

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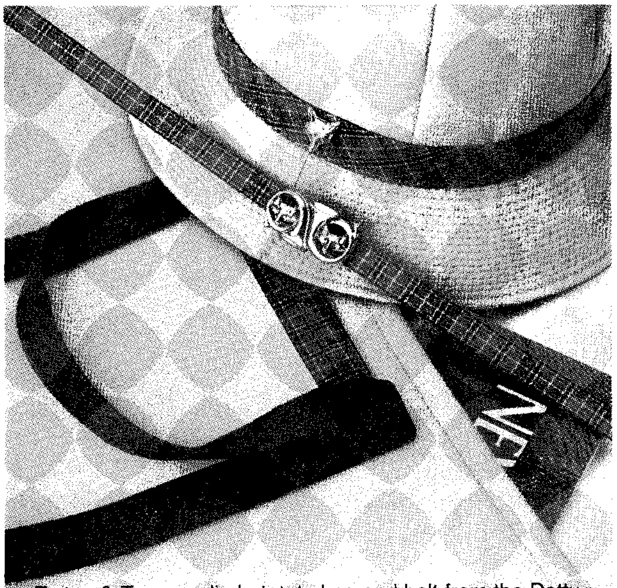

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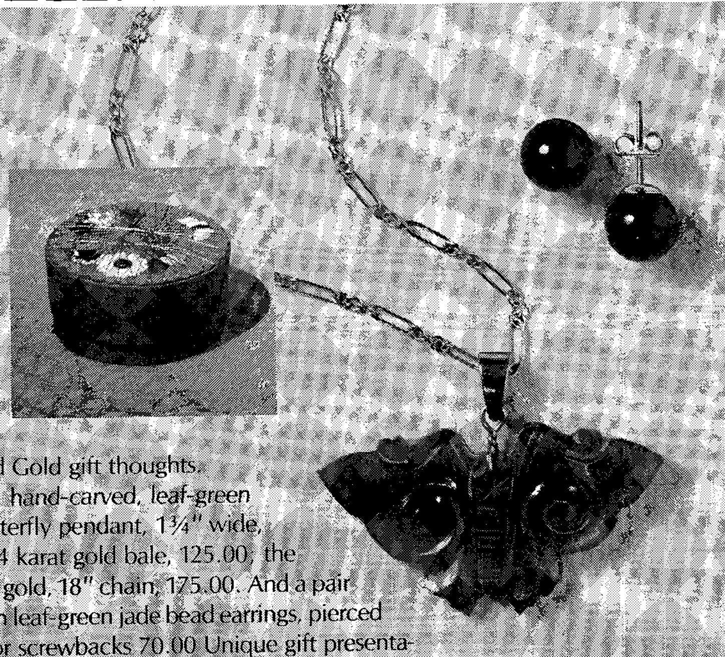

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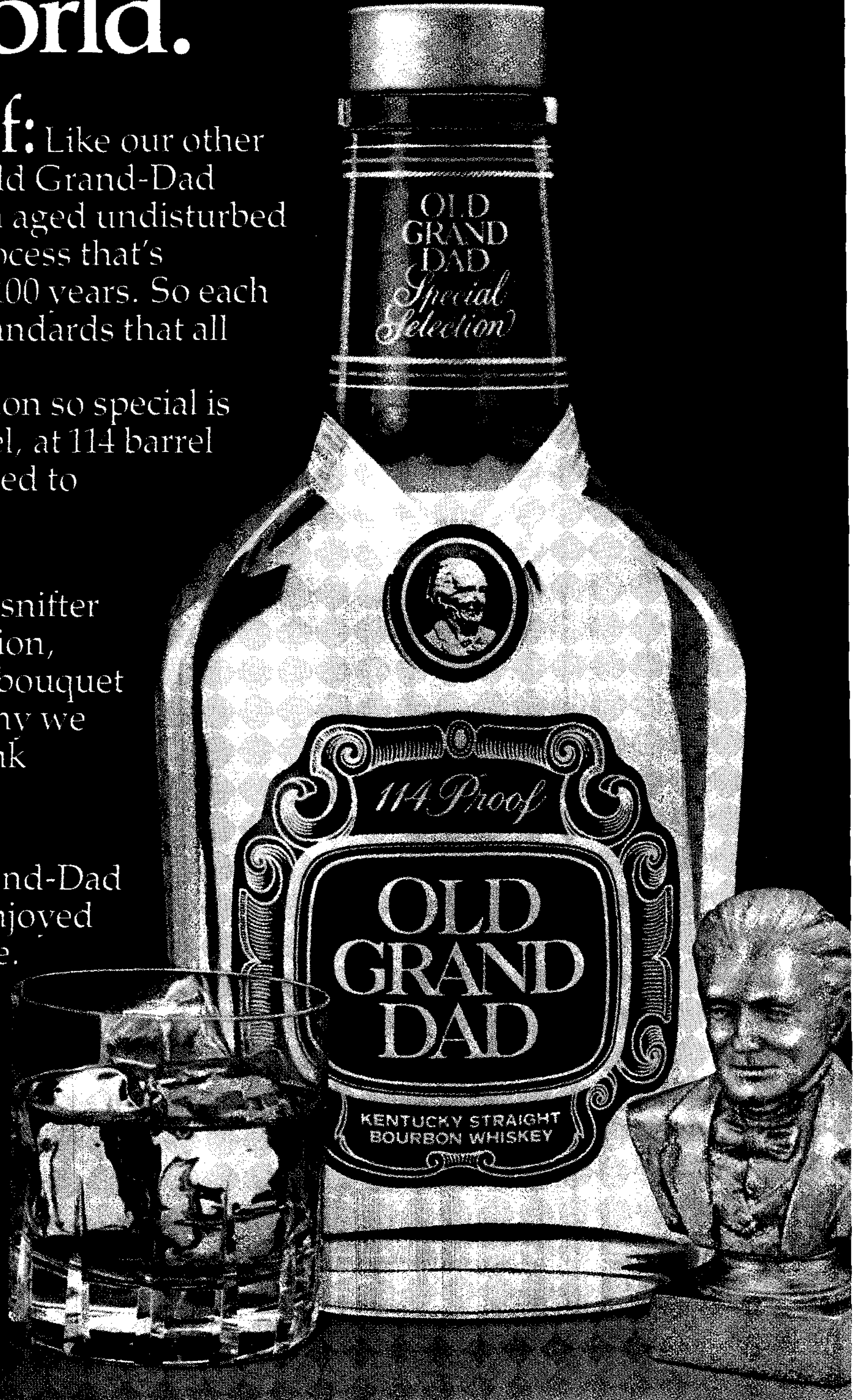
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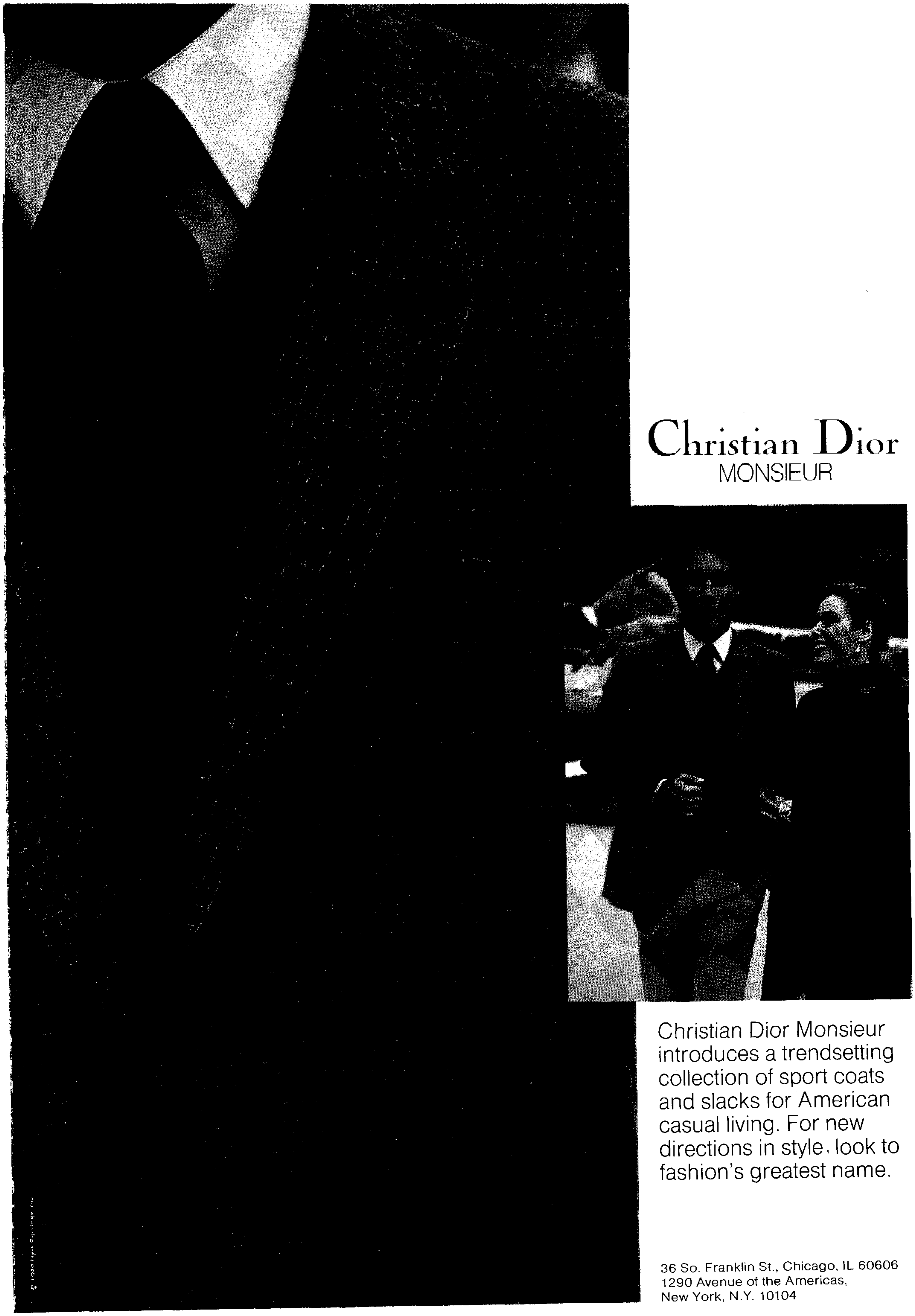

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tion open. Why shouldn't I extend it to everybody else?"

I ask him if the Carter people have given up on him and are leaving him alone.

He replies, "Oh, my God, no."

Now Eugene Eidenberg, a tall, partly bald forty-year-old man with a mustache, talks to Cosentino. "You O.K. on the rule?"

Cosentino replies, "Yes."

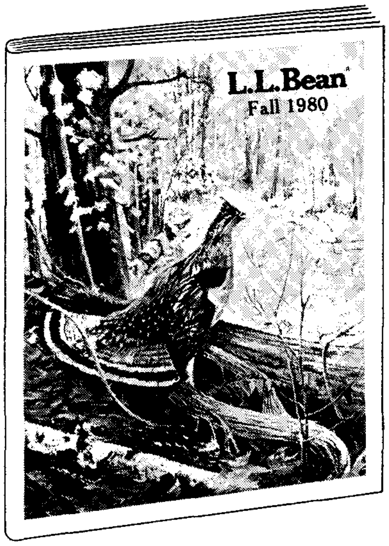
Eidenberg asks, "What did you tell your people?"

Cosentino replies, "I told them that they were all on their own, and that I have some principles about me, and that I told the President I would vote for the rule. But don't bother me anymore." To me, he says, "What they put me through for three weeks!" Eidenberg is not satisfied with Cosentino's reply, and moves to assure Cosentino's friends here that Cosentino is being paid attention.

Now Eidenberg goes to have a chat with Sue Morris, a Carter delegate and the wife of the mayor of Waukegan. She had told Carter campaign officials that she didn't think Carter was doing enough about the economy, and that she would not vote with them on the rule until she was convinced that Carter would do more. The Vice-President called her but was apparently unable to persuade her.

Another uncertainty is Vince Demuzio, a state senator from the Springfield area, who is upset that there is not more in the platform about the disposal of toxic wastes. It has been worked out by the Kennedy forces that if Demuzio votes for the "open Convention" Kennedy will give a speech on the Senate floor on the subject of toxic wastes. That's what Kennedy has to offer. At the state's caucus this morning, Stuart Eizenstat, the President's chief adviser for domestic policy, promised Demuzio a letter setting forth the President's policy on the subject, and Demuzio has also met with three White House officials who deal with the toxic-wastes question, and a member of the Carter-Mondale campaign staff indicated to Demuzio that the Administration would work for new legislation on the subject.

Now a group of black delegates from various states, with Richard Newhouse as one of the leaders, has gone to talk to Jordan and Strauss, in a Carter trailer, to demand a session with them tonight or tomorrow; its agenda is jobs, Justice Department action against the Ku Klux Klan, and access to high-level Administration offi-



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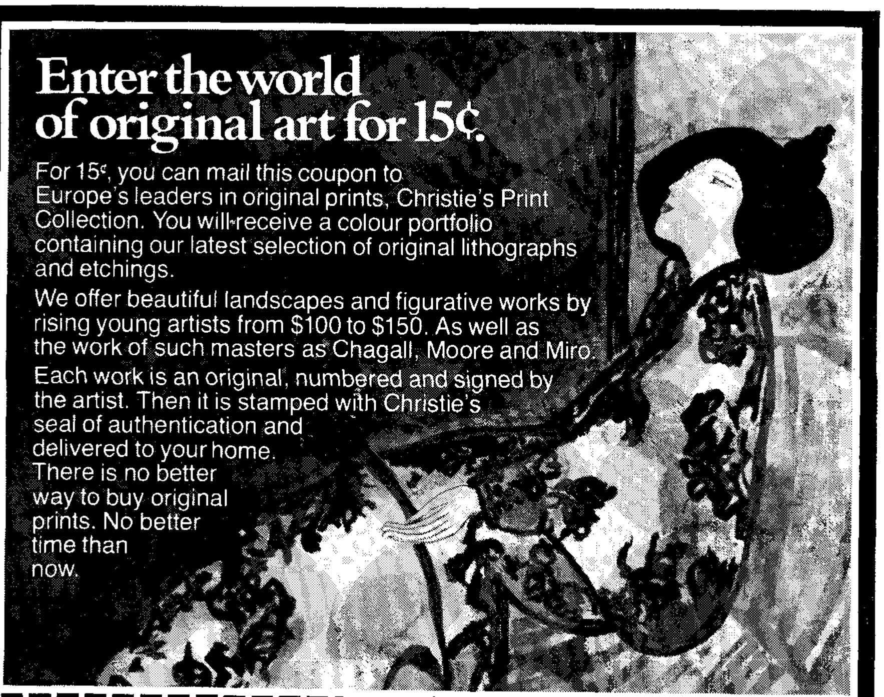

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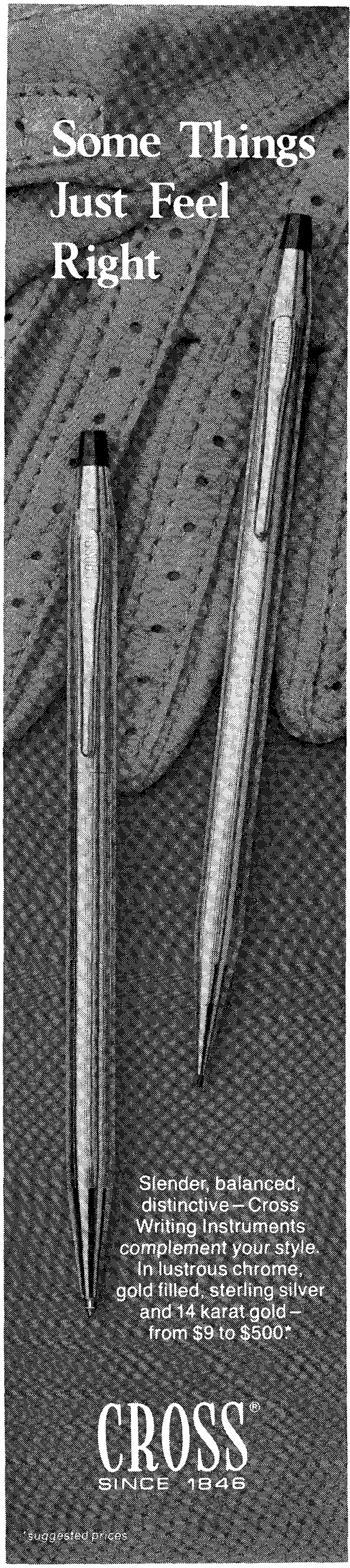

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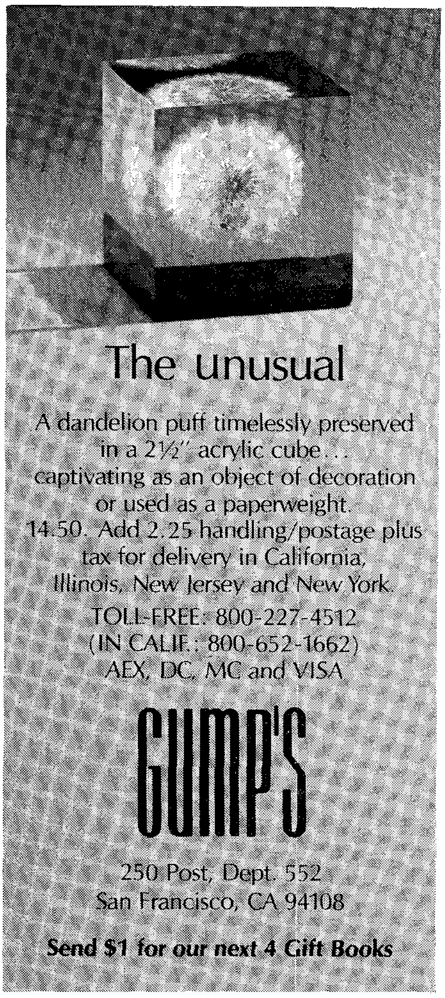
cials. They are promised a meeting tomorrow.

Outside the Carter trailers, Tom Donilon, who is twenty-four years old and is in charge of keeping track of the delegate count for the Carter-Mondale campaign, is in shirtsleeves, and looks worried. He sends Richard Moe, the Vice-President's chief of staff, on a mission to Maine. The Carter people got word that Governor Brennan was starting a Muskie movement in the state delegation. Jordan has got the President to phone Muskie, who is vacationing in Maine, to have him phone the Maine delegation and tell them to call the thing off. Strauss himself told some Maine delegates that if they went against the President on the rule they would embarrass Muskie. It's hot and crowded back by the trailers. The whole Convention is overcrowded, in fact. The number of delegates has doubled since 1960: as the reforms broadened participation and required more representation of minority groups and women, rather than throw anyone out the Party just grew.

Inside the Convention hall, Edward Bennett Williams is addressing the delegates. "Can it be that in the name of reform we are suspending freedom?" he says. But few are listening. An argument over Party principle is in reality a bareknuckled Carter-Kennedy fight. On the floor, one of the congressmen behind the "open Convention" move is depressed. "The Kennedy people would rather go down in flames," he says. "He should have withdrawn. People have been talking to people very close to Muskie, and I think he would have made a move if we could have got this Convention open." Communication about matters such as these is usually indirect and obscure: people deal in codes and signals and grunts; people tell people what they want to hear; people hear what they want to hear. The congressman continues, "We pushed all the buttons we could in the last few days; we tried to get all sorts of people to announce their candidacies in order to stop Carter."

Off the floor, Paul Kirk has come out of the Kennedy headquarters, a corner room adjacent to the Carter trailers, and announced—obviously trying to influence what is happening on the floor—"We had a big victory yesterday with the platform, and today the momentum carried over to the caucuses. There'll be a big surprise here in New York, just as there was in March." (That was when Kennedy won the New York primary.)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As the debate over the rule proceeds, the hall grows more emotional—but not very emotional, given what is at stake. This will be, in effect, the balloting on the nomination. But there is a kind of limpness here. Dianne Feinstein, the mayor of San Francisco, speaking from the podium, and speaking forcefully, says, "We don't change the rules after the game has been played." She refers to the fact that people argue that the polls are bad, and therefore someone who won twenty-four out of thirty-four of the primaries should be denied the nomination. Conditions change every minute, she says. "You could change candidates every month."

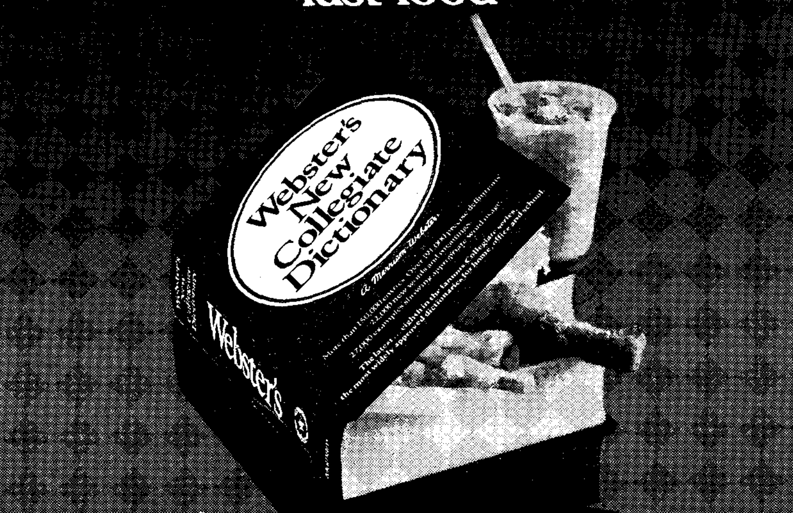
Through it all, P. J. Cullerton, an elderly man, sits quietly. He is a Chicago ward committeeman and a Kennedy delegate. His arms are resting on a gold-handled cane, and he is wearing diamond cufflinks and a Piaget watch bordered with diamonds. He tells me he has been to every Convention since 1932. He was around when Richard Daley, the late mayor of Chicago, was in a position to throw a delegation to one candidate or another. "I'm for the 'open Convention,'" Mr. Cullerton tells me. "I like to have a little flexibility at Conventions."

Carter officials are all over the floor. I run into Reubin Askew, the former governor of Florida, who is now the President's Special Trade Representative. He tells me that he is on the way to the Florida delegation. "Just going there to hold some hands," he says. Landon Butler, who is in charge of White House liaison with labor groups, is talking to labor delegates. At Illinois, Chip Carter, the President's son, has been by to have a chat with Marjorie Winkelhake, a Carter delegate from Urbana, who opposes the rule on principle.

Several aides to Mayor Byrne—one an administrative assistant and another her patronage chief—turn up and stroll around amid the delegation. Richard Newhouse returns, and a number of people ask him how he is going to vote. He tells them, "I'm not saying anything." Then he tells Eidenberg, "I have it under advisement."

Thomas O'Neill—lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, a Kennedy man, and the son of the Speaker of the House—is hovering around the Illinois delegation. O'Neill has been working for the past few days trying to pry Illinois loose. He shakes his head and says to me, "What motivates the political mind sometimes escapes me." He says, "Every time we get someone

fast-food



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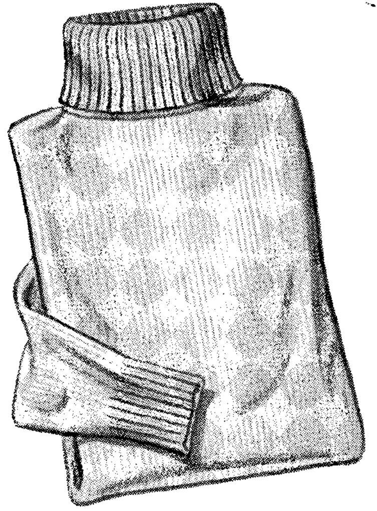

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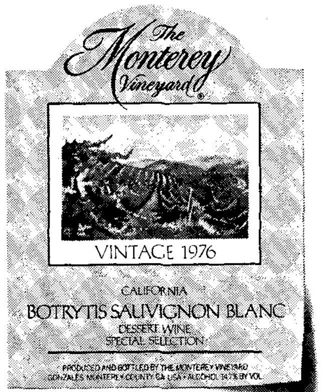

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on the philosophical value of the thing—openness connotes a nice thing—the Carter Cabinet descends."

Eidenberg asks Jesse Jackson, who has happened along, to talk to Richard Newhouse. This is the kind of thing the Carter people know how to do: they fan out their troops and use all the resources at their command, and they work relentlessly. They have spotted problems quickly and dealt with them quickly. It is the same thing that they did all through the primaries. But they don't seem to know how to apply the same methodicalness and clarity of purpose to governing.

THE balloting begins. The delegates' votes are marked on yellow sheets, which are then collected by the state whips. California passes. A mob forms around Richard Newhouse. He votes for the Carter position. Illinois passes; the tally is not complete. Eventually, it is, and the vote is a hundred and fifty-three for the rule binding the delegates and twenty-six against; the Kennedy forces picked up only ten votes. Five Carter supporters from Chicago defected; Sue Morris, Marjorie Winkelhake, and Anthony Scariano also voted against Carter. Vince Demuzio stuck with Carter. The Illinois vote cannot be announced until all the states have been called. Most of the states' votes are exact or very nearly exact reflections of Carter's and Kennedy's delegate strength. Kennedy picks up a few votes here and there, but there are no big breakthroughs. Before the end of the roll call, it is clear that it's all over.

The casting of the final ballots is just a formality. Kennedy picked up only eight votes in Pennsylvania. The vote to "open" the Convention is thirteen hundred and ninety to nineteen hundred and thirty-six. After all that, Kennedy and the "open Convention" forces picked up only about fifty Carter votes. The Kennedy people on the Convention floor, realizing what has happened, shout, "No, no, no!" But not very emotionally, and not for long. Neither side seems very emotional tonight.

Outside the Carter trailers, Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, who looks unaccustomedly relaxed, says the President called up a little while ago and spoke only to Tom Donilon, the delegate-counter. Powell is asked about the black delegates who came back for a talk earlier this evening. He replies, "We were doing what I assume the other side was doing. If there were delegates who still

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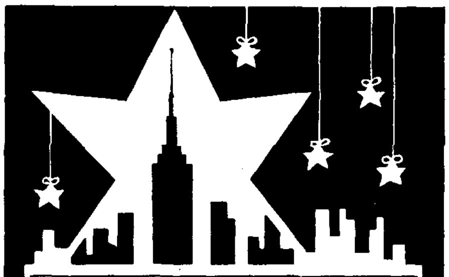

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had questions or were wavering, we brought them back for a chat."

Donilon appears. Now he is wearing a jacket; his babyish Irish face has the pallor of someone whose life for many months has consisted of computers and telephones. He is asked what the President said. Donilon replies, "He asked me if he could take Rosalynn off the phones to the delegates."

At about ten o'clock, Kennedy appears on television to comment on the vote. (In the Convention hall, a boring film about the writing of the platform is being shown, and none of the networks have it on.) First we see the Kennedy family, and Kennedy's close friend John Douglas, a Washington attorney who served in the Justice Department with Robert Kennedy. Kennedy's sisters campaigned for him enthusiastically, as they did for their other brothers; this year must have been a baffling one for them. This is the end for Kennedy—an end that has been postponed, or prolonged. The focus by this time is so much on how long he stayed in, whether one admired or disapproved of his tenacity, that it has almost been forgotten with what expectations the whole thing began. Now Kennedy appears, looking solemn, grim. He essays a little joke. "I'm deeply gratified by the support I received on the rules fight tonight—but not quite as gratified as President Carter." He continues, "I'm a realist and I know what this result means. I have called President Carter and congratulated him. The effort on the nomination is over. My name will not be placed in nomination." Then, for the first time in a long, punishing campaign, a campaign that delivered him more blows than most people can take, his disappointment shows. He has difficulty composing himself: he is clearly fighting to keep his face in control, and his voice trembles slightly. He says, "I continue to care deeply about the ideals of the Democratic Party. I continue to care deeply about where this party stands, and I hope the delegates will stand with me for a truly Democratic platform. Tomorrow, I will speak to the Convention about the economic concerns that have been the heart of my campaign." The time has come to end the campaign, and he knows it, but he still doesn't let go of Carter. The Carter people had hoped to effectively end the contest with Kennedy tonight, so as to get on with putting the Party together, and to make Reagan the opponent for the rest of the week, but few thought that he would

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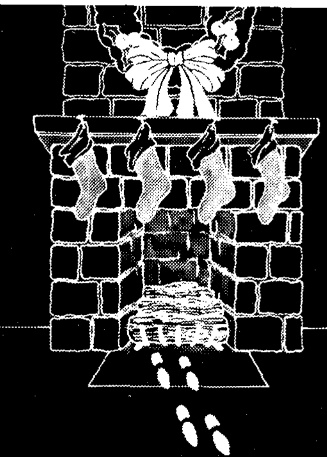
withdraw. On the Convention floor, the delegates are largely unaware of what has just happened.

Tuesday. Late morning. Robert Strauss, sitting in his suite on the forty-ninth floor of the Sheraton Centre (formerly the Americana), the Carter headquarters, looks tired. He has just met with Jordan and Moe. "We're trying to work on the platform thing," he tells me. "I have a call in to Senator Kennedy, and I'm waiting to hear from him. Hamilton has a call in to Kirk, and he's waiting to hear from him. We have a very simple problem and a very difficult one. There are certain political things a President can give on and ones he can't. He can't accept a twelve-billion-dollar jobs program. What I'm trying to work out is how do we work out these differences politically—to say that there are differences between us but they pale when you put our positions alongside Ronald Reagan's. I don't think people want to see an arrogant President who refuses to deal politically or one who caves. We're going on the floor tonight with a lot of people with political constituencies who find it very difficult to reject some of the Kennedy planks—and they're adroitly drawn, to make it difficult to reject them. I've been meeting with some mayors and some black leaders to see if we can submit some language Senator Kennedy can live with. The problem is, if I were him I'd want to go through with a real tough speech and have a roll-call vote, to validate my candidacy from last November to now. If I were advising him, I would advise him to do that."

The Carter people have come up with a draft statement saying there may be differences between Carter and Kennedy on how to provide more jobs but they agree on the goal. What is going on now is a replay, on a larger stage, of the fight that Carter and Kennedy carried on at the midterm Party Conference, in Memphis, almost two years ago—a fight over the constituency of the Party. The Carter people insisted then, as they insist now, that the interest groups assembled were not and are not reflective of the Party as a whole, to say nothing of the country. Carter's problem now is that he may have been able to hold labor unions on the question of the *nomination* but he will *not* be able to hold them on an issue that is put in terms of jobs. Whether Kennedy's proposal is the solution to the unemployment problem—and honest people differ over that—is irrelevant at the



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moment. This is a political fight, revolving around symbols more than substance.

Now Strauss says to me, "I want the right noise and the right music to come out of here. We handled last night well. We were able to identify problems almost within the hour and deal with them. I called a man in Wyoming for a half hour while the roll call was going on. I called him when they were three states before Wyoming. We were working to make it as neat as possible. If you have a little tiny run in your stocking, it's not a big problem. If you have a big run, it's a big problem. It's best if you have no run at all. Our instincts after the vote were to make a very brief statement. That was a good decision—not to get up in those anchor booths and gloat. We're cautioning our people not to sound anti-Kennedy tonight. We're telling them that what happens in that hall is what the people in the anchor booths think happened, and the other side is going to structure a squabble as best they can. The same people in the media who were working Kennedy over last week will have lumps in their throats tonight. The American people will hear lumps tonight. I want tonight to be as mild and sweet as it can be. I've told our people, and I believe, this will not be a good night. This will be a Kennedy night. I'm a realist. Tonight will belong to Kennedy. It'll be 'the gallant fight' tonight. Our victory will come on Thursday night. Those are the political realities as you figure out how to get from here to November 4th."

TONIGHT, the Convention floor is decked out with blue-and-white Kennedy posters and blue balloons. Strauss was right. This is to be Kennedy's night. In a sense, Kennedy and the President aren't arguing over very much, and, in a sense, they are arguing over a great deal. Given the spectrum of American politics, the details of what each of them is proposing are not very far apart. But their approaches to government, their political viscera, are very different indeed. And the substantive differences between the two men have become exaggerated by the situation they're in. Kennedy's politics had been more liberal than Carter's, but Kennedy got into the race essentially because he didn't think much of Carter's leadership and also because Carter was very low in the polls. That Kennedy hadn't figured out a rationale for his candidacy which he could explain to the public was what got him started off so badly and was one of the factors that

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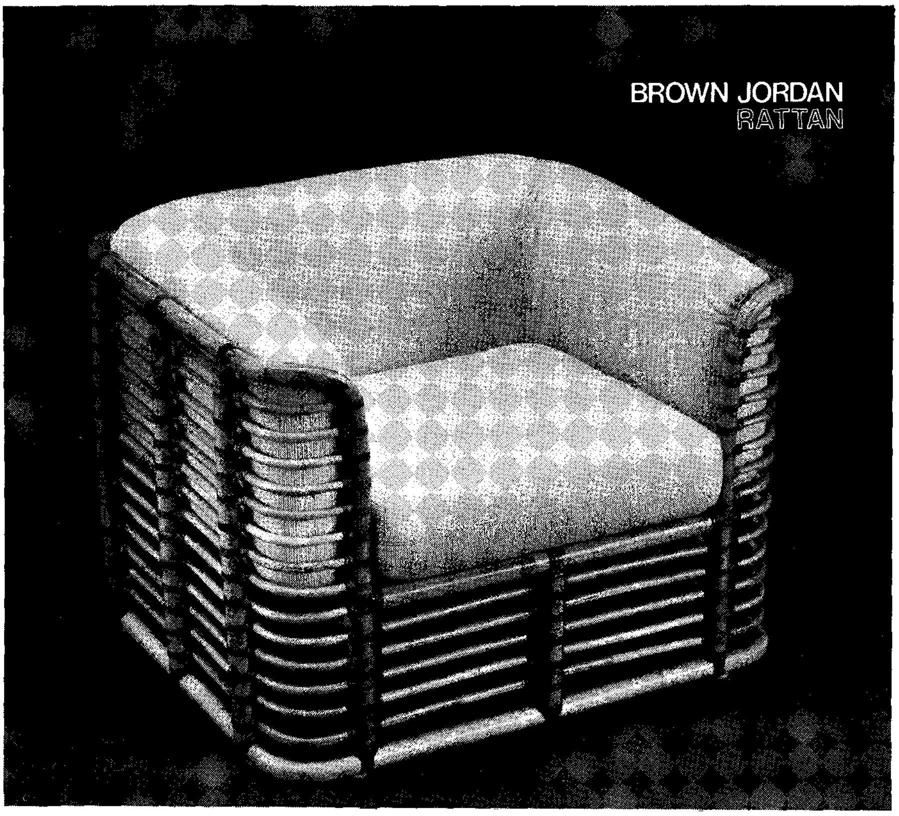

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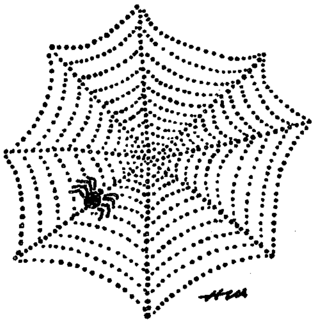
doomed his candidacy. It took him a while to find how to explain what he meant by "leadership." His search for a rationale led him to give the speech at Georgetown University, in late January, in which he staked out policy differences with Carter. It often happens in campaigns that the candidates search for differences, or create them, and, having found them, exaggerate them; they have to have something to talk about, after all. But Kennedy and Carter are very different kinds of men, out of different cultures and political traditions, and that, more than programmatic details, defines the differences between them.

On the way into the Convention hall tonight, I encountered a young woman who has worked for the Kennedys for many years and who worked on this year's campaign. "At least he's alive—that's the big thing," she said.

Once again Administration officials have fanned out across the Convention floor. At the Pennsylvania delegation, Stuart Eizenstat, looking worried, as he usually does, is talking earnestly, which is how he usually talks, to K. Leroy Irvis, a black, who is a Carter delegate and the minority leader of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. Irvis points to a paper that has been circulated containing what is termed "compromise economic language" on the economic plank. It talks of how much concern the Democratic Party has shown for jobs over the years, mentions programs already under way and the one that the President is to offer soon, and says, "The Democratic Party is prepared to offer economic solutions which are equitable, which are realistic and significant, which will reduce unemployment while we also continue to fight against inflation." Irvis says to Eizenstat, "If you want my support, I want stronger language than what I see here. Don't waste my time. I don't like the specific twelve-billion-dollar figure, but I don't like this Pablum."



Eizenstat says that Jesse Jackson endorses the language, and that "we've worked with Lane Kirkland."

Behind them, a Kennedy floor whip is frantically shouting, "Lane Kirkland has not agreed to this compromise!"

In fact, Kirkland, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., has unleashed his troops to work for the Kennedy minority report. Kirkland is dubious about the economic program the Administration keeps promising that it will offer, and he wants labor to put on a show of strength here. He still hopes to extract from the Administration a program substantial enough to offer some hope, and to fire up labor to work for Carter this fall. "We can go only so far with an anti-Reagan campaign," Kirkland has said to me. "That's a lousy way to campaign. Carter's got to have something to offer to working people." Labor, obviously for bargaining purposes, has put forward a twenty-five-billion-dollar economic program. In recent weeks, Kirkland tried to mediate between Kennedy and Carter, to see if some agreement on an economic program could be worked out, perhaps in a way that would allow Kennedy to get some of the credit and then step aside—something like the "compact of Fifth Avenue" that Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller reached just before the 1960 Republican Convention. Kirkland believed both sides to be interested. But political realities kept the thing from coming to pass. The Kennedy people's position, which they outlined both to Kirkland and to Carter's representatives, was that they were interested in more than simply platform language—they wanted to see a program. And though the White House said that it was willing to compromise, it seemed more interested in striking a deal with labor which would have had labor campaigning for the Carter approach rather than acting as a mediator. A couple of weeks ago, the President dined privately with Kirkland. A White House aide said to me, "We're working on an economic plank that labor will sign on to and Kirkland will agree to. If we succeed in doing that, it will have the effect of isolating Kennedy." But the Carter side had decided not to try to come up with an economic program yet. And the Kennedy people got a new burst of hope from the Billy Carter problem and the move for an "open Convention." Besides, the Kennedy people wanted to save something to fight about at the Convention, and knew that the jobs plank was their strongest weapon.

This afternoon, Ray Marshall, the Secretary of Labor, read to Kirkland the "compromise" language that is being circulated tonight, and Kirkland found it more forthcoming than the Administration's previous offerings, but by that time his people were going all out for the Kennedy jobs proposal, and were taking the opportunity to show that, by God, there was a labor presence at the Convention that had nothing to do with Carter or Kennedy. Kirkland told the Administration that he would not reverse field unless the Kennedy people were willing to do so. The Kennedy people had no interest in compromising, and from the looks of things tonight they do not need to. This morning, Paul Kirk told Richard Moe that the Kennedy side was going ahead with its twelve-billion-dollar jobs plank and if the Carter people wanted to come along, fine. The "compromise" is being offered in the name of some blacks who back Carter. Bill Clinton, the governor of Arkansas and a Carter supporter, has urged the Carter people to accept the Kennedy plank—in light of Kennedy's withdrawal, of the likelihood that Kennedy will give an emotional speech tonight, and of labor's support for the plank. He told them that the President could still demur slightly in his statement on the platform. This afternoon, there was a roll-call vote on another Kennedy proposal—one saying that a jobs policy "is our single highest domestic priority." It carried by three hundred and seventy votes. Pennsylvania, with its ninety-four Kennedy delegates and ninety-one Carter ones, voted for it a hundred and fifty-six to twenty-nine. A Carter whip says to me tonight, "This one's going to be worse." Not only is labor working hard for the Kennedy jobs proposal but Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio have been hit especially hard by the current recession. Carter floor whips have told Jordan, Strauss, and Donilon that the Administration can't win this fight and shouldn't try to. A good number of the whips are labor representatives, and have refused to help the Administration on this one. The N.E.A., Carter's most loyal union, has released its members to vote as they wish. Shortly after seven, Strauss and Jordan called the Carter floor leaders and state whips off the floor and gave them a pep talk. They said that they were not going to abandon the Administration's economic policy or trade away the platform, even though they might lose. Strauss told them, in effect, "I know it's hell out there, and it's going to be a bad night for us, but the next two nights will be good. If this plank carries, the President will disavow it tomorrow night, so we should all get behind him and try." Late this afternoon, Strauss talked to several important Pennsylvania delegates off the floor and asked them to support the President on the economic plank. They told

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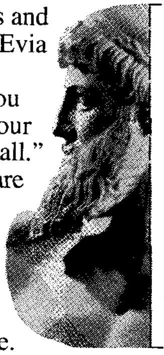

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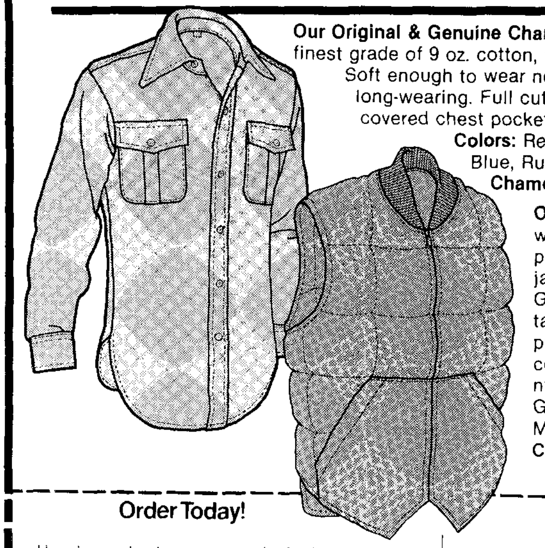

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him that they couldn't go back to their people, who were closely aligned with the labor movement (some are elected officials dependent on labor), and pressure them to reject this plank. Strauss said he was sure they'd do what they must, and thanked them.

On the podium, Neil Goldschmidt, the Secretary of Transportation, is talking about the "compromise," and saying that it is acceptable to the President. He is booed. Now the Carter whips are handing out another paper, containing a brief outline of the Carter Administration's objections to the Kennedy proposal and saying that a vote against it will be a vote for the "compromise." Goldschmidt is saying, "We are not here to apologize . . . not to excuse mistakes—for some have been made." Ray Marshall and Charles Schultze, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, are lobbying the Michigan delegation. William Miller, the Secretary of the Treasury, is working the floor. Even Alonzo McDonald, the White House staff director, who is more familiar with business-management techniques than with politics, is roaming the floor. The Convention floor is a hot mass of rumors, people, noise. The Kennedy people and the labor people are spoiling for a fight against the Administration, rebelling against the Carter style of government. It is too cool, too moderate, too bloodless for these people. This is the sweaty heart of the Democratic Party. Carter is remote from it, unable, for various reasons, to identify with the style and substance of the traditional Party, and the Party people smell that in him. He is a Southern politician who never had to fight the Republican Party or identify with the ethnic groups, and he can't persuade these people that in his bones he is one of them. Kennedy, with his jobs proposal, is trying to show Carter, as he did in Memphis, who really owns the Democratic Party. Carter may have whipped Kennedy in the primaries, as he said he would, but Kennedy wants to whip him now. Now Andrew Young, speaking on behalf of the Administration, is telling the Convention, "I remember people looking at the Voting Rights Act and saying, 'It isn't enough.' " At the Ohio delegation, Martin Hughes, the delegation chairman and an international vice-president of the Communications Workers of America, is telling Tim Hagan, the chairman of the Cuyahoga County Democratic Party and the head of the Kennedy forces in Ohio, that he has asked his people to identify all the labor votes in Ohio, and he says

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that he thinks he can get at least twenty-four Carter delegates to join with the seventy-seven Kennedy delegates on this vote.

Barbara Mikulski, the tiny congresswoman from the streets of Baltimore, introduces Kennedy. She was to have nominated him tomorrow night, but this will have to suffice. There are screams, shouts, cheers as Miss Mikulski finishes her introduction and, with the band playing "MacNamara's Band," Kennedy comes onto the podium. It is the first real emotion of the Convention. He nods in acknowledgment of the cheers—no big gestures now—and finally begins to speak. He starts out joking that "things worked out a little different from the way I thought," and then goes into his speech. "My fellow-Democrats and my fellow-Americans: I have come here tonight not to argue for a candidacy but to affirm a cause." His tone is sombre, and the audience listens attentively. In fact, I cannot remember a Convention floor being so still. "I am asking you to renew the commitment of the Democratic Party to economic justice." He speaks slowly, firmly—does not shout, as he often did during the primaries. "This is the cause that brought me into the campaign and that sustained me for nine months, across a hundred thousand miles, in forty different states," he says. (He is identifying his campaign and also pointing out, subtly, that Carter stayed in the White House.) "We had our losses; but the pain of our defeats is far, far less than the pain of the people I have met. We have learned that it is important to take issues seriously but never to take ourselves too seriously." Kennedy's unusual resilience, his actual disinclination to take himself too seriously—his capacity for recognizing the ridiculousness of various situations—are a large part of what kept him going. Now, in a number of ways, he reminds the audience of what he says is the historic cause of the Democratic Party, the commitment that has "defined our values, refined our policies, and refreshed our faith"—the commitment to "the common man." He says that it is not just an economic but "also a moral issue that I raise tonight." He recites the principles behind his economic proposals—that unemployment should not be used to fight inflation, that employment will be the first priority—and says that these "have been the soul of our party across the generations." Kennedy has been talking about these things for months now—saying, as he says tonight, that he be-

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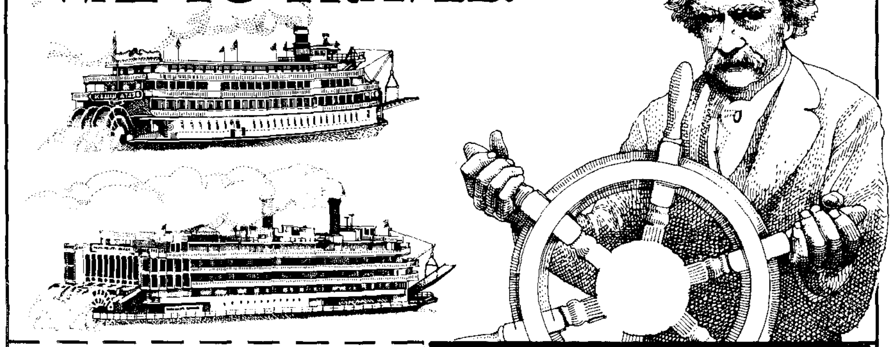

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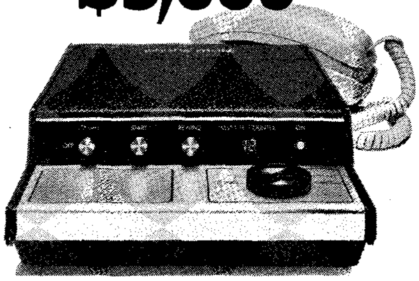
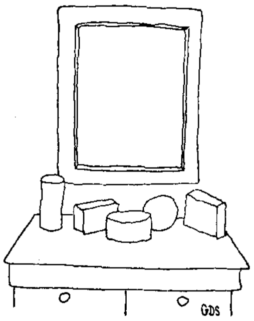


lieves in "the ideals of the Democratic Party" and in the potential for a President "to make a difference"—but never so well as now. He has always been one of the Party's most commanding speakers, but, as was widely known, he can also stumble around and talk in semi-coherent half sentences—and did at the outset of the campaign. Then he seemed to lose confidence in his speaking ability. Many of his formal speeches were stiff, and to the end he could not control the shouting, though he knew it was a problem. He also gave some bell ringers—but these were not news, and the country rarely saw them. The news was when he stumbled or shouted. Perhaps it didn't matter; perhaps it was always the case that his personal life was too flawed for the country to accept him. We shall never know, because there were so many elements in his defeat. Perhaps, as the Carter people insist, his politics were wrong even for the Democratic Party; but that is not clear, especially tonight. Now he is taking this one last opportunity to show 'em—show 'em he can speak, show 'em who can seize the Democratic Party and bring it to life—and to throw the issues in Carter's face one more time. But he does not dwell on Carter; the challenge is implicit.



As Kennedy settles into his speech, his delivery gets stronger; a speaker knows when he has a hold on his audience, and grows more confident. He takes on Reagan. He quotes some Reagan statements, and says that "that nominee is no friend of" labor, the cities, the senior citizens, the environment, and so on. He quotes Reagan as saying, "Fascism was really the basis of the New Deal," and says with great indignation, "And that nominee, whose name is Ronald Reagan, has no right to quote Franklin Delano Roosevelt." The audience roars its approval. He is even setting the style for campaigning against Reagan. Then he defines his liberalism—something he had not seemed to do all year. "The commitment I seek is not to outworn views but to old values that will never wear out. Programs may sometimes become obsolete, but the ideal of fairness always endures. . . . It is surely correct that we cannot solve problems by throwing money at them; but it is also correct that we dare not throw our national problems onto a scrap heap of inattention and indifference. The poor may be out of political fashion, but they are not without human needs. The middle class may be angry, but they have not lost the dream that all Americans can advance together." He has touched on the core of the Democratic Party's problem—a problem of definition. He skirts some of the hard questions—the questions imposed by limits, by resource constraints, by the growing anger at what are seen to be the failures of government, and by the fright and frustration of the middle class. But he does suggest that a number of politicians these days are confusing what is fashionable with what is right; he is reaching in there and reclaiming the moral base and the heritage of the Democratic Party. He is reminding these people what they are supposed to stand for. Bell ringers may not answer hard questions, may not deal in studied analysis, but they can move people, and the ability to move people is the beginning point of leadership. Tonight, he does not mention wage and price controls, which he advocated in his Georgetown speech, and which are included in one of the platform amendments that will be voted on after his speech, and he does not mention gasoline rationing, which he also advocated at Georgetown and then dropped, because his advisers thought he was advocating too much "big government." He does talk about tax reform, an idea that Carter used to advocate but has dropped. But the focus is on providing jobs, an unexceptionable goal. "There were some who said we should be silent about our differences on issues during this Convention," he says. "But the heritage of the Democratic Party has been a history of democracy. We fight hard because we care deeply about our principles and purposes." He is reminding them that not everything can be glossed over. His speech, while it is well written, contains more than a little soaring rhetoric, melodrama, and sentimentality, and it works. He has created and defined this moment. He is ringing emotional chimes that the audience seems to want to hear. It is like listening to a great aria for its own sake, even though one knows what is to happen next. Kennedy has absolutely taken over this hall. Perhaps if he were still a candidate the audience would not be so receptive, but we shall never know. It is clear that this will be seen as one of the memorable moments of any Convention. This must be giving him satisfaction; he knows that Carter cannot do this.

This speech must be paining Carter, and Mondale. He summons up scenes from his campaign—recalls Leonard Trachta, the Iowa farmer who did not know whether he would be able to pass on his farm to his children, and who became a staple of Kennedy's Iowa campaign, and the elderly woman in Oakland, during Kennedy's campaign for the final round of primaries, who told him she could not afford a telephone. He congratulates Carter on his victory, quickly, and says that he is confident the Democratic Party will reunite. And then, in a dramatic finale, he evokes the memory of his brothers, quoting lines from Tennyson that they quoted ("I am a part of all that I have met"), and closing with a line that calls up twenty years of memories: "For all those whose cares have been our concern, the work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die."

The applause goes on and on. Kennedy comes back to the podium to acknowledge it a few times, waves briefly to the crowd, and is gone. The cheers of "We want Ted!" continue. Tip O'Neill—whose heart must be with what Kennedy has just said—cannot bring the Convention to order. So he stops trying, and lets them get it out of their systems. On the floor, William Green tells me he estimates that Pennsylvania will now support Kennedy's economic plank a hundred and eighty-five to nothing. Just before Kennedy spoke, the Carter whips in Pennsylvania took a quick vote and found that they had five votes out of the hundred and eighty-five delegates. An aide to Mayor Richard Caliguiri, of Pittsburgh, who is a Carter supporter, went off the floor and suggested to Hamilton Jordan that the Carter delegates be released on the economic plank. "We're going to kill the five we're sitting on," he said. Jordan said that the Carter campaign's position was no but that they should do what they wanted. The aide returned to the floor and told the delegates they were free. There is a report that Minnesota, Mondale's state, will overwhelmingly support Kennedy.

O'Neill and Kennedy people and Carter people on the podium are on telephones. It is clear that negotiations are taking place. After the demonstration has gone on for about thirty-five minutes, O'Neill finally gavels the Convention to order and calls for voice votes; a last-minute decision has been made, given the emotion on the floor, given the drubbing the Administration would take, to skip the roll call on Kennedy's economic proposal. The

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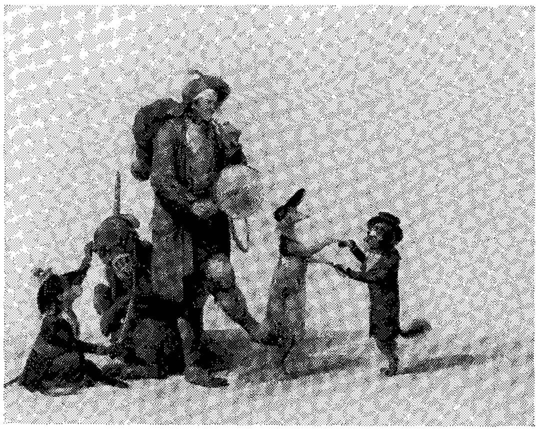

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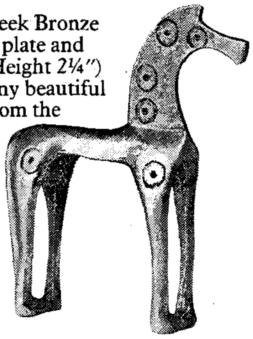

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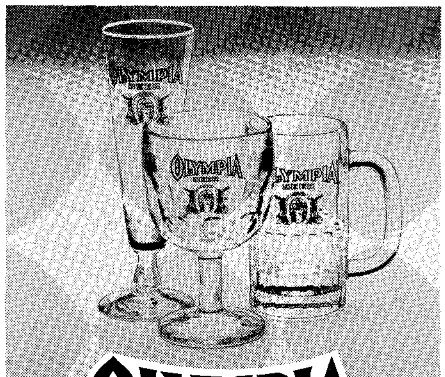

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ayes for the plank drawn out the noes, and O'Neill says, in his big voice, "In the opinion of the chair, the ayes have it." He swiftly and firmly moves through the vote on three other proposals, and—in clear contradiction of the sound in the hall—rules that the noes have it on the Kennedy proposal for wage and price controls. It is obvious that a deal has been struck and the Administration has decided to cut its losses.

WEDNESDAY. Tonight, the Convention hall is decked out with green-and-white Carter posters and green balloons. But the attention is still on Kennedy. The big question is how Kennedy will react to Carter's reaction—required in writing before the nomination tonight—to the platform. Kennedy, in his headquarters at the Waldorf, is still in command of events. Carter arrived here this morning (his arrival at Newark Airport was taken, as it was probably intended, as a slap at Carey), and all day there have been meetings of Administration officials and meetings and calls between Administration officials and A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials (including Kirkland and Douglas Fraser), and Hamilton Jordan has been shuttling between the Sheraton Centre and the Waldorf, where he discussed with Kirk the President's possible reaction. Kennedy still has a lock on Carter, because he has not yet endorsed him, and the "Will he?" about his appearance on the podium endures; Kennedy demonstrated convincingly last night that he will have a great deal to do with how much enthusiasm the delegates have for Carter when they leave New York. Once again he has maneuvered Carter into a situation where Carter is caught between the demands of the Democratic constituent groups and what he deems to be the mood of the electorate at large. One of the last meetings between Administration and labor officials was in the hotel room of Kenneth Young, Kirkland's executive assistant, on the eighteenth floor of the Sheraton Centre. There is to be a meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council next week, and Kirkland needs to have enough to offer so that the Council will endorse Carter. Some of Carter's advisers suggested today that Carter essentially accept the Kennedy plank, but there were two sticking points: the twelve-billion-dollar figure and, more important, the strong disinclination to appear to be giving in to Kennedy. One of Carter's advisers said to me today, "We

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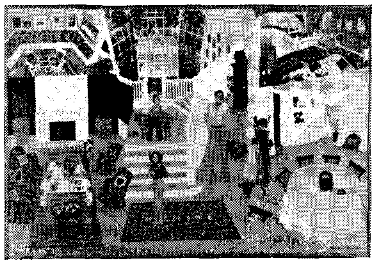

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have a problem here. We don't have the ideological control over the delegates we had in '76. This time, we were the incumbents, and we had to turn to the Party regulars—elected officials, labor—and they have their own agenda."

This Convention is beginning to get on people's nerves. It's too hot out, the streets are too jammed, and Madison Square Garden is too difficult to navigate. The multitudinous guards seem to take pleasure in directing you from one spot to another by the longest possible route. It has sometimes seemed that one got from the Statler, the Convention headquarters, to the Garden, across the street, via New Jersey. And inside the hall there are too many boring speeches. Slots on the podium have become a form of patronage. Tonight, Roland Burris gets his moment: he introduces John Y. Brown, the former president of the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation and present governor of Kentucky, who shouts on about nothing in particular. (Jerry Cosentino, apparently annoyed that Burris has been given a spot on the program, has now refused to speak.)

The only speaker who has anything interesting to say tonight is Jerry Brown. Brown's unconventional style did not go over well this year, and he folded his campaign after the Wisconsin primary, in April. Brown, as might have been expected, did not have staying power. He came across as too exotic, too cold, a bit contemptuous of people, a soloist. He seems even more of a loner than Carter. Now the press reports are that Brown is going to try out a new style: the conventional politician, the party man. As a first step, he will campaign for the Carter-Mondale ticket. Brown begins tonight by praising Kennedy "not only for his moving speech last night but also for a long career dedicated to the cause which binds us all together," and he quotes Franklin Roosevelt. Roosevelt is getting quite a workout this summer. Brown attacks Reagan, which is apparently to be his role in the campaign. And then he turns to some of the new, harder questions. At least Brown is interested in ideas: "How will we—as but four per cent of the world's teeming population—prosper past the next four or five Democratic Conventions?" He talks about pension funds as a source of investment capital. He says that "we have not found jobs for all those that want them, because we have not adequately focussed on the work that must be done," and he spells out some suggestions. "We cannot sustain a way of

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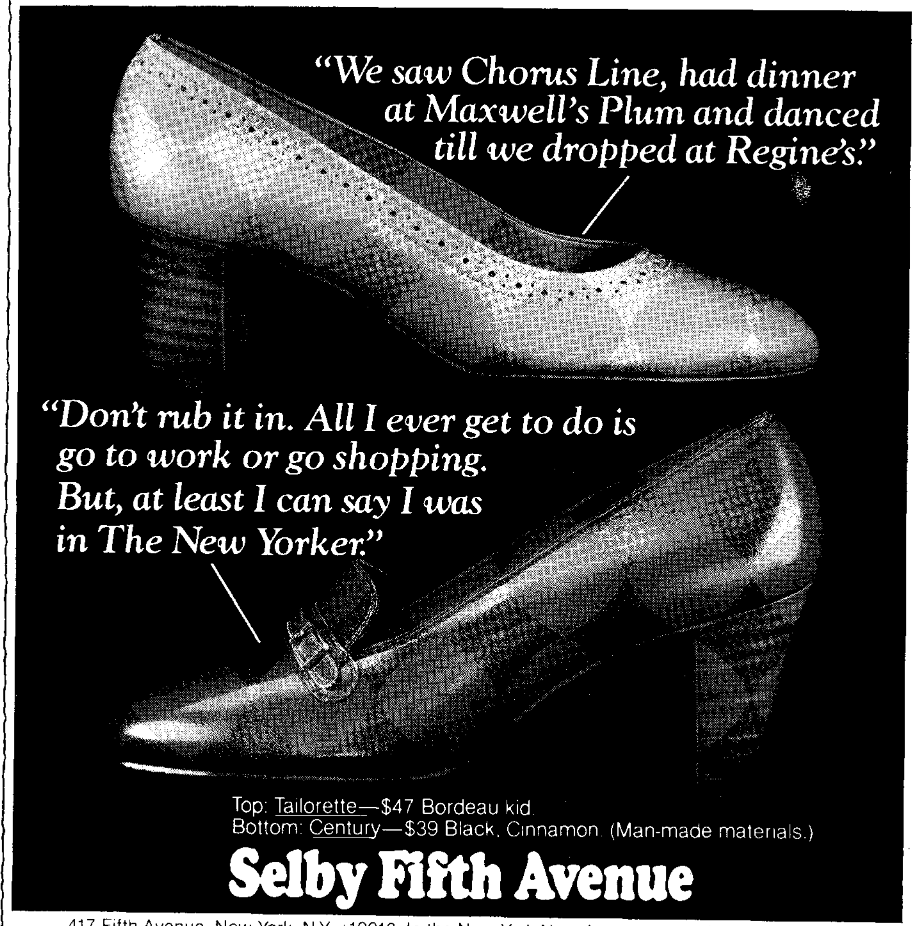
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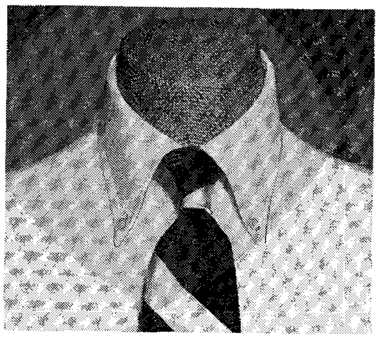

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life that uses one-third of the world's basic resources for but a few per cent of its people," he says. Not many politicians are willing to talk this way.

The President's statement on the platform has been released, and copies of it are being circulated on the floor. After struggling all day, the Administration came up with this wording on the Kennedy jobs plank: "I accept and support the intent behind [it] and plan to pursue policies that will implement its spirit and aims." In the statement, Carter also talks about how much his Administration has already done to create jobs and about his forthcoming economic program, and he deals with the question of spending by saying, "The amounts needed to achieve our goals will necessarily depend upon economic conditions, what can be effectively applied over time, and the appropriate concurrence by Congress." Lane Kirkland has let it be known that he approves. Now, again, the wait is for Kennedy. The Carter people decided not to disavow a plank added by the Convention yesterday which called for the withholding of funds from Party candidates who did not support the Equal Rights Amendment. Despite the fact that a number of people think this a poor principle—other groups could impose similar restrictions—the Carter people decided that its political impact would not be nearly so negative that they should risk the wrath of its supporters at this Convention. Another plank adopted yesterday called for federal funding of abortion; in his statement tonight, Carter reiterates his opposition.

JUST outside the Carter trailers, I ask Gerald Rafshoon what impression he is trying to create for tomorrow night. He replies at once, "Excitement." The President is still working on his acceptance speech—which he has had weeks to prepare. Rafshoon has concerned himself with the Convention program, the speakers, and the floor interviews. "We have some kids taking down everything that happens on television," he tells me. "If Tom Brokaw is talking to some Kennedy people, we get Neil Goldschmidt over there."

THERE is not much excitement when Bob Graham, the governor of Florida, makes the nominating speech for Carter. (Graham was selected to nominate Carter because, according to a Carter adviser, he wanted to do it, Carter badly needs Florida in order to win in November, and Graham has been very helpful to Carter for some time. Among other things, he and his political organization helped Carter win the Florida caucus test vote in October—an event that was the first public indicator that Kennedy would have no easy time of it.) When Graham finishes, the delegates cheer dutifully. In the Ohio delegation, the labor delegates, holding the green-and-white posters, pump their arms up and down as if doing calisthenics. The Kennedy delegates look disconsolate. The Carter whips, acting as cheerleaders, try to keep the cheering—"Jimmy! Jimmy!"—going. The demonstration doesn't last very long—about ten minutes—and the seconding speeches don't get much reaction.

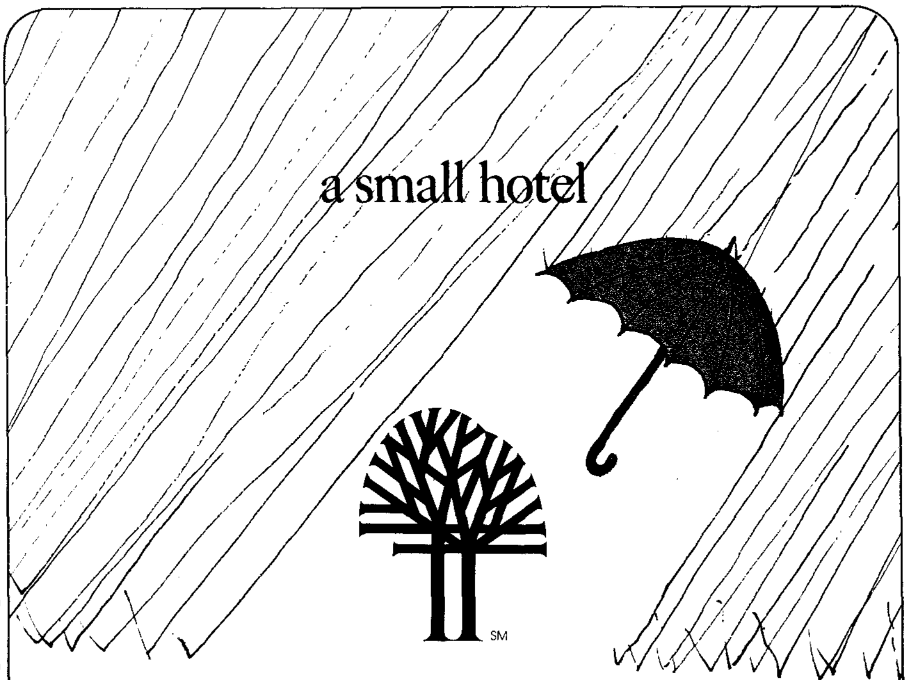
As the balloting proceeds, Kennedy receives almost as many votes as he would have if he had remained in the contest. On the Convention floor, Bill Clinton, the governor of Arkansas, a Carter supporter, is uneasy. He tells me that he is discomfited by the number of votes for Kennedy. "We've reached out, but not far enough," he says. When, shortly after midnight, Texas puts it over the top for Carter, there is a great cheer and the band strikes up "The Eyes of Texas." This Carter victory has been a long time in coming, but still there is some excitement at its arrival. The story of Carter's renomination is a remarkable one. However they did it, they did it. But on the Convention floor only a small percentage of the delegates seem truly worked up. By the end of the balloting, Kennedy has received the votes of all but seventy-eight of the delegates originally pledged to him: the final tally is Carter twenty-one hundred and twenty-nine, Kennedy eleven hundred and forty-six.

Kennedy has issued his statement, which has been awaited all night. It seems a grudging one. It says, simply, "I congratulate President Carter on his renomination. I endorse the platform of the Democratic Party. I will support and work for the reëlection of President Carter. It is imperative that we defeat Ronald Reagan in 1980. I urge all Democrats to join in that effort."

Gerald Rafshoon, being interviewed on television, says that for Jimmy Carter "that's a badge of courage, to be unpopular."

THURSDAY. Hard to believe, but the talk has started up again about whether Kennedy will run four years from now. Kennedy's people have let it be known that he will be on the podium tonight. One of his top aides says that it was a close call. They may have thought it was, but Kennedy had no choice. In a talk I had with the aide this afternoon, he explained the thinking that had gone on in the Kennedy camp for some time. They knew that the numbers were against Kennedy's nomination. They felt that an "open Convention" would have made it easier for them but not necessarily that they would have won under those circumstances. They recognized that the "open Convention" movement, having picked up steam, seemed to stall during the week before the Convention began. They tried to do what they could to affect the movement—among other things, Kennedy had talks with Jackson and Byrd before the Convention—but they knew that the final impetus for an "open Convention" had to come from elsewhere, and it never did. They felt that some important Party leaders or delegation leaders, or an important delegation, had to break with Carter. They knew that calls for an "open Convention" by such people as Byrd and Carey would not suffice—that there was a distinction between, on the one hand, the congressional leaders, and even the governors, and, on the other, the delegates. They thought up until the last moments that the break might come in Illinois.

The plan had been to go ahead with the nominating process even if the Kennedy forces lost the vote on the rule. But the margin of the defeat on Monday night clarified their thinking. After the roll call, Kennedy talked to John Douglas, to Paul Kirk, who was at the Garden, to some of the aides who were with him, and to one of his sisters, Jean Smith. A statement was drafted, and he withdrew. As for the decision on whether to appear on the podium, the aide said "it was a near thing." He said that Kennedy "felt a very strong obligation to the issues, and felt a very strong obligation to the people who had worked for him in the primaries." He continued, "Unless there was movement on the issues, he couldn't go up there and act as if it were just a game and he were just an old pol. Maybe it was inevitable, but from the conversations he was having I know he had not made up his mind until last night." The big question last night, of course, was how to respond to the President's response to the platform; from the Kennedy point of view, the principal problem was that Carter did not accept the jobs plank as Kennedy intended it. Several drafts were written; one would have expressed regret at



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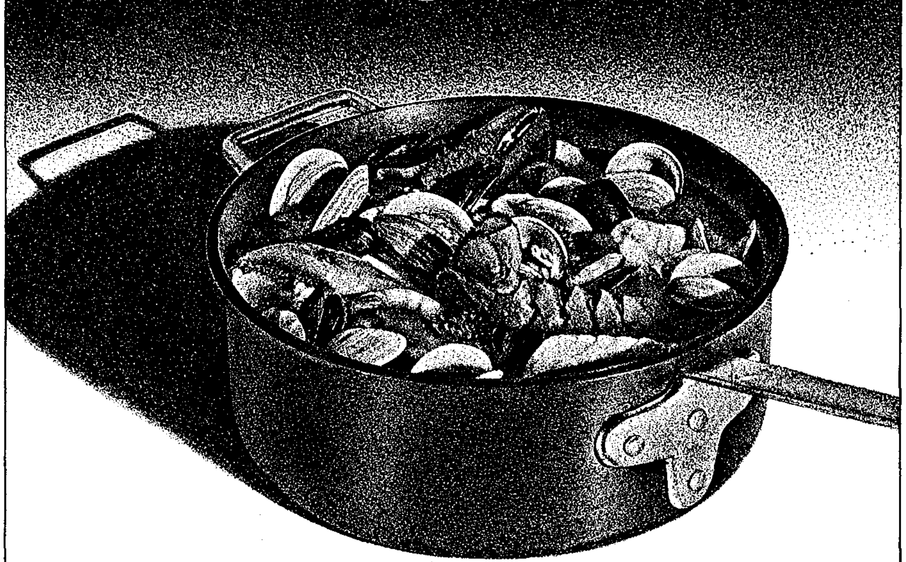

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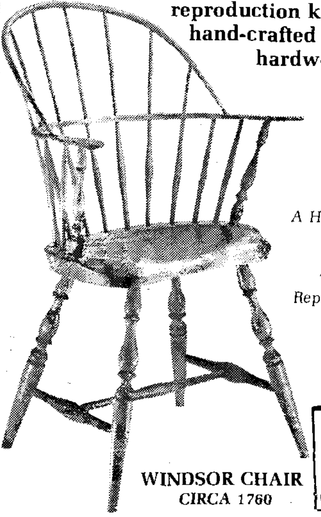

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Carter's failure to endorse the plank, stressed the importance of defeating Reagan, and refrained from endorsing Carter. But there were practical considerations: the Convention was proceeding, and there was talk that some of the Kennedy delegates would walk out. For both selfless and selfish reasons, the Kennedy people did not want that to happen. They did not want to cause a rupture in the Convention, and if there was a rupture they didn't want to be held responsible for it. As the evening went on, Kennedy decided that he would disregard Carter's response to the platform and issue a simple statement endorsing the platform, mentioning the importance of defeating Reagan, and endorsing Carter.

Kennedy apparently believed for a long time, and up to the end, that Carter had not been true to Democratic principles, that the economy was in a shambles because of Carter, that Carter would be a weak foe against Reagan—that, simply, Carter would not be nominated, because it wasn't right. The Kennedy people had thought all year that events would catch up with Carter, but they did not reckon on the cohesion of the Carter delegates. A Kennedy aide says, "Everything happened as we said it would. We won all the states we should have after New York, except Ohio, which was damn close. The economy was getting worse, and he was going down in the polls. It all caught up with Carter—except his delegates stuck."

THERE has been a lot of talk, inevitably, in the past couple of days about whether the Democratic Party can "reunite" after this week. Delegate after delegate is asked about this on television. But the division here is of small dimensions compared with that of 1968 or 1972. Moreover, the statements the delegates make here now don't mean very much. One Kennedy aide likened the reactions of the disappointed delegates to angry letters that one should put in the drawer for a while. Time will cool some people off, and the Carter forces are hoping that Reagan will bring others around. The problem that the Carter people are facing is not so much the division at the Convention as it is lack of enthusiasm for Carter. (John Anderson has come to town to try to pick up the support of some of the Kennedy people, which is somewhat embarrassing. Anderson seems to be floundering.) In a conversation I had with Hamilton Jordan late this afternoon, he said, "The thing people have got to remem-

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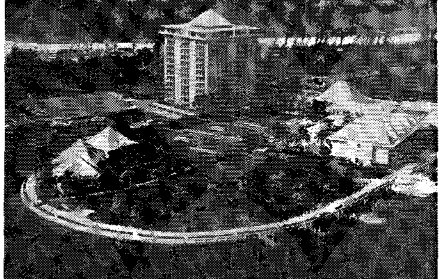

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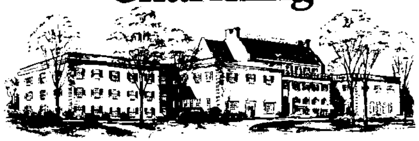

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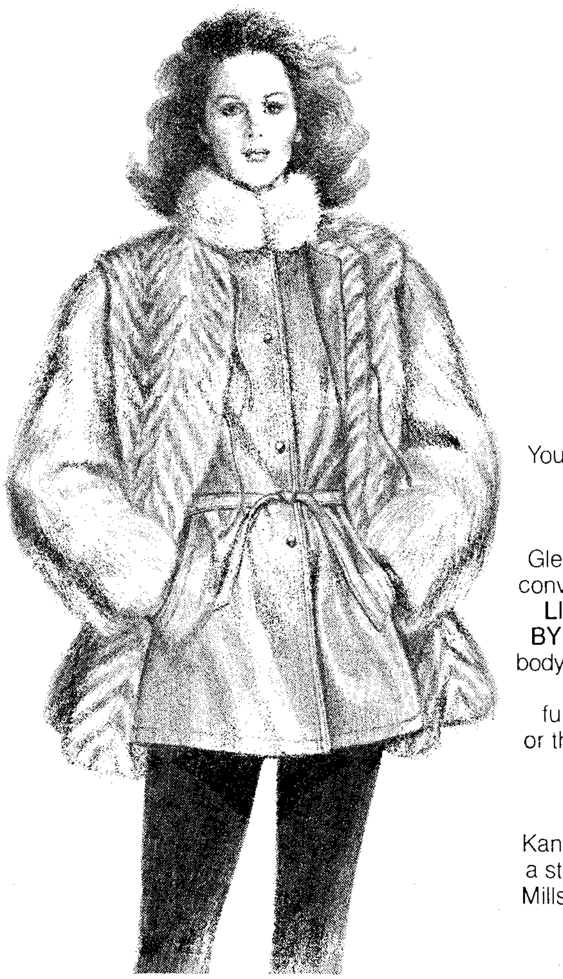
ber is that next Monday morning everyone who was here will wake up and realize that no matter how unhappy they are with Jimmy Carter, the alternative is Ronald Reagan. A lot of groups, in their own self-interest, will come together and unify the Party." After a great deal of discussion among the President's advisers, it has been decided that he will campaign with what might be termed a "semi-Rose Garden strategy." There were those who wanted him to stay in the White House for the most part, on the theory that that would make him seem more Presidential than campaigning would. Several of the President's advisers, including Jordan, essentially accept Caddell's theory that it is the challenger to the President who becomes the issue, who must explain himself—as Carter did in 1976, and as Kennedy did this year. Therefore, it was argued, the President should be left to being President, and the opponent should be left out there running around and being subjected to the scrutiny of the press. The other side argued that Carter could win reëlection only if he was seen to be out there fighting for it.

TONIGHT, Bill Clinton, the governor of Arkansas, who is thirty-three, gives what is probably the most thoughtful speech delivered here all week. Clinton addresses himself to some of the hard realities, and to the question of why so many people are alienated from the political system. "They cannot be moved by the symbols and accomplishments of the Democratic Party of the past," he says. He is addressing the difficult transitional period that government is facing—Kennedy did not do that—and he does it in substantive terms. Carter is experiencing that transitional period, but he cannot explain it.

THE hall has been deliberately packed tonight. Party officials want to make it as difficult as possible to move through the aisles, so as to prevent any unwelcome demonstrations.

MONDALE'S acceptance speech is well received. He has managed to get through the Vice-Presidency without making many enemies. His political instincts are more liberal than Carter's, and he has somehow conveyed this without seeming disloyal. In his speech, he touches on the symbols of the Democratic Party and pays tribute to its leading figures, including Kennedy and Muskie. He gives his own



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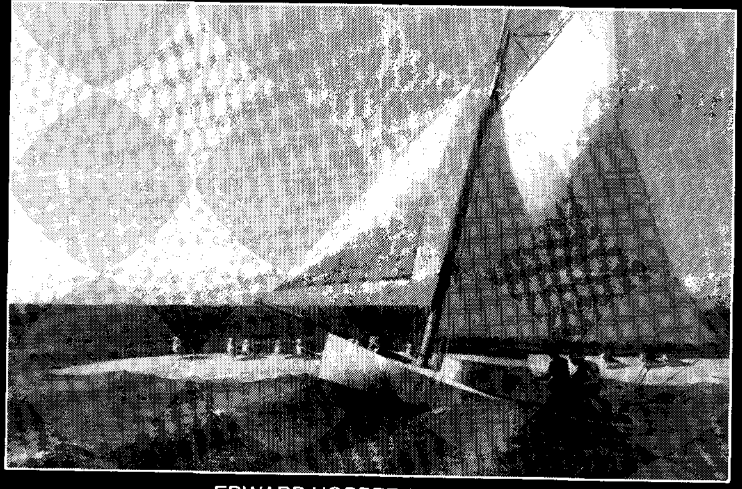

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definition of the Party: "We believe in the fundamental decency of the American people. And we believe in strong, efficient, compassionate government." He does his own version of what Hubert Humphrey, his mentor and patron, did to Goldwater at the 1964 Democratic Convention (a scene that was shown in a film tribute to Humphrey last night): he says, in a litany, various things that "most Americans believe" and adds after each, "But not Ronald Reagan." The audience enjoys it and joins in. Mondale has a lot of Hubert Humphrey in him (the voice is different, but even the speech cadence is similar), but he is a more modern man, and also more contained. Mondale has a good sense of humor, but he is not as jolly as Humphrey was. Over the past four years, Mondale has become more comfortable addressing a large audience, more confident. In his speech, he makes fun of Reagan's proposal to cut taxes by thirty per cent over three years. He, like Kennedy, throws some of Reagan's quotes back at him. He goes at Reagan hard, and somewhat excessively. He lists what he says are the accomplishments of the Administration: the number of jobs that have been added to the work force (he does acknowledge that "there are still too many Americans unemployed"); increases in spending for health care, housing aid, food stamps, education; appointments of minorities and women. He calls it a "progressive agenda" and a "good, solid, progressive record." He talks about what a complex job the Presidency is, and then taunts Reagan for having sat in Detroit "drawing up a plan to divide the Presidency and weaken its power"—for convening "a Constitutional Convention in his hotel room." The Democrats plan to make use of the strange events occasioned by the possibility of a Reagan-Ford ticket. Mondale says that real defense spending fell thirty-five per cent under the Republicans. This is odd: four years ago, Carter vowed to cut defense spending. (All but seven per cent of the reductions under the Republicans represent the ending of the Vietnam War; moreover, some of those cuts were imposed by the Democratic Congress.) Mondale says that in recent years Reagan has advocated the sending of troops to Ecuador, Angola, Rhodesia, Panama, Cyprus, Pakistan, North Korea, and the Middle East—the Administration has been planning to use this against Reagan for some time—and he says that the American people "want a President who's steady,

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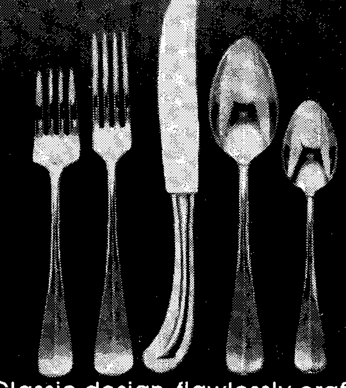

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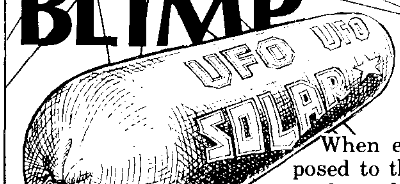

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who's sober, who's experienced, and who's demonstrated he knows how to keep the peace." This will be another line of attack against Reagan in the fall. He makes a strong argument for the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks agreement, and gets big applause. He ends on an upbeat note about his pride in America. "Don't let anyone tell you we're less than we've been," he says. "And don't let anyone make us less than we can be."

Rafshoon's film, which precedes the President's speech, shows the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial, and the Lincoln Memorial, with the narrator telling us, "No one who's not had the responsibility can really understand what it's like to be the President," and then we see Carter walking into his office. We are shown some of America's grandest sights, and then paintings of earlier Presidents, and the narrator tells some of the terrible things that were said about those Presidents. The film that was shown at the Convention four years ago emphasized Carter's freshness—we saw him walking in the peanut fields in bluejeans. Now we are getting the awful-burdens-of-the-Oval Office routine. We are shown scenes of Carter, during his one day on the campaign trail, in Ohio, speaking at a black church in Cleveland. (Rafshoon's film crew was visible at that event.) We see a number of officials and plain folks praising him; we even see Cyrus Vance, who resigned, praising him. The film stresses the Camp David agreement between Israel and Egypt—of which we have heard, and will hear, much in this year's campaign. A Carter aide has said to me, "Can people picture Reagan getting Begin and Sadat together?" These propaganda films, which both parties have come to use now, make one uncomfortable. There is a scene of Carter sitting at his desk in the Oval Office—actually, he seldom uses the Oval Office—in contemplation, Rodin-like. Then the President is announced, and the band plays "Hail to the Chief." No walk through the audience—even if he could get through the aisles—like the one of four years ago. And "Hail to the Chief," retired in a fit of populism at the beginning of Carter's term, has sensibly been brought back. It's good for Carter and good for the country: we need our symbols.

Carter's speech is surprising in several respects. He comes on stronger than usual; now it is he who is shouting. He praises Kennedy and virtually pleads with him for his support. It may

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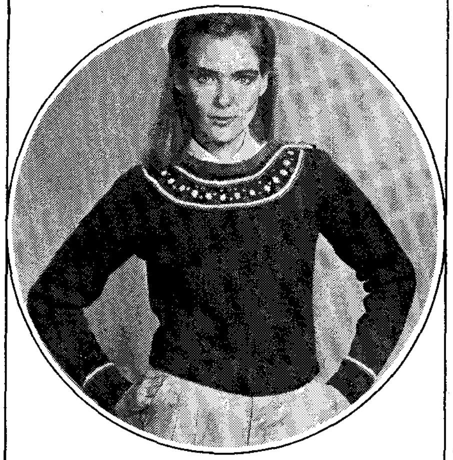

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be no accident that he fumbles the line "Ted, your party needs—and I need—your idealism and dedication working for us." The way Carter says it, it comes out, "Ted, your party needs. And I need your . . ." It must have been a difficult line for Carter to bring himself to say. But he stands there as a supplicant. Candidates like to talk about how they have travelled the length and breadth of the land, but Carter didn't do that this year, so he says, "During the last Presidential campaign, I criss-crossed our country and listened to many thousands of people." He says, "I have learned that only the most complex and difficult tasks end up in the Oval Office." He makes one of the arguments that will be made for reëlecting him: "I have learned that for a President experience is the best guide to right decisions. I am wiser tonight than I was four years ago." And then he makes one that will be used against Reagan: "The life of every human being on earth can depend on the experience, judgment, and vigilance of the person in the Oval Office." Since his aides do not think the case has been made that it matters who wins this election, Carter now says, "This election is a stark choice between two men, two parties, two sharply different pictures of America and the world. But it is more than that. It is a choice between two futures." He describes the future under him as one of economic security, justice, and peace, and the one under Reagan as one of despair, surrender, and risk. He talks of the "fantasy America" that the Republicans describe, and says, "It is a make-believe world of good guys and bad guys, where some politicians shoot first and ask questions later." He goes on and on attacking Reagan. Last summer, one of Carter's closest advisers told me that Democrats made a mistake when Reagan ran for governor of California by trying to paint him as a dangerous man. The Carter people seem to have forgotten that. And Carter's style is a totally new one: scrappy, the fighting bantam rooster. Perhaps he is trying to evoke Harry Truman; the Carter people would like Truman's 1948 victory to be a precedent. There is something troubling about Presidential candidates' redefining themselves—as both Reagan and Carter are doing—just a few months before the election. Now Carter defends his record, gives a preview of his new economic program, and makes many of the same points that Mondale has just made—including the one about cuts in defense spending under the Republicans. He says that if the Republicans are serious about their tax-cut proposals and their pledges to make large increases in defense spending and to balance the budget, while still maintaining Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, and pension programs, "then a close analysis shows that the entire rest of the government would have to be abolished." (The Office of Management and Budget has worked up a set of figures that supports this claim.)

Judith Shahn

The audience applauds, and cheers from time to time, but it is cheerless. Carter just does not give a lift to occasions; he does not seem to know how to. He doesn't evoke very much in people, because he doesn't give very much. He is a withholder. The smile is up front, but he is somewhere back in the weeds. The loner in him has left him a lone figure. He obviously has difficulty with people, which is why he is surrounded by so few. Carter has brought himself to have more meetings with politicians and make more phone calls to them, in order to get things done, but he remains a stranger to them. One senator said recently that he does not enjoy talking on the phone to a President who he knows is reading from a card. Carter is a masterly technician of technical politics but not of the politics of moving the nation. And one of Carter's most loyal advisers says that the Carter campaign is seen by the public as having been manipulative, and is paying a price for that. One gets the sense that, even now, Carter is still groping for a definition of his Presidency—that he tries one thing and then another. There is no question that, as his own people keep saying, he works very hard at his job. And they are probably also correct in saying that some part of his problem has to do with the unpleasantness and the frustration of the times, and with the problems that are resistant to solution, and even with the current tendency to tear down people in public life. It is not a pleasant time to try to govern, or to be in politics. There are things in Carter's record which he can legitimately defend; his problem is in some part a stylistic one—an inability to communicate what he is doing—and in large part an inability to steer a steady course. In leadership, it is important not only to

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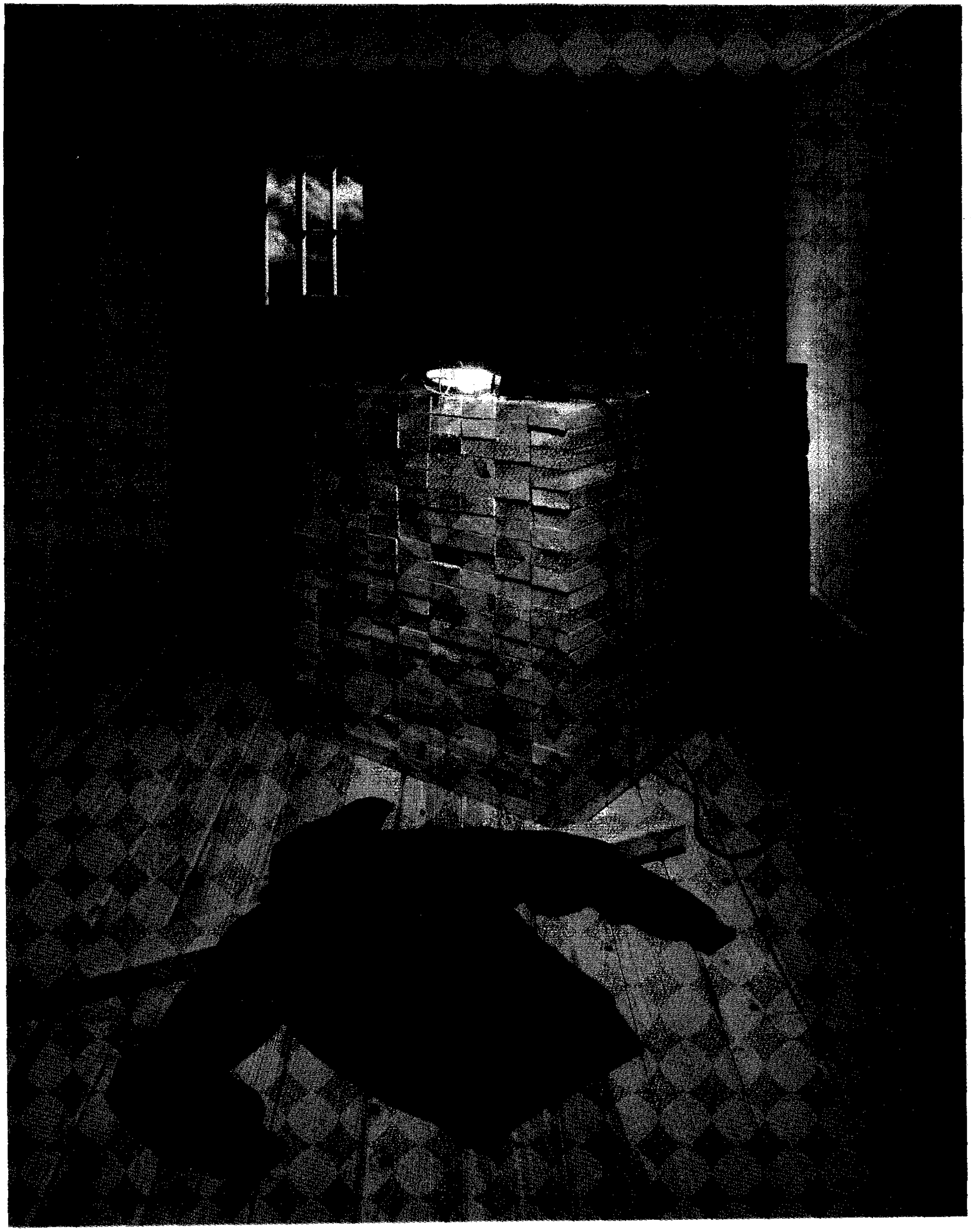

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do the right thing but also to be able to communicate it. Style of leadership has a great deal to do with how a democracy works.

The demonstration for Carter is kept going until Kennedy can get to the podium. (Even the balloons won't drop.) Carter is the pursuer still. In the meantime, Strauss has called to the podium just about every elected official in the vicinity of New York, and the Cabinet, and a small mob is there by the time Kennedy arrives. A great cheer goes up. Kennedy waves his fist in the direction of the Massachusetts delegation and, eventually, shakes hands with Carter. Much will be made of the fact that he does not engage in the traditional victor-vanquished, arms-clasped-in-the-air salute, but his restraint isn't surprising. The Kennedys don't go in for that sort of thing—they aren't public huggers or touchers. Besides, it's a hacky gesture. It would be patently phony under the circumstances. Perhaps there is a touch of arrogance in his behavior at this moment—we can't know. We also can't know what scars this year has left him with. It was no normal political fight, and it cannot end normally. The band plays "Marching Along Together," and Kennedy leaves the podium. The part of the crowd shouting "We want Ted!" drowns out the others, and Kennedy makes one more appearance on the podium. Then he leaves, and the Carters and the Mondales stand there, waving to the crowd. The arrangements for the final moments seem to be an attempt to recapture the hope and optimism with which the Democratic Convention ended four years ago. As then, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr.—Daddy King—gives the benediction, and, as then, the orchestra plays "We Shall Overcome," but the effect isn't the same.

—Elizabeth Drew

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

When Princess Margaret visited another Saskatchewan community on Monday, she asked a woman in a crowd, "Are you from here?"

"No," the woman replied.

"Well," the princess said, "we have something in common. I'm not from here either."

•

The return bus departs from Yosemite at 4:20 p.m., arriving at the Amtrak depot at 8:45 p.m., allowing time to board the train at 7 p.m.—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.*

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# THE THEATRE

## *Hoofers*

"42ND STREET," at the Winter Garden, is a silly show. For much of its length it is also a moderately entertaining one, thanks to the cosmetic skills of Gower Champion, who found the means of concealing its hollowness behind an incessant, torrential commingling of fast dancing and loud sound and an almost total suppression of spoken content. To universal dismay, Mr. Champion died unexpectedly, of a rare blood disorder, on the afternoon of the very day on which the show opened, and so was deprived of learning that he had succeeded, not for the first time, in directing and choreographing a big Broadway hit. The temptation is strong to praise "42nd Street" beyond its meagre deserts because of Champion's death; the sorry fact of the matter is that, in the common fashion of Broadway, he spent the last precious portions of his superb talent and energy on a show of infinitesimal merit. The workings of producers' minds have long been a mystery to me, and the producer in the present instance, David Merrick, has greatly increased my obfuscation. What can this man of high intelligence and notable theatrical adroitness have supposed himself to be coming into possession of when he acquired the rights to the 1933 Warner Brothers musical? The movie was choice trash, familiar to millions, but the book for the present show that Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble prepared from it, and that was subsequently reduced to a handful of the movie's more memorably corny lines, appears to have been intended neither to make fun of the original nor to improve upon its thirties ingenuousness. By the time the show opened here, the word "book" had been dropped altogether, with Stewart and Bramble being given credit in the program only for "lead-ins and crossovers"—whatever those terms may mean to the initiated. What we observe on the stage of the Winter Garden is Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert playing, with approximately straight faces, the roles created almost half a century ago by Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler; they do their best, but, oh, the thinness of the material with which they are confronted! In the first act, Mr. Orbach could easily find time to knit himself a sweater between lines; in the second, idleness becomes Miss Grimes' inappropriate fate. Only Miss Richert is constantly employed, tap-dancing with vehemence, and smiling so hard that her teeth give the eerie impression that they, too, are tapping, though in welcome silence. Around this valiant trio of performers circle some forty singers and dancers—"hoofers," in the unlovely slang of the thirties—who startle and please us by dint of their profusion. In this day of tiny, economical casts, sheer numbers prove exhilarating.

The songs in "42nd Street" are by Harry Warren and Al Dubin (they include "Lullaby of Broadway" and "42nd Street," a song that has irritated me since childhood with its idiotic ". . . avenue I'm taking you to—42nd Street;" surely the one thing that everybody in the world knows about New York City is that 42nd Street is *not* an avenue), the scenery is by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. It is plain that no expense has been spared, and it is equally plain that nothing of value has emerged.

—BRENDAN GILL

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Ross

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Present Conditional and Past Perfect*

AT the moment, there are two interesting shows in alternating performances at the Circle Repertory. A new playwright named William Mastrosimone has made a very heartening beginning with "The Woolgatherer," which also provides the occasion for a splendid performance by Peter Weller and a good one by Patricia Wettig. A young truck driver, whose truck has broken down in South Philadelphia, picks up a girlish young woman working behind a candy counter and is invited back to her room. All the action takes place in that shabby, sparsely furnished room, and all the action is the interplay between the two of them. She is an innocent whose whole life is a matter of reveries and daydreams—the woolgatherer. He is tough and witty and, it soon becomes apparent, just as lonely and starved for love and sex as she is, and, for all his roughness and put-downs, just as frightened and tentative. Her elusive behavior confounds him, and eventually so enrages him that he leaves (at the end of Act I), only to return (in Act II). There is no plot to speak of, but the surge of sexual longing propels the action at least three-quarters of the way through, when Mr. Mastrosimone seems to run out of play; the strength is in the characters and also in the dramatist's considerable humor. Mr. Weller is that rare actor who can express sensitivity and emotion in a thoroughly masculine way, and it is fascinating to watch him reveal the complexities of this truck driver's nature. Miss Wettig does well, too, as the gentle young candy vender, who lives in her dreams of a man coming along for her, and, when one does, panics. Her role is less substantial and convincing than his, and more sentimental. At one point, she tells him, in a monologue, of seeing a gang of tough boys at a zoo stone and kill some wading cranes—an experience so brutal that it has almost addled her wits. This anecdote, I think, should have been allowed to take its chances with the audience, instead of being repeated and stressed and pushed at us, for all its meaning or non-meaning. The truck driver, something of a woolgatherer himself, also has a long monologue, about his life on the road and his harassment by inspectors, which is delivered so passionately and humorously by Mr. Weller that it becomes acceptable. "The Woolgatherer" could easily have been an actors' exercise but the force of Mr. Mastrosimone's talent has made it a play.

"MACREADY!," the life and times of William Charles Macready (1793-1873) as written and performed by Frank Barrie, a capable and personable actor from Britain's National Theatre, is a boon to the stage-struck. Much of the text is based on Macready's diaries of the forty years that he dominated the English stage as an actor-manager at Covent Garden and the Drury Lane, and most of the information was certainly new to me. An actor who despised his profession (and himself, for his "appetite for power and glory"), he did much to elevate it, restoring butchered Shakespeare texts, directing supporting players in his productions instead of just ordering them to keep out of his way, commissioning plays from such writers as Byron, Bulwer-Lytton, and Dickens. (Dickens was his closest friend, and each was godfather to the other's children.) What we learn is exactly what we wanted to know: the qualities that made Sarah Siddons great and Fanny Kemble a pain, what was considered bad acting in the nineteenth century, the details of Macready's rivalry with Edmund Kean, and the events that led to the riot in Astor Place in 1849, which put an end to Macready's hopes for a career in America. Mr. Barrie has chosen the anecdotes well, and most of them are funny, but his most impressive accomplishment, I think, is the tact with which he indicates, without exactly acting it out, Macready's style in one Shakespearean characterization after another. Now back to Hazlitt to read his reviews!

—EDITH OLIVER

•

For those who will be attending the convention, just the thought of hearing first hand information indicative of new and surprising attitudinal and technical forces emerging over the next five to ten years that could cause us to dramatically restructure areas of journalistic coverage and reprogram travel marketing directions should be enough to turn our collective knees to jelly in anticipation.

—*The Travel Writer.*

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Britten Legacy*

AMERICA has strong links with the Aldeburgh Festival, which recently completed its thirty-third season in the small fishing town on the east coast of England. Alice Tully is the chairman and Francis Mason, Jr., the president of a group called the American Friends of the Aldeburgh Festival, which actively supports the festival and also promotes events of its own in the United States. Last season, I attended an ambitious concert at St. Thomas Church, on Fifth Avenue, to mark the third anniversary of Benjamin Britten's death (and also to celebrate the International Year of the Child). Britten's "St. Nicolas" was given a fresh and bouncy performance by the boys and men of the St. Thomas choir and the New Haven Chorale, under Jon D. Bailey; the soloists that evening included Melvin Earl-Brown and Douglas Robinson, who had worked the previous summer at the Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies, in Snape, Suffolk. "The Building of the House," the overture that Britten wrote for the opening of his magnificent concert hall, called Snape Maltings (destroyed by fire soon after that ceremony, but rebuilt, with much financial help from both the United States and England), was given its first American performance at the St. Thomas concert. With its flurries of string sound and blazing chorale melody, it was not ideally suited to the church's acoustics, nor was the playing of the orchestra entirely up to scratch, but the work took its place as an appropriate *pièce d'occasion.* It was a far cry from that large-scale gathering to the tiny, intimate roomful of people who greeted Sir Peter Pears at his seventieth-birthday concert at the Frick Collection in March. Without even a piano to assist him, Pears sustained a fascinating program of solo vocal music (plainsong, folk songs, and a fine song cycle by Priaulx Rainier) and readings (including W. H. Auden's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," which Britten had set for chorus, and some unsurpassed lines, also by Auden, on the art of the composer). As many heard when Pears came to the Metropolitan Opera for Britten's "Death in Venice," his command of voice and depth of interpretation seem to have grown in recent years.

I recall these two New York events now because they demonstrate two strengths of the Aldeburgh Festival, on which it has based its attractiveness for more than thirty years: the encounter with new works by Benjamin Britten and the enjoyment of the voice of Peter Pears. Now, however, Britten has been dead for nearly four years, and Pears has celebrated his seventieth birthday. And in the four Aldeburgh Festivals that have taken place since Britten's death one has looked hopefully but uneasily for signs of renewal of the festival's sense of purpose, for indications that it is not merely to become a mausoleum for the composer. Such indications have been slow to appear. The work of artistic direction is now shared among a number of people, only a couple of whom were regularly evident in the town during the festival: Gustav Holst's daughter Imogen Holst, who is now over seventy, has been given the title of Artistic Director Emeritus; Steuart Bedford conducted an important new operatic production for the festival; Philip Ledger, of King's College, Cambridge, contributed nothing at all; and the cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, whose appointment in 1977 as an artistic director was greeted with great enthusiasm, did not even appear at this year's festival. (He has, however, we are assured, bought a house in Aldeburgh and will become more active starting next year.) Over the last couple of years, the Aldeburgh Festival has seemed to me to typify all the most distressing signs of an institution in decay. Without clear leadership, it has put on a miscellaneous, sometimes entertaining, but never very significant series of concerts, dominated by pleasant, insubstantial works: one weekend visit two years ago offered minor Britten, Poulenc orchestral music, Janáček choruses, and similar undemanding fare. The beautiful Suffolk landscape around Snape and the reunion of old and valued friends in the foyer and bars of the Maltings appeared to have become their own justification: the music had receded into the background.

This year, however, the festival programs were somewhat brighter. In the field of new music, there were successes, including a string quartet by Colin Matthews (a thirty-four-year-old composer who worked closely with Britten in his final years and now looks after the interests of Gustav Holst's music), which sustained a rich variety of material through a twenty-five-minute span. Matthews took the bold course of writing two slow movements, to begin and end the work, with a quick Scherzo as the centerpiece. This Scherzo was the most attractive part of the work, with a rising and falling scheme (in the first scherzo, the cello takes the leading role; in the first trio, the viola; in the second scherzo, the second violin; in the second trio, the viola again; and then, in the final scherzo, the first violin), but the heavy, Mahlerian lyricism of the outer movements revealed the composer's individual voice most clearly. The last movement, though it was played with less than ideal intensity by the otherwise excellent Fitzwilliam Quartet, was hypnotically effective—a weary elegy for a fading world, succumbing

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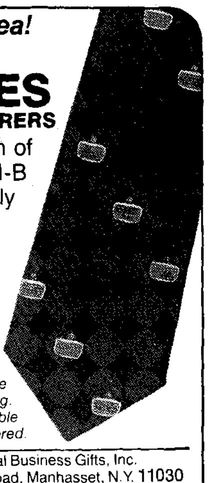

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in the end to a gentle rocking figure that some listeners took as an echo of Britten's Nocturne.

American music had a small but significant part in the festival. The Choir of St. Thomas Church, under Gerre Hancock, visited Aldeburgh in the course of a short English tour and gave a program that included Britten's "Rejoice in the Lamb" and Poulenc's Mass in G Major. And in a lunchtime recital given in one of the original homes of the festival, the tiny Jubilee Hall, on the Aldeburgh seafront, Janet Baker introduced to England the song cycle "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf," by Dominick Argento. She sang the work with consummate, delicate artistry, re-creating with subtlety and poise every changing mood of the diary extracts, but she failed to persuade me that Argento had fully understood the content of Woolf's prose. His choice of eight extracts and his planning of the whole cycle are admirable, and his musical settings are imaginative, in a way. But the declamation of these essentially rushed, fleeting thoughts sounds too deliberate, too ponderous. Emphases are applied heavily and almost randomly in the course of sentences. Sometimes Argento catches a mood well, as in the anguished scherzo "Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss" or in the smooth, idyllic waltz "Rome: tea. Tea in café. Ladies in bright coats." In the most serious moments, though, he takes refuge in feeble lyricism or bare, repetitive figures. (A phrase that ends with the interval of an octave that slips upward to a ninth often recurs.) Andrew Porter, who wrote about the work when Janet Baker sang it in New York, formed a different impression of its quality. I found it satisfying to listen to, but it added little to the beautiful rhythms of Woolf's writing.

One of the miracles of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was the new operatic production of the festival, is the apposite, economical quality of its word-setting. Few texts are harder to set than those familiar to everyone: we all too easily imagine them with fixed cadences, pulse, and emphases. Britten manages to make his gentle, pastoral articulation of Shakespeare's words sound entirely natural, and he surrounds them with an orchestration that sounds more masterly and terse every time one listens to it. The original production of this work took place in 1960 in the cramped quarters of Jubilee Hall. (Because there was room for only one harp instead of the intended two, the

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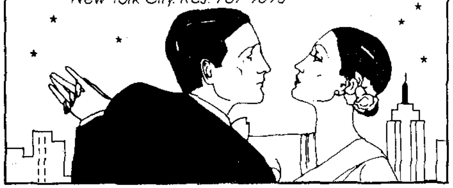

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harpist Osian Ellis stayed up the night before the première rewriting the two parts so that he could play them on a single instrument.) All its English productions until now had been in conventional garb, so the new designs for Snape Maltings, by Robin Don, came as something of a shock. A forest of metal bars filled the stage, echoing the structural shape of the Maltings—steeply inclined roof, with a small, flat top. In the center, womblike, was Titania's dwelling; up and down the bars the fairies and sprites tripped. The whole structure moved forward and backward; sections of it also moved independently, and metallic bushes around the stage moved between scenes. The designer wrote that his concept was inspired by "the crystalline geometry of nature"—but, more important, it looked good and it functioned well. It was refreshing to see the Aldeburgh Festival reinterpreting Britten's work instead of merely posing as the guardian of traditional performance practice. Steuart Bedford conducted lovingly and accompanied well, but missed the opportunity to characterize the varied instrumental colors of the score precisely; the English Music Theatre Orchestra did not match the accomplishment of the singing. The cast was made up largely of young voices. Marie McLaughlin's bright, piercing Titania was a delight to hear, and David James as Oberon was only slightly less penetrating. The four lovers were unusually effective. Christopher Renshaw, who produced, made them act their scenes with vigor and plenty of physical movement. Neil Mackie, Richard Jackson, Kate Flowers, and Helen Walker, as good a quartet as the younger generation in England can provide, were lively both alone and in ensemble.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1980
10:20—11 P.M.
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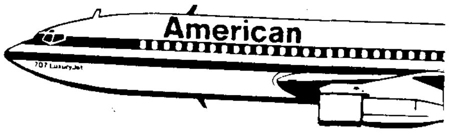


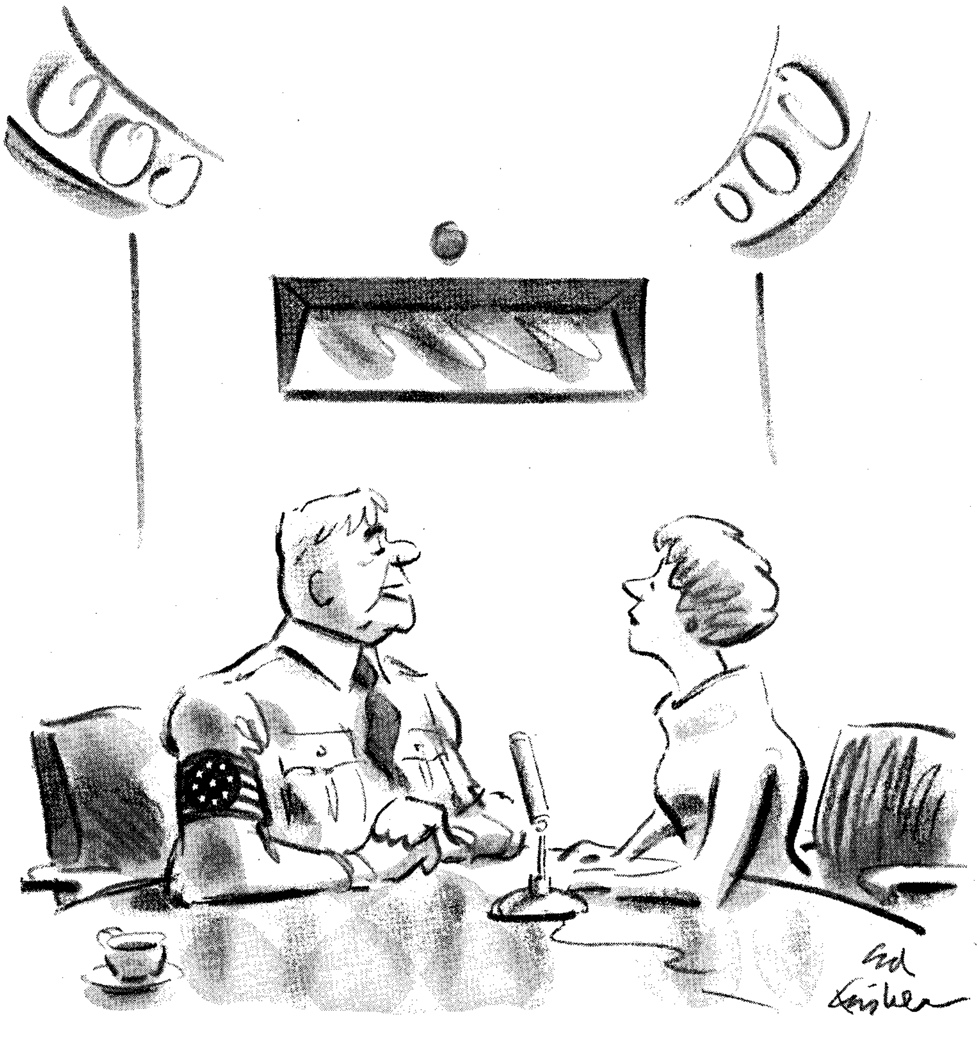
# BOOKS

## *Frontiersmen*

HAL BREGG, the hero of Stanislaw Lem's "Return from the Stars" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; translated from the Polish by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson; $8.95), went out from earth on an astronautical expedition at the age of thirty, and returned at the age of forty a hundred and twenty-seven years later. The troubling discrepancy is caused, of course, by that clause of Einstein's relativity laws, well known to concocters of science fiction, which postulates that fast motion slows down time, and very fast motion will slow it down greatly, relative to objects not in such motion. Ten harrowing years adventuring among the stars have passed for Bregg, and more than a century on earth, during which all his friends have died, the landmarks he knew have vanished, cities have been transformed into translucent, mazy wonderlands, the aggressive instincts within humanity have been biologically exorcised by a process termed "betrization," an anti-gravitational device has been invented and widely installed, and a universal reign of peace and pleasure has been established, with robots doing all the dirty work. The conquistadorial philosophy that sent Bregg and his colleagues out into space has passed from the earth, and as the surviving astronauts return they occasion as much awkwardness as if a pack of Neanderthal men were resuscitated and set to roaming in Bloomingdale's. Bregg is significantly larger than men have become; long endurance of the extra g's of space travel has left him a monster of muscularity, and after a few days on earth he grows five more centimetres, as his spine decompresses. Dainty contemporary women, accustomed to the feeble charms of their era's betrizated weaklings, are, of course, frightened and fascinated; but though the natives are kind, Bregg can't help feeling—well, *funny*.

"Return from the Stars" not only is about a time lag but embodies one, for it was published in Poland nineteen years ago. But out of the science and technology of the time Lem has constructed a future that does not, unlike so many hypothetical futures, seem dated. In this brave new world, circa 2127, people spray their clothes on out of a can. Books have been boiled down to corn-size crystals that can be played either by optons (which reproduce the written text) or by lectons (which read it aloud); original books are called "crystomatrices." The cinema has been replaced by the "real," which projects three-dimensional images that grow larger and more intense wherever the viewer directs his attention; a "realist" is a "real" star. Money is no longer needed for essentials; even where luxuries and antiques are concerned, it doesn't change hands but is deducted from binary computers ("calsters") carried around in lieu of wallets. Women wear red not only on their lips but in their nostrils, and cover their ears with scalloplike ornaments. Giant television screens on ceilings underground mimic sky and clouds. Immense floating platforms ("rasts") move people about in the inner city; longer local distances are negotiated by "gleeders," which are windowless, wheelless cars "like huge black drops of liquid;" and for continental or global trips one takes handy little rockets called "ulders"—"the impression was of flying in an armchair mounted inside a large glass." These elegant extensions of our present technology (less fantastic, surely, than our autos, airplanes, escalators, and computers would appear to a visitor from 1830) are detailed by the author with a tireless gusto; the manner in which the new world bewilderingly and dazzlingly envelops the star-worn space traveller, like a mixture of airport, amusement park, and Roman bath, is brilliantly imagined, as are the incidents of galactic travel. Lem loves exposition, and devotes pages to the mock history of betrization, to the hardware of his hero's space flight (conceived eight years before the moon landing), to the chimerical developments of mathematics:

> "...what Mirea and Averin did with the legacy of Cantor, you know. Opera-



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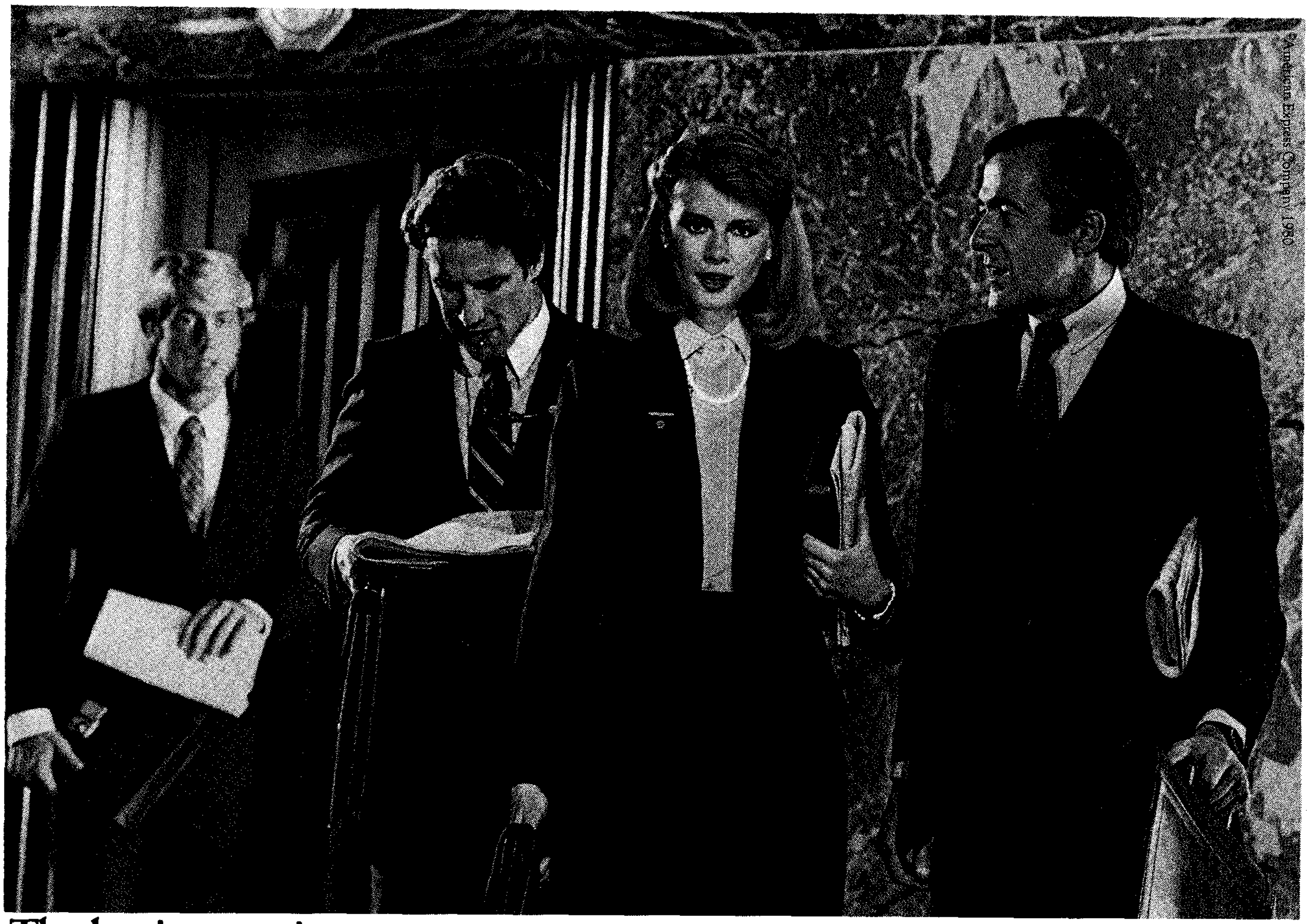

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tions using infinite, transfinite quantities, the continua of discrete increments, strong . . . it was wonderful.". . .

"You haven't heard of Igalli's studies, I suppose?"

"No, what are they?"

"The theory of the discontinuous antipole."

"I don't know anything about an antipole. What is it?"

"Retronihilation. From this came parastatics."

"I never even heard of these terms."

"Of course, for it originated sixty years ago. But that was only the beginning of gravitology."

"I can see that I will have to do some homework," I said.

To make a long theory short: Emil Mitke, "a crippled genius," has done "with the theory of relativity what Einstein had done with Newton." Out of his "infernal mathematics" it has been possible to create a "black box" that will release a "gravitational antifield" whenever gravity might be precipitating misfortune. Lem knows when to surfeit us with details and when to finesse. Of these marvellous black boxes he smoothly assures us, "The simplicity of their construction was as astounding as the complexity of the theory that produced them." About the process of betrization he is more specific: "Betrization acted on the developing prosencephalon at an early stage in life by means of a group of proteolytic enzymes." He is frequently droll. Alluding to the anachronisms that no doubt stud our own historical dramas, he describes a real in which "the hero seated himself on the tails of his jacket and drank beer through a straw; and so on." A robot dump is imagined in which the discarded machines, the slaves of this sybaritic empire, murmur among themselves in accents of Christian conspiracy: "Behold the last efforts of the strutting croaking master of quartering and incarceration, for yea it riseth, thrice riseth the coming kingdom of the nonliving. . . ." To the robots, men are "the dough-headed": "And the dough-headed took their acid fermentation for a soul, the stabbing of meat for history, the means of postponing their decay for civilization. . . ."

As long as Lem plays genial host with his riches of erudition and bids us sit down in a spirit of festive speculation, we are flattered and entertained; his attempt to cater to us with a mundane novel of psychology and eros, however, is relatively clumsy. And this attempt tends to dominate the latter pages of the book, after Lem has exhausted, for the time being, his store of ideas on scientific and social

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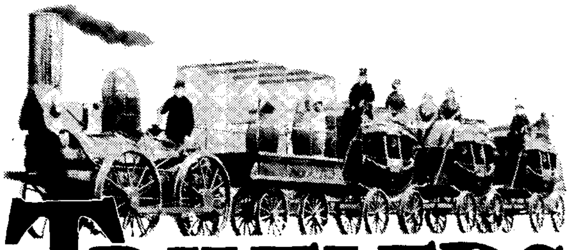

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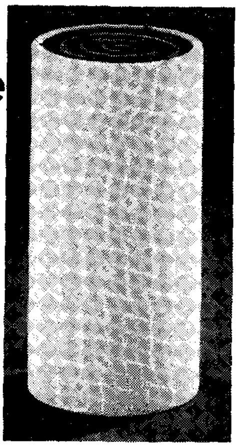

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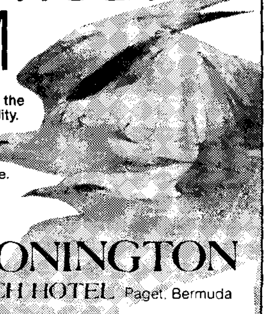

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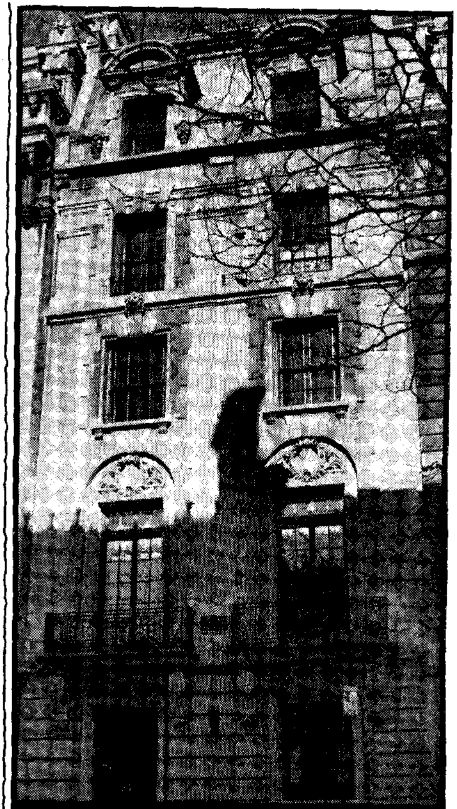
trends. Hal Bregg, as a romantic hero, makes those gruff ladykillers played by Robert Mitchum and Richard Widmark look courtly. When Nais, his feline first conquest, calls up for a reprise, their conversation ends:

> "Let's not end it this way. . . ."
> "We're not ending a thing," I said, "because nothing ever began. Thanks for everything, Nais."

Of his second conquest, the beautiful realist Aen Aenis, Bregg reflects, "I embraced her, and it was awful, because I wanted to and I didn't want to." His third, the very poignant Eri, he propositions with a bear hug and some blunt stichomythy:

> "I am going to carry you off."
> "What?"
> "Yes. Carry you off. You don't want to be?"
> "No."
> "No matter. I am. Do you know why?"
> "I guess."
> "You don't. I don't."

The basic situation is well conceived: this man from an earlier century finds everything "uncomfortably soft," and in turn is viewed as overmuscled and grotesquely aggressive. The philosophical/psychological question is posed by the hero when he decides that "this destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement." His old co-pilot Olaf puts it, "They have killed the man in man." But the idea spins itself out in too much halting dialogue, and the introduction of a final plot complication—a new expedition to the stars, which Olaf but not Hal has been invited to join—does not move us as the author's musclebound language indicates that it should. His hero seems a bit brutal and thick even to us of the unbetrizated present, and the pioneer heroism of human space exploration a bit empty, especially now that robot satellites are sending us back such splendid photographs of Jupiter and Saturn. Hal Bregg recalls that in space flight, "hanging there—seemingly motionless in relation to the stars," novels came to seem silly: "To read that some Peter nervously puffed his cigarette and was worried about whether or not Lucy would come, and that she walked in and twisted her gloves, well, first you began to laugh at this like an idiot, and then you simply saw red." In the flight of the imagination that Lem engineers, some similar affliction overtakes his narrative: normal, irrational, egotistic, venereal human behavior, such as has aroused our respectful empathy in a hundred less intelligent books, seems silly, and a kind of



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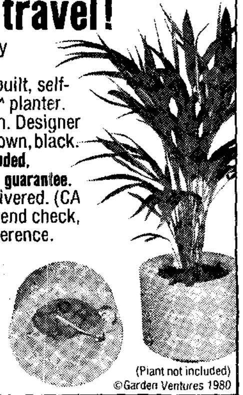

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imposition upon the universe. We find ourselves wishing that Lem would write a novel about the revolt of the robots against the dough-headed, so we could root for the robots.

This could not have been an easy novel to translate, with its many abstruse considerations and its words coined in Polish. The author, too, had to translate, not only into the future but onto this continent, for the unnamed nation that Hal Bregg returns to is located on the territory of the present United States. Asking at a travel agency for a vacation spot "within a radius of a thousand kilometres," he is sent to Clavestra, "an old mining settlement near the Pacific," which puts the metropolitan Terminal somewhere west of Salt Lake City—say, in Elko, Nevada. A small slip occurs when Hal asks Eri, "Have you seen the Grand Canyon, in Colorado?" Though the river is the Colorado, the canyon gapes, of course, in Arizona. And it seems unlikely that the transformations in vegetation and human stature that Lem describes could have evolved within the span of less than two centuries. The novel's central concern with the instinct of aggression reflects a topical interest of the sixties; now we are apt to wonder what undeclared energy source is powering all this vast and servile machinery. On the whole, though, Lem knits his hypothetical world together with an abundance and rigor more than visionary, and approaching the close-woven texture of naturalism. It is encouraging, we might add, and perhaps a souvenir from 1961, that a Polish writer operating in the shadow of the considerable Soviet school of science fiction should locate the future here in America.

"THE LONG HAUL," by Oswaldo França, Jr. (Dutton; translated from the Portuguese by Thomas Colchie; $10.95), is a short novel that, when published in Brazil in 1967, enjoyed considerable success, winning that country's most important literary prize, the Prêmio Walmap, and kind words from Jorge Amado. It concerns the trip of eight red flatbed trucks loaded with thirty tons of sacks of corn from the Rio-Bahia Interstate near Caratinga to Belo Horizonte, in the interior of Brazil, in a season of heavy rains that have washed out many of the roads. The story is narrated in a casual, colloquial manner by the leader of the expedition, a driver and mechanic called Jorge. The Portuguese title of the novel, "Jorge, um Brasileiro," unlike the slangy American title, centers

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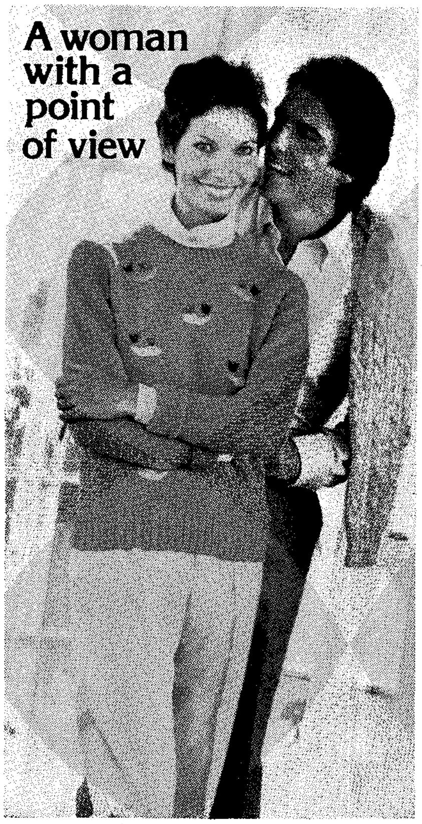
the novel solemnly upon its hero, Jorge, a Brazilian—that is to say, an exemplary Brazilian, a doer, a pioneer. The popularity of this book, for many of its pages a virtual manual of truck malfunction and road repair, must lie in its qualities of vernacular epic; as in "Huckleberry Finn," "You Know Me Al," and "On the Road," a participant in the national adventure unassumingly yarns his part in a grand and pluralistic saga. The development of the interior of Brazil, construed by liberal North Americans in terms of Indian decimation and ecological disaster, is unself-consciously felt by Jorge as an entirely wholesome adventure—its highways beautiful, the transport of goods heroic. "The Long Haul" is a late contribution to the extensive literature—from the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos's "Doña Barbara" to the Argentinian Ricardo Güiraldes' "Don Segundo Sombra"—of the South American frontier. Protestant guilt made small inroads in this vast locale. The Indians, who figure on the whole poignantly in North American frontier literature and cinema, do not touch Jorge: "I never saw such a pig of an Indian. I swear to God, the old military shirt he wore was so filthy it was stiff. . . . His wife wore an old, filthy dress to cover herself, torn all over, and she painted her body with some kind of dye that stank like you wouldn't believe." And the jungle, the last great rain forest intact on the planet, falls exhilaratingly: "Every one of us worked night and day together, seeing that strip of highway nose right through the jungle. Of course why wouldn't you want to work? Nothing else to do out in that godforsaken jungle."

Pioneer Man, as represented by Jorge, loves his work:

> And off we went, into the jungle, with me feeling happy as a clam, feeling downright glad about so many difficulties lying ahead.
>
> But I frankly didn't give a damn what it did anymore; raining, making you cold, wetting everything and anything. What was on my mind was that road ahead of us and being able to get to Belo by the day Mr. Mario had said.

Pioneer Man, as represented by Jorge and Bregg, braves discomfort:

> Even wrapped up in strips of cloth, my hand began to burn with broken blisters and I had to hold tight on to the handle of the spade so as not to let it slip on me. Our backs started killing us too, and we began changing places with one another.
>
> You kind of got used to seeing everything soaking wet after a while; your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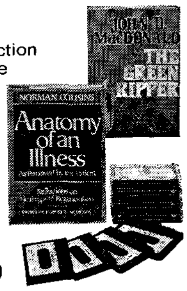

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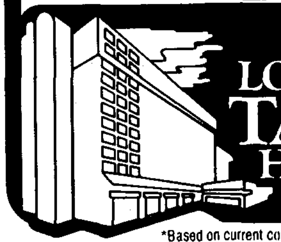

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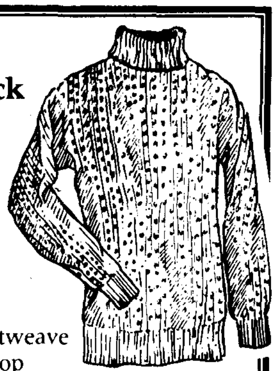

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cigarettes soggy, your hands always dirty, *and* your feet all caked with mud. Christ, our shoes alone must have weighed about ten kilos apiece.

I saw Arcturus, the mountains of fire over which I had flown, teeth chattering from the cold, while the frost of the cooling equipment, melting, ran red with rust down my suit. ["Return from the Stars"]

Pioneer Man treasures his fellows:

That guy could fix anything, and stay in a good mood while he was doing it. And all the time he'd keep running a comb through his hair, which must have been the softest, best-looking head of hair I ever saw. He was that type of guy. You were happy just to have him around, working with you.

So they turned around and drove back into town to find Altair, because he was a pal who never let you down when you needed a favor. The kind of person you could count on, and always so good-natured, with a first-class business, and very conscientious about it, too. So who wouldn't want to help a guy like that?

Because each one of us was priceless, human life had the highest value where it could have *none*, where such a thin, practically nonexistent film separated it from annihilation. ["Return from the Stars"]

Pioneer Man is a rough lover. Hal Bregg takes Eri by force from her husband; Jorge thrusts his tongue into the mouth ("I tell you I never kissed a woman as hard as that") of his boss's wife. Pioneer Man is unworthily employed. Hal Bregg returns from the stars to find that a race of ungrateful sissies has supplanted his own generation; Jorge returns from his epic journey through the mud and jungle to confront an obese accountant demanding receipts and complaining about "all that delay" to "just bring a few trucks from the Rio-Bahia Interstate back to Belo Horizonte." Pioneer Man becomes obsolete and, one way or another, resigns. A sad story, twice told, in these two exotic novels from the sixties, when frontiers were still spoken of. —JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

GLADYS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, by Hugo Vickers (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). This Duchess of Marlborough (1881-1977), in the author's view, belongs with "Charlotte Brontë's first Mrs. Rochester, enclosed in Thornfield Hall, Daphne du Maurier's unseen Rebecca, and Charles Dickens's Miss Havisham." Henry James, in fact, who knew her par-

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ents—rich Americans named Deacon, who lived mostly in Europe—was tempted to write about them. In 1892, Gladys's father shot and killed her mother's lover, but despite this scandal Gladys's beauty, intelligence, wit, and taste made her a social star, admired or loved by noblemen, artists, writers, and intellectuals. As the years passed, however, she did not marry or yield to other importunities, because very early in her social career she had fallen in love with the ninth Duke of Marlborough, whom she had met in 1897, when he was married to Consuelo Vanderbilt. That marriage was deteriorating, and Gladys waited. And waited. When Consuelo and the Duke were at last divorced, in 1921, he married Gladys and took her home to Blenheim, where their incompatibility began at once to reveal itself. In the end, the Duke drove Gladys out of all his houses; by the nineteen-thirties, she was living in a cottage and was well on the way to becoming the eccentric hermit she remained until 1962, when she was removed to a mental home. There cannot be a wholly satisfactory biography of Gladys, because too much of the source material is mere gossip: Berenson, for example, worshipped young Gladys, but vilified her in his old age, long after he ceased to know her. What Mr. Vickers has provided is an absorbing fable.

THE PRESENT DANGER, by Norman Podhoretz (Simon & Schuster; $7.95). This short book by the editor of *Commentary* is an editorial—not a research report but an interpretation of familiar facts. Mr. Podhoretz believes that Russian power has been steadily increasing, and that the Soviet Union, with the aid of such surrogates as Cuba and North Vietnam, is expanding physically. He also thinks that in the aftermath of the Vietnam fiasco America's military capability has weakened and that its citizens refuse to recognize the Communist danger, having accepted a "culture of appeasement." He calls for a stiffening of resolve; skepticism rather than optimism about Soviet intentions; and a return to the policy of containment.

IRAN: FROM RELIGIOUS DISPUTE TO REVOLUTION, by Michael M. J. Fischer (Harvard; $17.50). This brilliant book, which began as an anthropological study of Shi'ite Islam, is based on field work under-

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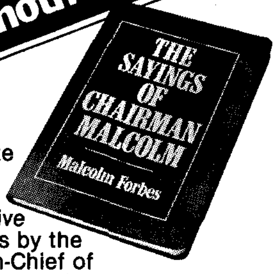

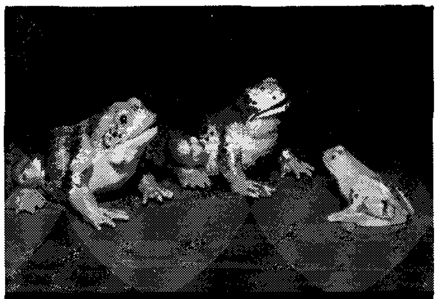

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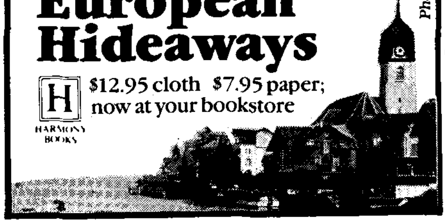

taken well before Iran's religious establishment won the revolution against the Shah. As an anthropologist rather than a theologian, Mr. Fischer discriminates among the different functions of Islamic religion—in popular devotions and festivals, in arcane speculation, and in private matters—and he seeks to make Islam's institutions, such as its theological schools, comprehensible by pointing out Western parallels. Because the late Shah suppressed overt political dissent, the only institution capable of standing up to the state was—as in medieval Europe—the church. Medievalism seems to be the crucial problem, for Shi'ite Islam has remained largely unchanged since the Middle Ages. While some of the clergy recognize a need for religious review, others believe that modern times are a Christian (or Zionist) plot. Mr. Fischer shows a number of the noble visions of Shi'ite Islam, but he also shows a less appealing side—an almost incredible intolerance of other faiths, and a zealous devaluation of anything and everything foreign.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE KILLING OF KATIE STEELSTOCK, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row; $10.95). Katie Steelstock is a well-bred small-town English girl who goes to London and makes it big in television at twenty-five, and is bludgeoned to death on one of her regular visits home. A note turns up suggesting that she was lured to her death by a discarded lover. Mr. Gilbert, one of the few remaining masters of the classic English murder mystery, has seldom been more masterly than he is here. He quietly makes it clear to us that the suspected lover is actually innocent, but he also makes him a thoroughly detestable young man. He shows us a likelier suspect whom we can also detest, a young police sergeant whom we can find both enterprising and attractive, a police chief superintendent whom we can see as overbearing and unpleasantly ambitious. And then with the utmost suavity and skill he explodes each and every one of our fond expectations.

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"The reason nothing has been done is because no one has made any effort to do anything about it," said one transportation official.—*Washington Post.*

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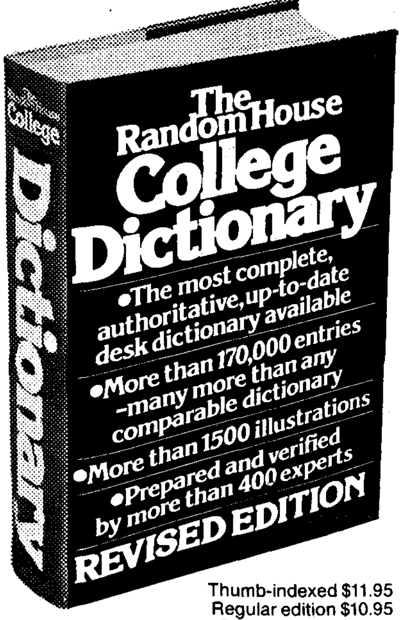
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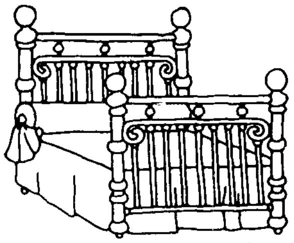

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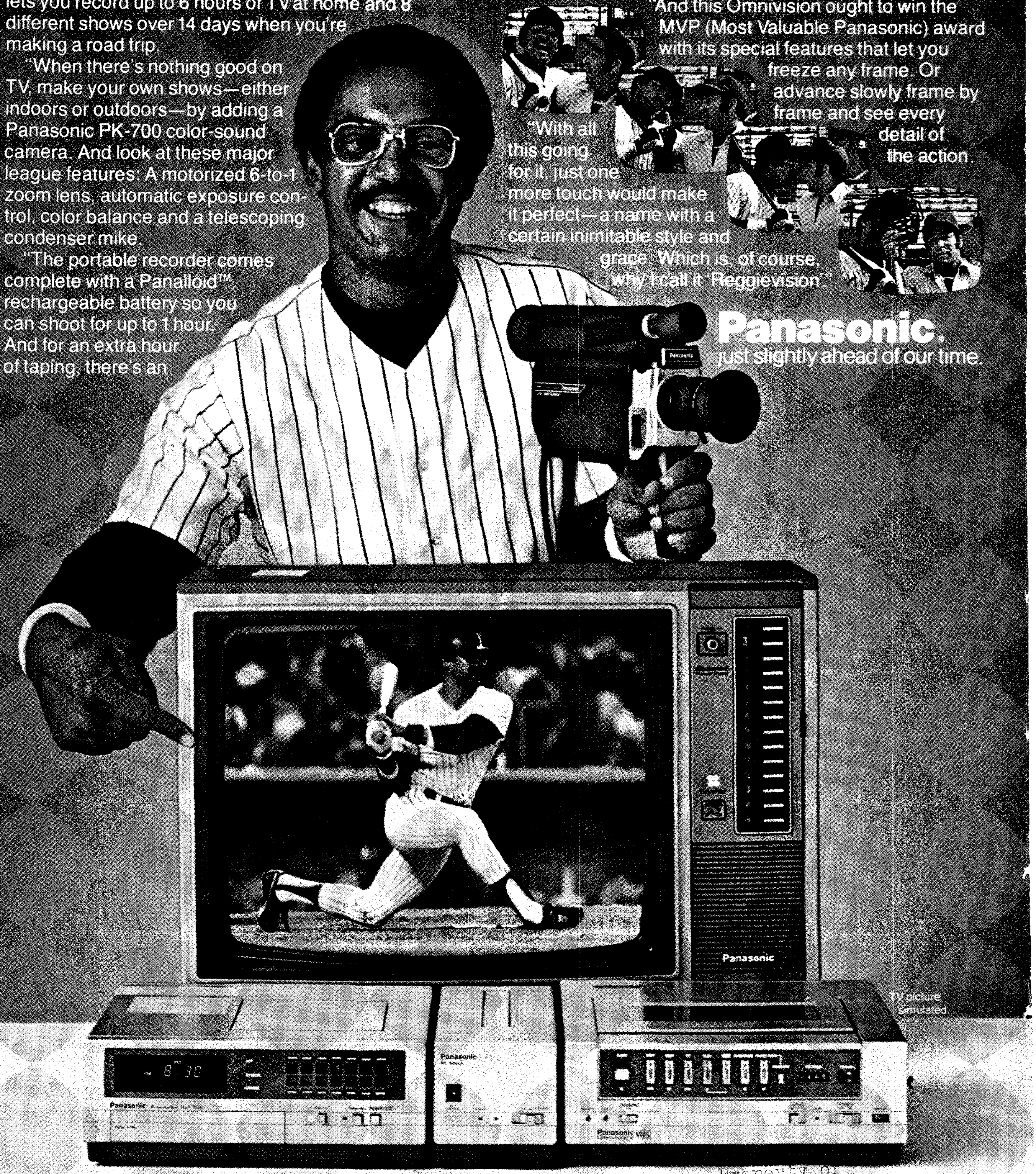

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